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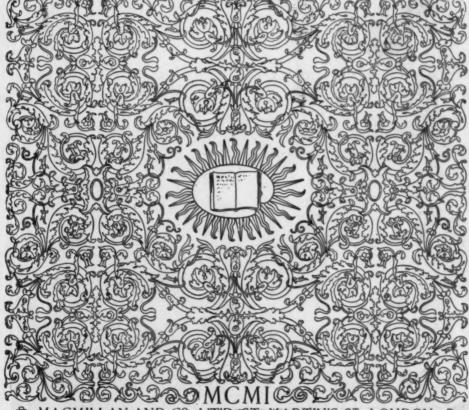
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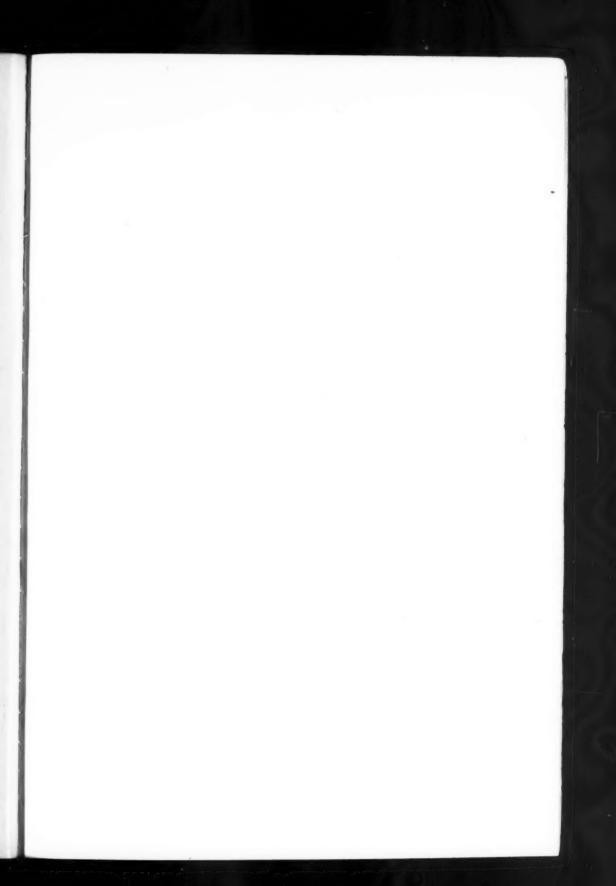
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE



VOL. LXII.

MAY, 1901.

No. 1.



The VILLAGE and the PEOPLE

By ~ ANNA ~ LEA ~ MERRITT

With pictures by the author

IN these days, crowded with topics of great importance, an apology is due for offering drowsy gossip from the sleepiest of little villages. Drowsiness and dullness have refreshed me and become an atmosphere necessary to a soul somewhat tired. This description of rustic life may be an anodyne, a sort of rest-cure, to those who read it in the bustle of a larger world. Some inhabitants of New Hampshire, if they come across these pages, may the better appreciate the advantage of the New over the Old, and yet understand why this Hampshire was so endeared to their forefathers that her name was transplanted to their hills of New England. For hundreds of years life here has continued almost unchanged. The outward face of this hamlet, the houses, fields, and woods, the flocks and herds and crops, are what they were two hundred years ago. Here I came to live, winter and summer, after many years spent in the rushing life of the greatest city. Intense contrast emphasized this charmed repose, this rustic peace. I long to talk about it, but there is no one here who could

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sympathize. Sometimes in winter there are long, silent months, with long, lamp-lit evenings, when the impulse to laugh or talk, to express my happiness and peace, can find no

outlet unless in writing.

One who is transplanted from London to a tiny hamlet of some fifty scattered farms and cottages revels, overmuch perhaps, in freedom from burdensome formalities. What delight to step out of doors without preparation, to run up the hill if the morning entice, to pick a handful of hedge-roses for the breakfast-table; and to know that, even on the highroad, one may meet only a flock of sheep coming down to be watered, or perhaps the village herd taking their leisurely way up to the common pasture high

on the breezy down!

My cottage is quite on the edge of the village, divided from the highroad only by narrow flower-beds set in deep box edgings and by a row of pollard limes. Its next neighbors are beyond a large inclosed garden, and its eyes, looking straight across the road toward the sunrise, behold an opening valley with distant farms set among noble trees and on each hand the long ridge of the great downs rising to a vast height. In the valley bottom is pasture, but corn grows on the hillside almost to the hanger of woodland on its summit. (A wood that hangs, as constantly seen in Hampshire, on the crown of a hill is called a hanger.) The changes of light over this long-sculptured escarpment are always bringing out some new beauty, and as the slopes turn brown and mellow under the plow, or change the green of early summer to yellow harvest, there is always a fresh charm in the peaceful scene. On the south the house and garden lie open to the hillside and the hanger.

This great hill climbing up six hundred feet is the strange characteristic of our village. On Fridays, when farmers are driving to the nearest market-town, all alight to climb the hill, and disappear suddenly up the steep road long before they are out of hearing. All events from the outer worldour letters, our guests-descend as from beyond the sky, slowly and carefully. Early in the afternoon the northern side is filled with vague, refreshing shadow, while the glow of the evening sun still beats upon the opposite and lower wall of the valley, and it rises up against the sunset, a boundary and watchtower of our lowly life. The traveler coming from our market-town and railroad has a long ascending six miles to reach the hamlets clustered each around its church and manor; then descends rapidly for nearly a mile, when, looking down between the stems of graceful firs, he sees the little village held as in the hollow of a hand, its ancient stone church shepherding the flock of homesteads and the crowded fold of those that sleep. Pious and blessed hands have recently saved the precious edifice from decay, and have added a new God'sacre, climbing up the hill beyond. The little church of the twelfth century is built with massive columns, grand arches, and timber roof, and has a chime of deep-voiced bells.

The highroad, after descending the hill. passes through the village, crosses the valley lane, which threads the little dwellings, and continues through scenes of weird loneliness. The drive is bordered with grassy rides filling the bottom of a shallow valley and winding between low, wooded hills. Tread very softly on the noiseless turf, if you would surprise the thousand rabbits feeding there in the evening, or the coveys of partridges leisurely dusting in the road. After three miles of this solitude we come to a stately brick mansion, built by Inigo Jones, with walled pleasance and dependent farms, whose squire is also vicar of a tiny parish. The ancient church exists no longer, save in its reverently preserved site, but a modern substitute is placed a mile up through the

wood in a cluster of dwellings.

The costly character of some of these scattered mansions, erected when materials had to be carted from afar, testifies that people of wealth and taste had in those days no aversion to solitude. Why has the need of company become so strong in modern life? We may have daily letters and books and newspapers to keep us in touch with the absent world, and yet we are not satisfied. Beyond Netherton House the road narrows to a mere farm-track, rising briskly among bleak, unwooded downs, soon abandoned to sheep-pasture. Their grassy domes, for many miles unhedged and treeless, rise to the summit of the southern range On the highest, bleakest point is a strange erection, something like a sign-post in shape. Yes, it is the sign-post of the wide road that leads to destruction—nothing less than a gibbet of ancient days, where many a man paid the death-penalty for stealing a sheep. On the maintenance of this gruesome signal depends a dole of bread. There, good people, is the sign-post of the road you must avoid, and here is a gift of bread for summit, passing on the way only two tiny the godly, bequeathed from ancient days.

Among these hills is the cradle of our race; scarcely a ridge against the sky but is marked by fort or barrow of forgotten peoples. Stonehenge is near, and fragments of Roman roads draw their straight lines across the landscape. Here the church-builders, in their time, raised memorials: Winchester and Romsey and Salisbury; not these only, but in many a nameless hamlet little churches with grand columns and arches, and bells still tuneful. Not only corn do these hillsides bear on their knees, but plentiful crops of boys and girls, who climb up and away to far-off lands, but forget not their cradle.

Come back to my nest in the valley, to my little garden whose high brick wall cuts across the sunset, then turns on the northwest corner past a group of stately elms where rooks hold converse. A few distant roofs are seen above and beyond, and above them the northern wall of

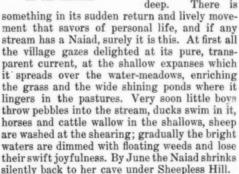
the valley rises steep and high.

In the early spring people begin to ask, "Is the water out?" At last some tell us joyfully, "The water is coming," and then suddenly, under those elm-trees and all down the valley, is the silver gleam



THE AUTHOR'S COTTAGE.

of a swift-running brook. Pure and new and fresh it is at first; crystal-clear, filtered through the deep chalk strata, it bursts out with a glad ripple of laughter, and swishes merrily down its old course, swift and deep. There is



AN OLD COTTAGE.

My little cottage, which looks down the valley and the water-meadows, has a quaint character, revealing in its whole structure the ideas which predominate in village life now, as two hundred years ago. A date of 1745 over the door carries us back in history, but here as yet modern changes

BEYOND THE HAMLET.

have scarcely appeared. Its wide, low front is of very fine brickwork, a black brick set in at regular intervals, neat eyebrows over the windows, and toothed cornice under the deep

the door, graceful columns of rubbed brick, wood, exquisitely done, with fine moldings on the thing, and certainly never did, not even a with arched tops, difficult to make and well

porch; it is a mystery why such elaborate ornament should have been bestowed on so tiny a dwelling. Between them, over the door, is the place of a window filled with plaster; probably closed in the days when windows were much taxed. Some similar closed windows in other old cottages are painted to look like windows, for our local artist takes great pride in the "values" he observes; but mine is colored a plain lavenderblue, like the door and shutters of the ground floor.

The whole appearance from the road is very dainty, especially in spring, when flowers fill the box-bordered beds. or the Seven Sis-

ters rose twined about a lime is in bloom. twice the weight ever put upon it, a brave dary of the road, and correspond in height and in unseen places closest economy. and size with the brick columns, making a pollarded long ago, and every summer send windows, kindly dropping it when the morning sun of winter is desired. Their green tops are clipped to a flat wall.

The back of the cottage is not of brick. Flints were thought good enough where walls were not in public view. On this side and window-sashes of the front must have sun cannot penetrate, nor winter's cold. been thought finer than leaded casements cisely as in the history of Little Red Riding- master, while lying in bed, fired off his gun

eaves of its thatched roof. On each side of hood, and the bolts are primitive slides of

Indoors the partitions are made by mere capitals and bases, are a freak of pure orna- hurdles which are plastered over unevenly, but mental extravagance. They support no- the "best room" is lined with pretty panels

> made. The framework revealed in the cellar and loft is of solid round oak timbers, just as they grew, still strong and sturdy for a long life. The floors have a curious dip,

alarming until I discovered that the beams on which they rest taper a little, being unhewn, as the trees grew; and therefore, the preference of horizontal ceilings being accorded to the bestroom, the floors above have to take a slant on the tapering side of the beams. Surely the men who built that skilful brick front knew how to level the beams had they cared. It is all characteristic of farmer life even now: sturdy giant frame, able to bear



THE BLIND WOMAN'S HOME. A VILLAGE STREET.

The lime- or linden-trees stand on the boun- display toward the street and the public,

A detached house of brick with tiled roof, sort of architectural colonnade. They were unplastered within, is a sort of outside kitchen; it covers the pump, and has brick out a fresh green screen to shade the upper ovens, coppers set over furnaces, a brewingvat, and a huge open fireplace, where a whole sheep could be roasted. Perhaps it did not always smoke as it does now, and this detached tiled building, with such provisions for cooking, may have been considered safer where thatch is used on the house. The the roof is combed down over the bedroom charms of thatch cannot be understood windows, which are only leaded lights with until you sleep under its thick covering, little diamond panes. The square panes where rain falls silently, where summer's

Strange lives must have passed in this some hundred and fifty years ago. The doors little dwelling. The ceiling of one bedroom on the back open by pulling a bobbin, pre- has a large round break, where a former

woman came up-stairs once, and said to me: "There stood the coffin of my little sister. It is the only thing I remember in this house." Still further back, William Cobbett, the great Radical of the beginning of the nineteenth century, was a constant visitor here, and many of his rural rides tended hither, where his description of them was often written. Here, too, he may have studied and written his booklet on "Cottage Economies; or, Information Relative to the Baking of Bread, Keeping of Cows, Pigs, Bees, Ewes, Goats, Poultry, and Rabbits, and other Matters Useful to a Labourer's Family," all which economies are still carefully practised in the village. The well-to-do also make sundry fermented wines from dandelion, cowslip, rhubarb, and sloes.

Old people, retiring from active work, built this little home for a resting-place of old age, and that is the character most distinctly marked upon it. Then came young couples, making it their first home, whose children soon crowded the tiny chambers. It is fittest for a solitary old woman. The little rooms, only twelve feet square, look very pretty with dainty Chippendale furniture. Long-legged chairs and little corner tables seem specially made for such nooks. There is every little housekeeping contrivance of cupboards and store-rooms, but room for busy life there is none. Even the maid, going to and fro, seems to fill the whole place with bustle. If one lives in a cottage, one must live out of it! In evening it is quiet enough; but by day, with its bustle of work, creaking doors and stairs and pump, leave it! Therefore I built myself a studio quite a hundred feet away, where I spend the days among flowers and wild birds.

When first I came into possession, my accumulations of five-and-twenty years were packed in two rooms, and the task of extricating and distributing the furniture to its proper place devolved upon me. For this dusty work I put on, over all, a blue gelabieh, a souvenir of the graceful Cairo people, but probably far from graceful on a thick old lady.

I do not really feel old, but often call myself so, for fear of forgetting the disagreeable fact, unperceived until one drizzling, pea-soup day in London ten years ago. As I was nearing home, damp and tired, a rude little girl called out from a doorway, "Old woman, give me your umbrella!" With a shock, I recognized the ring of truth in her

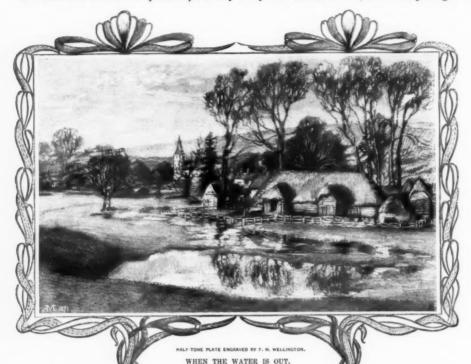
through it "to frighten his wife." An old when my spirits are too high. How very strange that people think me old! I have only lately come to believe in the life eternal, and with all that in prospect, I feel quite a child.

But to return to my house-arranging. Many a time something was wanted from the shop, but if I thought of sending my little servant, she made such a great show of occupation that I preferred to run my own errands. I could run down to the village shop and post-office in only a minute, dressed in this beautiful gelabieh, without even the trouble of finding a hat. How delightfully private the village seemed! There were two farm-houses to pass, and three cottages, the George inn, and then you were at the center of our life, where two roads crossed. Here was the shop and post-office, presided over by the most dignified and orderly mistress. The houses and picturesque thatched cottages all had their white-curtained windows, and, excepting at noon, when working-men came home to dinner, there was no sign of life. Little did I dream that behind almost every window-blind was an eye in ambush, cocked most critically upon me and my strange dress. What was it I bought? A dust-pan and broom, probably, which Mrs. Brown offered to send by and by. "Oh, no, indeed; I'll take them: I am really waiting for them." The postmistress then began carefully and slowly to tie them up in paper, just like that with which we were already overwhelmed; for as furniture was unwrapped, as chair legs were unbandaged and packages opened, papers engulfed us in a heap of whirling scraps, dangerous and untidy, difficult to get rid of. So off I took the paper to leave it in the shop. Great was the dignity and adroitness of Mrs. Brown's rebuke: "Madam, I should be quite ashamed to give you anything not wrapped up." But I snatched up my dust-pan and briskly made for home, turning over this word meanwhile. What did she mean? Is there an etiquette even in a hamlet? A strange suspicion as to the window-blinds made me hurry past them. Just at my door some little children curtsied or pulled their forelocks, which encouraged me. Surely children always know what people are: not that I wished to set up for a position; but respect is especially pleasing when there is some doubt of deserving it.

When my windows were at last respectably veiled, and the furniture got into its place, and an air of prettiness in the little white interior, which it perhaps had never known before, the inhabitants of the private remark; but it is well to recall her words windows began to call. The knock of the

and peace I wanted, and after a call of an Women brought their own plain sewing-

first visitor was a terrible shock: solitude which met frequently at various farms. hour's duration I longed for solitude more not fancy-work for a bazaar. Each dame in than ever. My visitors had no topics, no turn read. When it met at the Locusts, I, ten books, no studies, no interests except the years old, was allowed to be present. What new vicar and the servant question; and they they read interested me, and some passages



generally whisthe maid was supdropping, as in-

A talk with minded me, by visit in childhouse in Pennvillage of Ken-Three of us chilwith our gover-

day. The farm-house was kept in scrupulous certain that no such book, and seldom even their children. The farmer himself plowed, ton branch. sowed, and reaped, and his wife baked,

pered.

nett

deed she was.

hood to a farm-

because stuck in my head; posed to be eaves- to be more shame to one of these re- found and recogcontrast, of a Buckle's "His-

people For sylvania, in the ested in such Square. indignity in mandren were there minds rise over ness for a holi- above her meabut it happened years. twenty me. before nized them in tory.'

who are interbooks there is no ual labor; their it like the lark dow. It is quite

neatness, with floors scrubbed as white as the a copy of Shakspere or a novel of Scott, is deck of a steamer. Shall I ever forget the ink- ever to be found in these handsome English spot I left on one, which occasioned more farm-houses, but always a piano. The girls grief and trouble than if it had fallen on a fine are often surprisingly good musicians, and carpet! The farmer and his wife had young many of them skim away on their bicycles girl and boy "helps," who were treated like to study art in the nearest South Kensing-

The degrees of social position are myschurned, and scrubbed, with no sense of disterious beyond comprehension. I heard of grace. There was a reading and sewing club, one dame who, having opened her door to a

I, too, had my hammer and did my share. So I said: "What would Mrs. of my working like this with you?" "She was not brought up to work," he gravely replied. With the same lady, who supplied me with milk and butter. I attempted, during her rather prolonged visit of ceretions of a dairy; but she replied that she knew little about that, as she used to live in London. In London; but never among that delightful throng who are doing, writing, thinking, painting, talking-oh, especially talking-winged words, that skim the rushing river of life, where ideas that everybody is thinking seem to be one's own thoughts, and fill every one with the stir and rush of multitudinous vitality; for ideas and thoughts are catching. But that is in the

Now, stranded in this little back-water, dozing among lilies and weeds, I had expected my solitude to be filled with pleasant, even brilliant ideas, but discovered with dismay that my mind was a mere pond full of other people's reflections, and now to the very bottom empty, dead of drought. Would no new seed of thought, wind-borne from over fields of cabbage-heads and dreaded to become of them.

A brother of the brush who had painted a sign of "George and the Dragon," apparently without the benefit of a sovereign for model, came to fraternize. He had also produced that row of sham windows, "quite natural"; but somehow even this artistic society did not seem stimulating.

To the farmers' wives my exploits with spade and fork, my sifting of loam and distributing manure to my flower-garden, of which I delighted to boast to them, indicated humble birth. One of them proposed to confer upon me the honor of teaching her daughter to paint, and assumed a lofty air of patronage. Pupils were not in my line, I said, but was it possible the young girl had great talent, and did she wish to support herself as an artist? With great pride: "Oh, no; she does not have to work." Then said I, "I feel no interest in teaching her." Confused

As years have gone on I have discovered

mechanic, did not deign to speak to him, whose wives are not above the cares of dairy but sent her servant to receive his message. and poultry. It is pleasant to meet farmers A few days later the same carpenter was in their fields, where they willingly permit my helping me to strain a large canvas, and rambles, or to peer into a dark barn and find the master looking on at his shearing, or meet think him in the harvest-field, where he measures the work of the reapers, who are paid by the piece. I have never seen one of the farmers use his own hand in plowing or reaping.

Short as the time is since I came here, it is long enough to have seen pretentious mony, to discuss the interests and attrac- folk obliged to give up their farms, while some who began as laborers have become thriving small cultivators. In one case a legacy enabled the family to buy one cow. Wife and daughters were not above driving her to the common for pasture, or learning to make the best butter. Now they have seven cows and pasture of their own. Another family of brothers rented jointly a small farm, which they have worked so profitably as to be able to increase their holdings and to invest in valuable agricultural machines for their own use and to hire. They do the real labor of their land, and their families occupy the comfortable house together.

Simple laborers are to me more sympathetic than their masters. The impossibility of pretension, and the calmness with which they live by daily bread, dignify in character what is lacking in education. Many among across the hill, take root in it? No; I looked them I have come to know well; for when the winter comes and work is not pressing. they have spent an hour or two in my studio, being painted, and won to talking without shyness. They certainly have no conversational gifts, and having nothing to say, say it. The older people use words with Chaucer plurals, such as "birdies," "posties."

Our village affords exceptional advantages in its spacious common of six hundred acres, where each cottager may pasture two cows. This pasture-land lies on the top of the hill, in glades sheltered by groves of oak, and bordered by copses of nut-wood and thickets of fern. Here may be gathered knitches of dead wood and dried fern, plentiful nuts, wild plums and berries, even alpine strawberries in abundance. If by rare chance our peasants perceive the beauty of the earth, they know why this place calls all wanderers to return.

Below in the village are the allotments where each cottager may hire, for two shillings and sevenpence a year, a strip of welllying land, about two hundred feet long by those thrifty, simple folk who are the sub-fifteen wide. The allotments lie together, stantial, sensible cultivators of our land, and divided by narrow grass paths. Here the

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BRINGING KNITCHES FROM THE COMMON.

never less than ten hours, works again with daub), and covered with thatch. From a renewed energy for an hour or two in the distance they are scarcely distinguishable evening, to grow potatoes and greens for his household.

Our farm-houses are usually fine brick buildings with tiled roofs, in the stately, severe taste of two centuries ago, standing back from the road among their colony of barns, ample ricks, and walled yards, shel-

laborer, after his long day's work for hire, and mortar (called expressively wattle and from ricks. Two or three tiny rooms shelter large families, living by unceasing toil-toil which has no reward but daily bread, and hardly enough of that. Yet in this narrow home affection and self-sacrifice find room. Many a man with eight or nine children receives only eleven shillings a week for daily tered by noble trees. They be peak a life of work from dawn to dark. A little extra ease and abundance. The laborers' cottages, money for harvest provides rent and spare near at hand, are little whitened huts curifuel. They must begin their life of toil as ously compounded of bricks, timber, hurdles, soon as school-board requirements are satisthree miles to their work, which begins in winter at seven o'clock. Boys have only sixpence a day, with thirty shillings at Michaelmas. What wonder that sometimes they look rather lounging and listless, with their growing youth's hunger never quite satisfied at the crowded home table!

At harvest or havmaking they often work seven or ten miles distant, where they sleep under a hedge and walk home occasionally for cooked food. Meat is certainly not tasted

except on Sundays.

How can they study in the evening? Have you ever tried to read or study after ten hours of manual labor? It must be something of extraordinary interest that will keep one awake, and besides, these poor people have no bright lamps, no quiet rooms. There is nothing for the growing men so cheerful as the Plow Inn, but there I have not followed them.

A place so poor as ours has no club, reading-room, or library. There is a small parish room at the vicarage, where some books and newspapers are to be found, but a very few men fill it. Many of our people go to chapel, and will not be beholden to the vicarage,

where all are really welcome.

To many of the men and boys the choir practice and Sunday services are their great pleasure and pride. Twenty-four sing in our ancient church, neatly dressed in cassock and surplice, with face and hair scrubbed and burnished. At least on one day in the week they have a glad sense of belonging to the highest service, if perhaps not always a religious emotion. Then, too, the choir has an annual fête in summer, a visit to London by excursion train, to see Olympia, Mme. Tussaud's, or the Zoo, and return late at night in joyous excitement. At Christmas they make a visit in full company to the various houses of richer members of the congregation, singing carols and receiving small presents.

It is rather an important occasion, requiring a little speech from the audience, and involving some mutual shyness. On their last visit I welcomed them in my studio, and listened to three long carols, and all was happily over, but two of the smallest choristers were not in the company. Scarcely had the men and boys left me to continue their round when the missing nine-year-old urchins appeared at the end of the path, overcome with alarm, afraid to venture forward. I called out, "What is it, boys?" "Please, ma'am, would you like to hear some singing?" "Certainly. Come in." So they

fied and very often have to trudge two or took a position in the studio, and gave very well the three long hymns to which I had already patiently listened, quite lost their shyness, and departed very proud and happy. The men said they were too little to go out with them, but this they had properly disproved, and they really could read their words and knew their music well, dear little chaps. The carols begin on Christmas eve. and last until boxing-night, and the same songs are sung over and over again. Perhaps in the darkness, and with faces concealed under caps with fringes of cut paper, the same boys come more than once, as some artlessly confessed. It is a difficult matter to keep a supply of small coin for the carolers.

The only amusement for girls is the fête of their Friendly Society, and that brings many young servants home from their places in towns for a summer holiday. Fresh cotton frocks and straw hats set off their pretty faces and figures. These people are often very handsome, even beautiful, in youth; but at forty a workman has stiff limbs and gait, and his face is lined with heavy years. There is little chance for them to seek a neighborhood of higher wages, for moving their little households to any distance would be a ruinous expense; but the children, at least, go out into the world at twelve years old, perhaps far away, and parents grow into easier, though solitary, old age. There are often little extras to their small wages in a pig, or a hatching of ducks or chickens. If any man's pig dies a natural death, he expects us all to help him buy another.

On the common they gather stores of dead wood and small fuel and dried bracken. Even the aged blind woman is led up the hill, and breathes the fresh sea air in that higher atmosphere, returning with a load that almost hides her bent figure. Dried fern is good bedding for the pig, and protects tender plants from frost. Then, too, there is liberal gleaning, and in autumn nuts, wild berries, and mushrooms may be gathered to sell, and women are paid a little for turning hay and weeding.

The last work of the old laborer is roadmending, and it is strange to see those who are past all active work sitting on the roadside breaking flints. Any work is happier than idleness, for without mental activity it is impossible to be idle amusingly. It is touching to note the frequent deaths of aged people at their work or in the field: touching, too, to note the nameless mounds on the



stantly laid by those who remember. Saturday evening is the favorite time for tending these memorials. There to-day came an old . man, far in his eighties, carrying up the steep path a can of water for the newly planted flower on his wife's grave.

I love to see the harvest work. Near is a great field of wheat, here called corn. Down through the green lane, under cool shade from overhanging ash, between walls of clematis and honeysuckle in bloom, we come suddenly into unusual stir. Little children, tidily dressed, are in charge of thirsty babies and of baskets with refreshing drinks, not for the babies-bottles wrapped in big leaves and kept in the cool shade; home-brewed beer, it may be, or cold tea. Even these children, still too young to help bind, look eager and excited, for it is a great day for the laborers. Men are paid by the measure which they cut, not by time, and some have earned in one day, with wife and children to help tie, as much as fifteen shillings. A long day of English midsummer, from dawn to dark, may give fourteen hours of labor. All the rest of the year is ordinary routine from seven to five o'clock. The wage is not more than two shillings per day, often less, so the busy harvest weeks are fraught with all the golden riches of the year.

The shady lane suddenly opens to the wide field. There it lies in the lap of the great down, like a basin of gold filled to the brim with quivering light—one broad thirty-acre field, all wheat, with its sunburnt, heavy ears looking like golden nuggets. Far up to the left, where the golden bowl fits into the side of the hill, in a little copse, tall trees fling their branches darkly against the blue. Everywhere else as far as the eye can search, up to the rim of the hills, is golden grain. What dazzling sunshine now at high noon! As the mowers pass, the red gold turns suddenly to silver. As the standing wheat falls and the straw lies flat, its color changes to silver, with shadows of soft violet.

light refracted, turned back from everything, splintered, glittering, yet somehow mering under the dry east wind.

hill above the church, where the long grass with the sleeves rolled up, trousers belted is neatly trimmed, and fresh flowers are con- and gartered, and felt hats. Necks and arms are copper-brown and glistening, their shirts look blue, their corduroy trousers white or gray. The girls have fresh cotton frocks and white aprons, and all have the air of taking

the work joyfully, like a holiday.

The young man now beginning quite near me rushes into his task like a swimmer breasting the waves. He plants his feet wide apart, grasps the scythe for a mighty sweep. and leans forward for the free swing of his arms. The wheat stands up to his face. With rapid, rhythmical strides and swinging arms he cleaves a path through the rustling grain, and as he forges on, breast-deep, behind him lie eddies of silver and violet, still and motionless like the ripples printed on a sandy beach.

Now he turns and comes toward me, his eager face scarcely above the wheat; he comes swiftly, proud of his skill and strength. Good nature and breath enough he has to fling out a merry word to the little children sitting near me under the hedge-row, and to call cheerily to a big boy and a girl to bind his sheaves. Once a covey of partridges rose wildly in front of him, and winged whirring

on toward the coppice.

This is not a cricket-ground, but the spirit of that game is all here. The men are displaying their strength and endurance for the admiration of wives or sweethearts, who are broiling in the sun, while the mowers stream with sweat. They often mop their brows, or eyes would be blinded. Now and then one calls for a drink, and a child, knowing the voice, runs out with a basket of provisions. It is thirsty work indeed.

In the middle of the field are an elderly couple - a man of heavy build, and a woman, thick in the waist, as we grow to be past middle life. Their children must be fledged and flown, for they work together without attendants, the woman binding his sheaves and keeping her food-basket near. Now they are growing farther and farther away, their task lying upward to the opposite The air is dry, but filled with haze like a boundary, like the path of their lives away gauzy veil. It is not moisture, but dust from from youth and childhood. To them only, in falling wheat palpitating in light; waves of all the field, there seems to be toil without mirth.

How well I remember this field last spring! vague for very excess of brightness, shim- It had just been plowed and planted. I crossed it by the narrow foot-path, amazed at There are many companies of mowers in the number of flints and stones. It seemed the field, for it must be done before night. like a turnpike newly dressed and waiting Each reaper has his wife or daughters and for the steam-roller. To tread down the old boys to heap and bind. They wear shirts path again needed iron shoes. How could anything grow in so stony a soil! Now I basin, the sheaves near the top lose their understand that in the long drought of sum-shadow and gleam, and are merged into mer the very stones prevent evaporation vague tones of mauve. The transformation



and keep the earth below them moist and firm for the growing crop. From these flints, perhaps, the wheat derives its bone food. The very bones of mother earth transmuted to bone for her children!

The long day fades at last. All over the vast field have risen mounds of sheaves. The sun, as it passes beyond them, gives each a tint of lavender on the shady side, and a crest of fretted red gold. The color of the whole field is changed since the prostrate straw is gathered into mounds and the stubbly surface appears between. As the sun dips below the rim of the great

spreads downward into the hollow, and at last the whole great field is shaded and gray. An emerald light flashes a moment longer in the tree that lifts its crown highest out of the copse, still seeing the sun, then all fades into one monotonous tone. The work is done. Tired indeed are the reapers, but happy in the task accomplished. Children bring them their jackets, and homeward they turn, across the stubble, up over the hill toward the gap in the hedge where we last saw the sun.

And now the earth is alone and silent, her riches gathered under the eyes of heaven and night.

BREAKFAST IN NAPLES.

BY MARY SCOTT-UDA.

WITH DRAWINGS, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, BY HENRY HUTT.

est to description has gradually but surely ceased to be. Fashion, which is neither more nor less than the desire to do as other people do, the innate craving, as it were, to lose individuality and to become one of the "madding crowd," has invaded all classes and peoples from the Chinese mandarin to the Tyrolese shepherd. The modern traveler carries with him everywhere, in his laborious passage through foreign lands, what Owen Meredith calls "the horrible sense of the

déjà connu."

The same plodding railway-trains, the same wearisome overhauling of trunks at stations, the same wrangling of drivers, the same smirking hotel-keepers, the same overbitter coffee and over-sweet honey, the same saltless butter, the same crisp and unsatisfactory French rolls at breakfast, the same ineffable table d'hôte with its meek array of victims and its delusive bill of fare, the same hurrying crowds in the streets, the same showy shop-windows, the same café chantant on the best corner, the same enticing women on the boards, with the same highheeled slippers that vainly foreshorten a plebeian foot-in very truth, to the casual observer there is nothing new under the sun. But to those who have lived in foreign lands in long and close intimacy with languages and customs, there are still to be found dashes of local color, odd ways, strange interpretations of common words, and curious divergences of habit and of

As usual, these are found among the people whom the iron harrow of progress has not yet raked into the dead level of modern monotony. Most travelers can talk learnedly of the artistic glories of Italy, a few can discourse wisely of her political and economic condition, all can and do dissertate on what Miss Phemie would call her shiftlessness; but scarcely one pauses to inquire how her people live, and none seek therefrom in the practical cooperative housekeeping of tilation.

SINCE the days of Byron the local color-bing which gave zest to travel and inter-where be copied with advantage, at least by the poor. Italy, more than other nations, has resisted the centralization of productive forces. Nowhere is there so general a division of labor among the masses, nowhere so wide and generous an application of the

motto, "Live and let live."

"What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" are the three great problems which every nation solves in its own way. Physical sustenance, physical sobriety, and productive industry make up the sum of human endeavor. A breakfast in Naples is not the regular setdown meal which in America precedes the day's work; it is not the comfortable spread of ham and eggs, fried bacon and beefsteak, hot biscuits and pancakes, which tickle the palate and spoil the digestion of so many Americans. On the contrary, it is a pickedup snack, stretching over all the forenoon hours, a refreshment which, in Italy, represents in its most practical sense the art of cooperative housekeeping.

In the "short and simple annals of the poor" in Naples there is no getting up and lighting the fire to cook the family break-The wayfarer arriving on an early train, or the reveler returning from some gay ball at dawn, sees the first movement of the immense wheel of human appetite, in the shape of a dismal-looking creature muffled in a ragged overcoat and shuffling sluggishly from door to door of the opening bassi, or ground-floor shops and tenements. He carries a long-handled iron pan half filled with smoldering charcoal, whereon simmers a quaint copper pot full of a mixture that purports to be coffee. This compound, which he duly administers to his clientèle, is the sober Neapolitan "eye-opener." Well sweetened and well warmed, it costs only one cent, and is the beverage of early risers: of hackmen returning from the night's chill station, of watchmen making their last weary rounds, of workmen shaking off the lethargy of into "point a moral or adorn a tale." Yet sufficient sleep, of women half poisoned by there is much in her simple methods, much the night's rest in houses devoid of venA cent's worth of the steaming kernels, anyhow.

Very soon the air becomes vocal with the vigilance of the keeper, occupied, perhaps, characteristic calls of the breakfast-venders. for the moment, in quarreling with some "Hot, hot, and big as apples!" shout the saucy maid-servant over the quantity of milk sellers of peeled chestnuts. These are to be paid for. The scene which ensues is boiled in huge caldrons in a reddish broth worthy of the cinematograph. As a sequel, of their own making, which is further sea- calfy's tail is nearly pulled off, but he has soned with laurel-leaves and caraway-seed, spoiled the oppressor's game for one day,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK. MILK "WHILE YOU WAIT."

each of which is as big as a large English ting down a basket from bedroom windows. theless, squabbles are frequent, and every-Groups of delicate, anemic factory-girls surround the sellers of ricotta, a sort of milk-curd, temptingly displayed on bits of green vine or fig-leaf.

Meantime dignified cows pass by "with measured tread and slow," shaking their heavy bells and followed by their beguiled "give down" their milk at the opportune moment, and to let the milkman take it.

No precepts of civilization have thus far walnut, is a nourishing diet that warms the been able to triumph over the persistent fingers and comforts the stomach of troops determination of the average Neapolitan to of children on their way to school, or rather have his milk first-hand, and first-hand to the coöperative crèches, or nurseries, where under active scrutiny. Although there is a one poor woman, for a cent a day each, takes nominal price of ten cents a quart on milk. care of the babies of a score of others who it is never measured except by the eye and must leave them behind to earn the day's by the nimble fingers of the milkman. He living. The big roasted chestnuts of Italy knows just how many deft grips of the hand are a luxury, but the boiled chestnuts are a will draw a cent's worth of milk, and the godsend to the poor, and are not disdained purchaser knows at a glance the exact relaby the better class as well, who often buy tive proportion between the liquid and the them from the ambulating venders by let- foam artfully raised on the surface. Neverbody regularly protests that it is too little; whereupon the milkman regularly milks another drop into the glass, and everybody is satisfied. Oh, eternal farce of the struggle for life! Nowhere else do people play their parts so unconsciously.

While all this is going on, troops of thievoffspring, whose business it is to make them ish goats, on the lookout for chance plunder, invade the streets, rubbing their shaggy hides against the passers-by who are not Nothing can be funnier than this struggle quick enough or obliging enough to get between the legitimate owner, the calf, and out of their way. The goats are on the way the wily subtractor of the lacteal treasure. to be milked at the doors of the rich. The Although tied to his mother's horns by a goatherd leaves his flock in the street or rope long enough to reach, and even lick, courtyard and mounts the staircase, followed her bag, but not to get any satisfaction out by the goat to be milked, who knows his cusof it, his bovine wit is often sharp enough tomers as well as any one, up to the very to give the slip to the noose and elude the door, where the animal is sure to find a nice



MALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY

A SELLER OF HOT FIELD-CORN.

lunch of lettuce- or broccoli-leaves, or a handful of orange-peel, of which goats are extremely fond. It is an article of faith here that milk, in some mysterious way, partakes of the frame of mind, so to speak, of the creature giving it, and the goat's daily tidbit is a way of securing "contented milk." The recent discoveries of science relative to the transmission of tuberculosis to human beings from cow's milk, and the fact that goats are absolutely exempt from the disease, have largely increased the use of these animals, and the consequent discomfort of the Neapolitan streets. The docile creatures are widely used instead of the bottle for nursing babies. They readily learn to stand patiently over the basket-cradle, where the child lies and sucks the living stream without need of patent stoppers.

All this early breakfast activity is for the benefit of the favored few-sick or delicate women, exhausted watchers, and children. The mass of the Neapolitan population do not break their fast until near noon. The stern conditions of life, which in crowded countries inexorably restrict the indulgence of appetite, counsel them to consume the strength gained by sleep before using that

which comes from food.

About eleven o'clock the spectacle presented by the breakfast-venders in the populous quarters is picturesque in the extreme. I know of no other town where the purchasing power of a penny is so notable and the sum of satisfaction received is so great. On the street-corners, in the squares, everywhere where they ought and ought not to be, innumerable friggitrici, or fryingwomen, preside over huge, deep skillets of boiling lard. Here, for one cent, you can buy, hot and crisp from the pan, and so dry as scarcely to stain a kid glove, five different kinds of fritters, from potato croquettes to doughnuts, from stuffed rice-balls to "trifles light as air." There are artichokes gilded, that is, rolled in beaten egg and cracker-crumbs; puff-paste stuffed with fresh cheese; crullers and wafers; golden squashflowers, considered both healthful and nutritious; polpette, or meat-rolls, such as we would call fried hash-meat turnovers; in short, a bewildering array of delicately browned and savory things, most tempting to those who have not observed the black and seething mass of lard they are fried in. The dainty housekeeper seldom succeeds as well in giving her fritters the pale gold or russet brown of perfect cooking.

public fryers provide fish in endless variety, fried religiously in oil instead of lard. These viands, however, are for the capricious appetite of shop-girls, students, and artisans, who require an esthetic element, so to speak, in their food. For solid hunger there are great kettles full of a rich, highly seasoned sauce of ragout or tomato stew, in which float stray bits of meat. Here the laboring men most do congregate, and for two cents they receive half a loaf of bread cut open and steeped in the sauce, with one or two bits of meat to suggest a banquet. Other buyers stop at the steaming tripe-stands, where the fluted, fantastic entrails of oxen and swine are sold. The grotesque shapes and dull, leaden color of the merchandise are more than enough to repel a fastidious stomach; but in Naples this kind of fare is highly prized. It is served as a stew poured over sliced bread and sprinkled with salt from the nether end of a cow's horn. Another indescribable mess is the famous sanguinaccio, or pig's blood, mixed with chocolate and whipped to a cream. This is, however, an aristocratic dish, and appears on the street only at Christmas-tide.

For street-buyers who cannot afford to invest a cent in their daily breakfast-and alas! there are many such-there are kettles of boiled potatoes, with a pinch of salt, for two centimes (less than half a cent), and no bread required. During the summer season there are huge caldrons of hot field-corn sweet corn being unknown-set on low supports and wheeled hither and thither by the stentorian-voiced venders, to the cry, "Here 's your spring chickens, five for a

cent!"

The famous pizzerie of Naples, some of which boast a hundred years of existence, are devoted exclusively to the manufacture and sale of a sort of rustic pie, or short-cake made out of risen dough, sharply beaten till quite thin, and seasoned on top with a great deal of lard, tomatoes, and grated cheese, or, on fast-days, with olive-oil, fresh anchovies, and a touch of garlic. The brisk tapping and slapping of the pizze can be heard a block away, and is as characteristic as the sonorous call of the sellers: "Have some breakfast! Have some breakfast!" You can buy a slice in the street from one of the runners, or, if you prefer, can enter the shop, stand by while your pizza is being vigorously thumped and slapped, can see it cooked in the glowing open oven under the fierce heat of a lateral fire of wood shavings, On fast or abstinence days these same whisked out on an iron shovel in three



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. C. MERRILL

"NOT THE COMMON SNAIL."

minutes' time, and served to you in popular very sweet and very much alive, much esstyle on a tin plate, all for three cents. Queen Margherita, when she visited Naples, seldom failed to patronize the pizzerie, though not exactly at the stalls, nor yet before the street oven. One of the "ancient" makers was invited to the royal palace at Capodimonte, where she usually resided, and there, in one of the rustic lodges of the domain, he set up his marble slab, hard by the stone oven, and merrily beat his pizze before the interested eyes of the royal dame and her

Another favorite one-cent breakfast consists of corn-meal cakes stuffed with cracklings or with raisins, and fried. Countless are the ways in which codfish is served, and the cry of the venders is, "This is THE fish!" Huge devil-fish with myriad tentacles, and polypi cooked in tomato sauce, are among the economical dishes with which the working-classes regale themselves for two cents.

Contrary to the general belief, it is only in one or two of the quarters bordering on the sea that cooked macaroni is sold. The traditional way of eating it, illustrated by photographers, is the purely theatrical pose. for pictorial effect, of street urchins eager to earn a plateful of the national dish from admiring strangers. In point of fact, all Neapolitans are fond of macaroni, but few of the poorer classes can afford to eat it oftener than once a week at most. When they do, it is with an elegance and delicacy which none of us can expect to equal. Supposing the plate to be vermicelli, the favorite form of macaroni, the Neapolitan takes his spoon in the left hand, his fork in the right, and daintily raising a few of the long strings, which it would be heresy to cut, rolls them deftly round and round the fork, and with both spoon and fork carries the morsel to his mouth, so that not a piece is lost. Compare this with the painful methods of strangers in hashing up the same dish. However, macaroni is a digression, as it is a dinner, and not a breakfast, dish.

The famous booths of Santa Lucia are loaded daily with sea-fruits, a marvelous collection of all

things horned and crooked and soft, That lean out of the hollow sphere of the sea.

There are sea-curls, black, shining, and prickly, reposing on beds of pale-green seaweed, the opened ones giving a dash of brilliant red to the mass; there are oysters, great and small; mussels of every variety and shape; cannolicchi, a long, slim bivalve,

teemed by those who have the courage to eat them; there are clams, starfish, dates, and truffles of the sea, temptingly arranged. but quite beyond the reach of the ordinary street-buyer. It is the morning bather, after his dip in the purple sea, who breaks his fast on such dainties. To the same class belongs the famous snail-stew, which dates back to the time of the worship of Ceres. These esculents are not the common snail, but a variety found on grape-vines, which are certainly quite as pure as an oyster (especially the oysters of Santa Lucia), but can scarcely seem so to a foreign mind. Picturesque beyond comparison are the antique amphoræ in which they are cooked. Made of burnished red copper, embossed with bas-reliefs in shining brass, and linked together with glittering chains, they are carried on a broad, square basket on the head, and are one of the features of allnight festivals, like the feast of Piedigrotta.

All classes, rich and poor, love to season their breakfast with the esthetic flavor of external beauty. There is scarcely a picturesque cliff overhanging the changing sea, scarcely a promontory fronting the smoking mountain, that is not crowned with a restaurant or an osteria. The grand. gloomy arches of the ruined palace of Queen Joanna, stretching far out into the sea,fearsome resort of unquiet ghosts, the wraiths of victims despatched, unshrived, to the other world by the wicked queen, -offer shelter to two or three restaurants that cluster cannily about the wave-washed pilasters, or spread their tempting tables on the crumbling balconies. Everywhere along the magic curve of Posilipo the "view" is the most expensive and generally the best dish on the bill of fare. Scattered over the sunny slopes where the famous Pausilippe vinevards grow, the innate artistic grace of the people has woven out of vine and fig-tree innumerable leafy bowers where the modern grape-cure is effected. At the vintage season many Italian doctors prescribe this cure, which consists of an exclusive diet of grapes and meat. Two beefsteaks a day and as many pounds of grapes as one can eat; no bread, no sweets, no vegetables, no coffee, no wine; grapes, grapes, grapes! The followers of the régime begin by going into the vineyards in the early morning to pluck and eat the fruit while it is still wet with dew. It is astonishing how many pounds of grapes an ordinary stomach can support, and how rapid is the improvement in cases



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY

A NEAPOLITAN FRUIT-VENDER.

catarrh, and liver diseases. Such a medicine would certainly seem "good to take"; but the treatment seldom lasts over fifteen days, so keen is the unsanctified yearning for the fleshpots of Egypt, if only in the form of hot

potatoes.

Domestic animals are not forgotten in the general distribution of prepared food. Dogs, it is true, have to scrape for a living, but cats are regular subscribers to the pulmonara. This person, equipped with a huge double branch of cooked lung swung on a stick over his shoulder, and a gleaming knife and long steel, makes his rounds daily from door to door of his customers, sharply whetting the knife on the steel. At the sound the tabby of the shop or family comes gravely to the front for a half-cent's worth of the boiled lung, which is carefully served in tiny bits cut up for her consumption. She gets nothing else to eat except what she hunts for. Whether due to this régime or not, the cats of Naples are an unusually sleek, superb race. Every store and shop has one, which, during the day, is generally to be seen on the counter, as dig-

of anemia, nervous exhaustion, gastric nified as a judge, as impenetrable as a sphinx. Their nature, too, seems modified by the magic alchemy of human affection. In the half-nomadic life of a people who change house nearly every year, the cat follows the family or firm as faithfully and

as unhesitatingly as a dog.

The hour of the siesta, from twelve to two o'clock, ends the street breakfast. Those who have been able to earn, to beg, to borrow, or even to steal a penny, have had their frugal share of the goods of the gods. Those who have not, do not rebel, but take a philosophic hitch in their leathern girdles and hope for better things when the cooperative dinner shall be served, or at least when the rich dessert, which the "summerland" so lavishly furnishes, is spread before them in posti, or generous heaps of fruit, at a cent the posto. And the passer-by, struck with the simple content and cheerful abnegation of these people, whose wants are so few and whose light-heartedness is so touching, must fain reëcho in his heart the tender grace Tiny Tim used to say after meals:

"God bless us all, every one!"



HERB ROBERT.

BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR.

ECAUSE into my life you flowered, D Geranium, once,—the only bloom Of dark November's heart of gloom In cold old woods unbowered:

Because, outstaying your sisterhood, Herb Robert, even to winter's brink, Abode your spring-like quaking pink Till I came to the wood:

Because in that lost year one day I fled the city, I crossed the river, I found what seemed long lost forever, And ebbing far away;

Because, now May is all in flower. Geranium, I would not forget, Herb Robert, thus I pay the debt, This hour for that hour.



ÉMILE LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN.

the President should happen to die, or be un- of the Republic the changes of power have able to fulfil the duties of his office, and the always been quick and peaceful. But, as I re-Vice-President should succeed, the President peat, there never was a Presidential election of the Senate should stand next in the line of succession. The new law, however, has diverted the line so that it passes through That succession, which was formerly a matter fixed by the laws of the for that of President of the Republic. United States, became a matter of actual election in France when, on February 18, 1899, Félix Faure being incapacitated by an attack of apoplexy, the National Assembly chose as his successor Émile Loubet, then President of the French Senate.

One might have thought that few elections to the supreme command of the state would have been less discussed than this, because up to the present day there has never been one more normal and logical. There was no rule which fixed upon Marshal de MacMahon as the successor of Thiers, nor pointed out Carnot as the man to fill the chair left vacant by Grévy, and exact person to take the place of Casimir-Périer. Still, each of these selections was a a combination, the National Assembly is not very badly counseled in the disposition of its votes, and, further, that the constitution which has governed France for the last thirty years is not a very bad one. Indeed it has stood the test pretty well. Since the year 1824, when King Charles X ascended the throne after his brother Louis XVIII, it has been impossible for any transfer of power to be made in regular fashion. Thus the Comte de Chambord was not per-

CCORDING to the laws of the United Prince Imperial take the throne of Napoleon A States it was formerly decreed that if III. On the contrary, since the foundation more completely logical than that by means of which Emile Loubet exchanged his chair as President of the Senate, which is an office only second to the highest rank in France,

Nevertheless, no election has taken place which roused more anger, and no president was more maltreated by the press and public opinion from the very first days of his presidency. Must we look for the reason of this fact in the personal character of Emile Loubet, or in the peculiar activities of the man during his previous political career? That is a question which must naturally present itself to the mind of a stranger when he reviews the attacks made upon this president; but if he examines carefully the character of the man and the particular events of his life, he cannot fail to be surprised to find that even there no element which least of all to designate Félix Faure as the suggests unpopularity can be seen to lurk.

happy one; each proves that, after all, even IT is hard to imagine a more natural, wellwhen there is no time given it to form regulated, and, indeed, more peaceful life, in so far as one can use that word when it comes to questions of politics, than that of President Loubet. He was born at Marsanne, December 31, 1838. This is his career: at first municipal councilor, then mayor, afterward councilor for the township, and later Attorney-General; next assistant minister, then minister, and finally senator, President of the Senate, and President of the Republic. Thus in an uninterrupted line he has occupied all those public offices in the gift of mitted to take the heritage of King Charles voters which can be presented to a French-X, nor was the Comte de Paris allowed to man, beginning with the most modest and succeed to Louis Philippe, neither could the ending with the highest. But what is more



THE BANQUET TO THE FRENCH MAYORS.

remarkable still, at the height of his career he still held all the offices which a man is permitted to hold because one is not incompatible with the other. When by the vote of the National Assembly he was made chief of the commonwealth, he was still councilor-general for his department and mayor of Montélimar, offices which, owing to the trust reposed in him by the electors, he had held for a great many years, I think

nearly twenty.

What was it that Émile Loubet did, then, to cause him to be so highly thought of by those who gave him their votes? If you should ask the general public or interrogate current opinion or the press, you would be answered with the commonplace which one hears so often in similar cases. "Oh," they would say to you, "he did n't do anything." At the famous Parisian tavern, the "Black Cat," where all the men of the day are touched off in popular ballads, the answer was somewhat different. The refrain of a political song that met with great success a year ago was this: "Loubet, . . . oh, how much he loved his mother!" And from stanza to stanza we find the good people of Montélimar, and even the entire French people, represented as overcome by the affection which Emile Loubet showed for his mother, that most respectable peasant woman who lives in Montélimar.

The explanation of this song is an episode in the life of the President which redounds completely to his honor. On the day that he entered his native town for the first time as President of the Republic he saw his mother seated on one of the tribunes, watching the procession pass. At once he caused his carriage to be stopped, and, without the slightest regard for the pomp and officialdom with which he was surrounded, he got out of the carriage and ran over to kiss the old lady, being unwilling to wait to the end of the

ceremonies.

Such a spontaneity of feeling as this, and such simplicity of manners, far from shocking, were sure to gain for him the hearts of Frenchmen. But by putting this little episode in relief the ballad-maker wished to impress his hearers with the idea that there was nothing in the political career of Émile Loubet which was more interesting to note than this family scene. Dear me! that is a fact—up to a certain point. There is nothing extraordinary or striking in his past

The truth is that, wherever he passed, Emile Loubet left behind him pleasing recollections. His intelligence, his power of work and reflection, his very sound education, his early experiences, and, above everything else, his uprightness and wisdom, never failed to render most excellent service in the successive offices to which he attained. Among all the ranks which he occupied in turn, perhaps the one for which he was least qualified was that of presiding over the council of ministers. Although in that sphere he spoke well and acted with intelligence, there was in him a lack of that combative nature, of that energy and brio, which are at the present day almost indispensable to a French premier in order to preserve his majority in Parliament. The deputies which are sent there by the democracy, being themselves far from wise men, are but little influenced by the wisdom of the chief of the cabinet.

The ministry headed by Loubet was remarkable owing to an incident which abundantly proves that loval intentions are not sufficient to the task of government. A very troublesome strike was declared in Carmaux, the great center of the mining region, and the situation became very disquieting: whereupon some one evolved the idea that the miners should ask the Prime Minister to act as arbiter. The suggestion was followed; the Company of Mines agreed to the plan, and so Loubet was offered the position of umpire. There had never before been a case where the government of France had intervened in this fashion between employers and workmen. Still, the situation seemed an interesting one, and people were ready to applaud the chief of the cabinet for his courage. Unfortunately, his decision was not accepted by the workmen, who considered that they had not been treated with sufficient lenity. Emile Loubet had simply listened to the voice of his own conscience, and the verdict which he delivered was absolutely just; but the mere fact that it did not at once put an end to the strike caused his situation to be weakened and seriously diminished the prestige of his cabinet.

career. But to conclude therefrom that he has "done nothing" is but a single step. And yet a person must be very stupid, or else understand human nature very poorly, who could suppose that a man can maintain himself during a quarter of a century in such elective offices by merely failing to act. Negative merit is never able to cause itself to be admired in such a consecutive and persistent way.

¹ The National Assembly, which elects the presidents of the Republic, as readers may know, is a combination of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

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In the Senate, on the contrary, this lofty moral quality, this impartiality of his mind, was greatly admired by everybody, and there, at least, it did good work. Under the French constitution the Senate exerts a sort of moderating influence; it does not always succeed in being the temple of wisdom, but at any rate it attempts to reach that height. Before one can be senator one must have passed the age of forty, and so the turbulence of youth can have no place in that body, whither, as a general thing, only those men come whose career is already settled and whose ideas, therefore, are permanently fixed. In this more thoughtful chamber Émile Loubet did not fail to exert a great influence, even beyond the limits of his own party. People always found him ready to enter the field of conciliation, and often clever in discovering peaceful paths. His judgment was so sure that his fellow-senators fell into the habit of consulting him, and views expressed by him, in a form always clear and based upon an unchanging basis of good sense, had a predominant influence upon the minds of his colleagues.

The last two presidents of the Senate had been remarkable men: first, Jules Ferry, who was the most powerful statesman of modern France, and then Challemel-Lacour, member of the Academy, philosopher, and orator of high grade. Emile Loubet came into their heritage, but it was plain that he had neither the political genius of the former nor the literary quality of the latter; and yet he was better fitted than either of them to direct a large body of legislators. During the three years which he passed as Premier in the Palais du Luxembourg not a cloud formed between him and the body over which he presided. So well was he liked and so popular was he, that his popularity was not destroyed even by the Dreyfus case. Throughout this rising effervescence, which threw the shadow of its trouble over every public organization and even disturbed private families, not only did he know how to preserve his equilibrium, but he was able to keep a perfect balance between the two parties, and in a certain way to secure the respect of all the various shades of opinion. But at that time the Senate seemed to be the one place to which all that remained in France of good sense and tolerance had fled for refuge.

While this was going on, President Félix Faure suddenly died. Struck by apoplexy one evening, without warning, he died that

heard in a kind of stupor that she was without a pilot in the midst of a tempest which was then rising to its most violent point. That very morning the newspapers which announced the death of the chief of the commonwealth were full of talk concerning the succession. One newspaper which enjoys a certain authority was the first to pronounce the name of Emile Loubet, and even before his candidature had been opened, this paper recommended him with great force. That afternoon, when Loubet entered the hall of the Senate to preside over the daily meeting. all the senators, with very few exceptions, rose from their seats, and, with three salvos of applause, saluted the future President. That was a manifestation of the sentiment which the senators entertained for him, as magnificent as it was spontaneous.

Loubet was profoundly moved and troubled by such an ovation, which was without precedent in the history of the French Parliament. Nothing had been further from his thought than the possibility of becoming President of the Republic; he had never even dreamed of it. Moreover, after the possibility had presented itself to his mind, he discovered that a very powerful disinclination had risen in him. He was almost at the point of refusing the honor, no matter what might be the insistence on the part of his friends. That was his position when he entered the hall of the Senate, but the manifestation which awaited him shook his resolution. After all, it is tremendously flattering to a man to be acclaimed in this fashion, and anybody might take a proper pride in it. Still, it appears that Loubet did not permit himself to give way to this idea; but he thought that he perceived in the applause of the Senate a confirmation of what his friends and a number of politicians had been repeating since the morning, namely, that his candidacy was the only one which would produce some kind of quiet in France, because he had been in no way compromised in the "case," having never taken openly the side either of the General Staff or of the writers who were grouped about Zola.

That is a fact without question. Whatever may have been his inner convictions, the President of the Senate had considered that it was befitting his duty as an impartial man to open his heart to no one. In consideration of his moderation and the wisdom of his mind, it is more than probable that in his inner thought he threw equal blame upon the wicked exaggerations of those who furivery night, and the next morning France ously attacked, some of them the army and others the General Staff, but he concluded that it was more patriotic not to state his opinion. Therefore it was that people were right in believing that his candidacy would be one of peace. He shared that belief, and resigned himself to accept an honor for which he cared very little.

II.

JUST the contrary occurred. In order to understand how this came about, one must recall those turbulent days during which the press took pleasure in giving itself up with frenzy to the publication of news as sensational as it was untrue, when the public, having accepted this news and lost all power of discrimination, let itself loose at once and gave itself over to a fit of rage so intense, that a person who remained calm must have found the situation indeed absurd.

The newspaper which, without in the slightest degree having been asked to do so, was the first to recommend the candidacy of Émile Loubet turned out to be one of the most ardent organs of the partizans of Dreyfus. What was uppermost in the minds of the politicians who directed its course was plainly the desire to checkmate M. Méline. They would have preferred to see one of their own circle President, but feared that a spoke would soon be put in the wheel if so sharply cut a plan were launched; so, in order not to play into the hands of their enemies, they thought it more wily to push to the front a respected name, one popular in the Senate, and therefore able to group about him votes belonging to the various parties. To their thinking that was the surest way of getting Méline out of the way.

But it was enough that a Dreyfusard paper should urge the name of Loubet. At once the anti-Dreyfus press started a violent opposition. The affair grew to really grotesque and impudent proportions when these same newspapers, not content with rejecting Loubet's candidacy, turned on the personality of the candidate and treated him as a Dreyfusard, a hypocrite, a bribe-taker, declaring that he had purchased the support of the entire Dreyfus party by promising to have the case revised, along with the certain acquittal of Dreyfus. Harking back into bygone days, they reproached Loubet with having been compromised in the Panama scandal and with having tried secretly to protect the chief authors of the scandal. It may be that calumny has been carried to greater

people gone further on the path of folly. There was not even a shadow of truth in the whole accusation.

Nevertheless, such was the effervescence of public opinion at the moment that a legend which had been planted after this fashion took root. A vast majority of the Senate had voted for their President, and all the deputies who were friends of peace and liberal ideas had done the same. Upon his return from Versailles, when the new President of the Republic appeared in Paris, a few bands of noisy politicians hooted him. Three months later occurred the memorable incident at the race-track at Auteuil, where some of the Parisian upper circles of society dishonored themselves by applauding as a hero the author of an attack on the President which was as cowardly as it was idiotic.

Of a truth there was nothing in the first months of such a life at the Presidential palace to charm a man who, almost against his own struggles, had been forced by his friends to this high place. A daily campaign of shameless lies was opened against him, and grave political embarrassments rose on his path. Some of them were the natural outcome of the situation, others were cleverly introduced by personal enemies who may have hoped in this way to disgust him with his office and lead him to give in a sudden resignation, as Casimir-Périer had done.

But there we find one of Loubet's most valuable traits: he does not easily surrender a plan he has once begun. People still recall a statement of his: "I did not enter the Palace of the Élysées for my own pleasure; I shall not leave it to give pleasure to others." I do not vouch for this speech; he may not have said it: but, at any rate, I believe that it corresponds to his state of mind.

However irksome the first experiences of his life as the chief of the commonwealth may have been, he would have been ashamed of himself had he abandoned his post solely for the purpose of hiding himself from personal enmity. But he can leave with an entirely different spirit as soon as he believes that he is no longer able to comply effectively with the duties of his place. Should that day come, he will be only too glad to resign official duties which are very far from representing his own ideals. Then, returning to his farm like Cincinnatus, he will leave the Presidential chair to end his days peacefully in his native town.

be that calumny has been carried to greater lengths heretofore, but probably never have dent of the French Republic is a farmer, and

of his personality. Our ancient race, which has powerful springs of action in it, as well as varied charms, has at last come to the point of separating, as it were, into two branches, which grow at the present day one beside the other in a parallel line. It is, to be sure, the same tree; the two parts share equally in the life common to both, but they share separately. Undoubtedly our French race produces many different types, but, on the other hand, it has certain characters of combination, certain general characters which distinguish it from the other races. But to-day this division into two categories is more than ever distinct, and tends to fix itself. And this interesting fact placed before the face of the chief of the commonwealth, who so well personifies one of these categories, an antagonist and a candidate for the same post, Paul Deroulède, who is in no less degree the type of the other cate-

Observe that when I make a parallel of this sort, which perhaps is unexpected, I propose to put to one side the exceptional men. One may, it is true, look for such portion of the French genius as they possessed in Jules Ferry, Gambetta, Victor Hugo, Gounod, Pasteur, and Renan. Unquestionably this genius will be found; but all those men were exceptional beings. On the other hand, neither Emile Loubet nor Paul Deroulède is an exceptional man. They typify the upper average, if I may term it so, of the French race. They are men of distinction,—eminent if you choose,—but not exceptional, and being such, they typify and represent the two tendencies of which I

have just spoken. One of them seems to be the asylum of refuge for all the quixotisms of past generations-that fiery energy, that imagination on horseback, that habit of throwing one's self upon an idea, upon a man or an institution, as the knight of La Mancha fell upon the windmills, without having made a preliminary examination and without knowing very well how they were made. The love of fuss and feathers, the fashion of using swelling phrases, generosity to one's foe in battle, inability to profit by a victory, carelessness or recklessness when success has been obtained—all these things, good heavens! all these things compose in a certain way the pleasant side of the Frenchman, cause him to be liked. For example, many fronted by each difficulty, listening to its

that quality in his nature permits one to dis- of these traits can be found in Napoleon tinguish exactly the extremely French aspect III, who was really a true Frenchman, while his uncle was a pure Roman of old Rome. But if France could have availed herself of no other qualities save these, she would have been dead long ago. She has other traits which are equally antique and part of the past, such as clearness in reasoning, good sense, the instinct of orderliness, caution in calculations, constancy in times of strain and stress-a trait which Ronsard has summed up and expressed so well in the lines:

> Your Frenchman's like a verdant willow-tree: The more you cut and prune, the livelier he.

The line of demarcation between these characteristics, so entirely different in kind that at times they seem absolutely contradictory, was traced, so I believe, by King Henry IV. He appreciated very keenly splendid deeds; he admired yet more the excellent virtues of the townsman. The separation can be marked from his rank downward. According to their inclinations Frenchmen have arranged themselves of their own accord on one side or the other, and so these two types have gone on strengthening in their outlines, and have come to be what they are to-day, namely, the lover of epics and the disciple of Reason. The one is just as foolishly in love with his own object of worship as the other is passionately attached to his particular faith. In order to be strict and just, one must add that those epochs in which the epic triumphed were in general not those which were lucky for France, while those during which reason governed were sometimes by no means brilliant, but have ever been fruitful. For example, during the nineteenth century the two attempts at the epic have resulted in terrible disasters, while governments under which reason has been able to work freely have more than doubly replaced the wealth of the country, and have returned to it the peace and prosperity which it had lost.

III.

In our age and generation Émile Loubet is one of the high priests of Reason-not, it is true, after the fashion of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who in pontifical fashion was wont to evoke that same Reason when it had nothing to say; but, on the contrary, after the fashion of a man who is well balanced, sound in brain and body, and has make him a person to sympathize with, and made it a habit to consult reason when convoice and never acting except in line with its counsels.

In our country it is oftener than otherwise that one meets this type of man among those who live, or have lived, in contact with the soil. From this contact they draw a taste for peace, and the habit of carefully scanning the entire horizon and considering the arguments for and against every question. When, in addition to that, they have a goodly share of education, and strive continuously to add to their knowledge, so that in a way they keep well greased the machinery of thought, they become at once marked by an extraordinary superiority over their fellows.

President Loubet is a literary man. He has read enormously, and because of his habit of early rising, quite common among country people, even at the Elysées Palace he finds time to read; and not only read newspapers, but the reviews and books. He reads quickly, seizes well the gist of a writing, criticizes fairly, and in consequence gets much profit from his reading. Besides that, he is assisted by a fine memory, which not only recalls to him what he has read, but also every scene through which he has passed. In that way he has accumulated a vast experience relating to men and things. Only in one point would this experience be likely to prove weak. He has traveled little, or rather, unless I am mistaken, he has not traveled at all; and in order to preside over the destinies of a country like France, which, owing to its importance as a colonial power, its past history, and its geographical position on the globe, is obliged to have a very active foreign policy, this lack of acquaintance with other lands is a serious inconvenience. Luckily the President has a quality which is precious beyond others, and one that permits him to overcome this very inconvenience. He understands admirably how to listen.

A final question comes up which does not fail of a certain interest when we remember how very different President Félix Faure was at the time of his death from what he was four years before, at the time of his election. One is tempted to ask what sort of influence the life in the Élysées Palace will bring to bear upon the character of his successor. In accordance with traditions which are still powerful in France, the chief of the republican state finds himself surrounded with a pomp that recalls the monarchy without exactly equaling it. Now the man who was not destined in any way to live in surroundings so majestic, but who

has been placed there for seven consecutive years, escapes with great difficulty from the influence of his surroundings.

Nevertheless, I believe that Émile Loubet will escape it. I think that there will never come a time when his head will be turned. No honor could be paid him that would be able to intoxicate him, and if he arrives in peace at the end of the legal term for the Presidency, it is extremely doubtful whether he will try to be elected again. It is far more probable that he will leave the Élysées just as he approached it, merely older by seven years, and will enter into the plan of quiet repose in the country which his election to the Presidency forced him to renounce.

Although a character like his is a very precious pledge of safety for the government of a country, it may easily be imagined that it is not one which is liable to excite any popularity. Of a certainty the President will compel the respect and esteem of all Frenchmen, but, apart from the possibility of facts which are entirely unforeseen, he can never become very popular. But he will never lack, if occasion occurs, a certain fine civic courage; that was plainly seen during the attack made upon him by Baron Christiani, in the course of which he lost neither coolness nor dignity. But this courage itself accords entirely with that character for moderation and reflection which is proper to a wise man. Now, M. Loubet, as I have said once before, is a wise man.

SINCE the foregoing lines were written, President Loubet has received a tremendous ovation from twenty-two thousand guests invited by the government to a banquet with him on September 22, last, the anniversary of the First Republic - an anniversary which the Third Republic insists upon celebrating, in spite of the slight resemblance between herself and her grandmother, fortunately for every one. The idea of inviting the mayors of the cities and villages of France to celebrate this fête in the home of the chief was broached at the time of the Exposition of 1889, but the invitation took in only the chief cities of departments, if I am not mistaken, and the total number, big as it was, did not reach half of last year's invitation.

successor. In accordance with traditions which are still powerful in France, the chief of the republican state finds himself surrounded with a pomp that recalls the morarchy without exactly equaling it. Now the man who was not destined in any way to live in surroundings so majestic, but who

thorities could not fail to be pleased with sided at the naval review at Cherbourg, most distant departments, even Corsica and Algeria, answered the call.

The government undertook to make them comfortable, which was no easy task. The Garden of the Tuileries was chosen; endless tents were put up there, and a table several kilometers long was built. This was divided into sections, to which belonged separate services-the blue, the red, the yellow, and the green sections. Each section had its own kitchen, its offices, its servants, with its color displayed on the table and on the arm of the waiter. Behind the tents a narrow passage allowed the inspectors to move up and down on bicycles and watch the service. The guests were grouped according to departments. I do not know exactly what was eaten and drunk on this remarkable occasion-surely meat enough to build a little Arc de Triomphe, and enough wine to make a lake; but I remember that the expenditure came to more than seven hundred thousand francs-a goodly sum for one repast.

This fête had a political significance which is worth our while to consider. It was not, I grant, a republican demonstration in the sense of sympathy with the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, still less in the sense of sympathy with the Jacobins of 1793: it was The President had a busy summer: he pre- sincere as it was loud.

the alacrity with which the mayors of the he went to bid farewell to the troops on their departure for China. After the grand manœuvers he reviewed the army, and on each of these occasions he spoke words so well chosen, so happy in their sincerity, that the soldiers and sailors, who had had some reason to complain of the way public opinion and the press, or at least a part of it, had treated them, felt their bitterness melt away and their anger cool. Frenchmen saw that the choice of the National Assembly had not been so bungling as they had believed, and they perceived that M. Loubet possesses three of the most valuable qualities which the head of a nation should have patience, sagacity, and coolness.

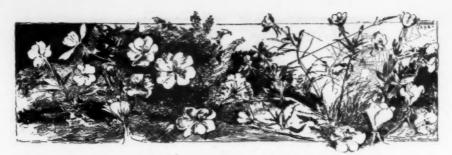
M. Loubet has, in fact, endured with unvarying patience the stupid insults which the Nationalists have heaped upon him; with wonderful clear-sightedness he has known how to choose the moment and the spot when his personal feelings and views might be expressed, and he has done so with a moderation and tact quite perfect. The mayors of France expressed the feelings of their constituents in paying their respects to him; the most intelligent, at least, came for this end.

Of course many honest peasants, mayors of little villages, were more moved by the wish to see Paris and to assist at a banquet rather a demonstration in honor of M. of twenty-two thousand guests than by any Loubet, and as such it is not out of place other consideration. At any rate, the "Vive at the end of an article written about him. Loubet" which they gave that day was as

LETHE.

BY TORQUIL MACDONALD.

H, magic stream, 't is earthward thou shouldst rise. It is the living, not the dead, should set Their lips unto thy chalice and forget: Losing with memory all that shadowy lies Beyond the gates of childhood's Paradise: Finding the fateful fruit untasted yet. What walls might not be scaled, what giants met And slain, but for these torturing fantasies! And yet-to lose the self that took delight In this fair world; that, eager, drank its fill From books and hearts: that, dreaming by the hill Unclimbed, had visions of the clear, cool height?-Nay, Zeus! give not oblivion, but might To the old self to rise, remembering still.



A SONG FOR THE HOPELESS.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

HAS thy heart one vain wish? Then repress it, and keep
The hard road of thy duty, as the arrow its flight.
As the bird wings its trackless, lone way through the night,
For a nest in the reeds where the slow waters creep
From the uplands down to some warm river's mouth,
So keep thou thy course till thou reachest thy South.

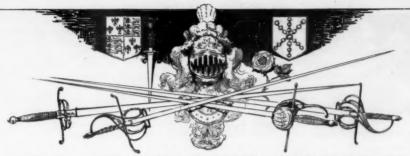
Thy South or thy North—little matters the end;
The crown's in the doing. If I risk mine own soul
That sooner or later I reach a low goal,
It is only my soul's low worth that I spend;
But the struggle, the steadfastness—there lies my gain;
Gives my soul in the end strength meet to its pain.

Grow strong by repression, not use. See the sun,
How it scorches the plains, and the rivers makes dry;
So the grieved heart is seared by its passion; a sigh
Only mars, warps the soul, and the mischief is done.
When a man stands alone, with his heart under heel,
He 's a man, knows at last how the strong gods feel.

Then rejoice in thy courage to worst thy desire,
Break free from the fetters that shackle thy heart!
He who feels the keen pain, and yet laughs at the smart,
Who burns in the flame, while disdaining the fire,
He is victor, not victim; has fathomed God's use
Of the soul of a man, not Fortune's abuse.

For what is thy life but a struggle to stand,
Like a man, firm, erect, with a smile on thy face?
The lily may spring from a noisome place,
And the wild rose blow on a barren strand.
Be it rose, then, or soul, oh, abide the last hour!
God waits through the growing to judge of the flower.





THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

By Bertha Runkle.

XXX. MY YOUNG LORD SETTLES SCORES
WITH TWO FOES AT ONCE.

OCCUPIED in wrangling with the grooms over the merits of our several stables, with the soldiers over politics and the armies, I awaited in a shady corner of the court the conclusion of formalities. I had just declared that King Henry would be in Paris within a week, and was on the point of getting my crown cracked for it, when, as if for the very purpose—save the mark!—of rescuing me, entered from the street Lucas. He approached rapidly, eyes straight in front of him, heeding us no whit; but all the loungers turned to stare at him. Even then he paid no heed, passing us without a glance. But the tall d'Auvray bespoke him.

"M. de Lorraine! Any news?"

He started and turned to us in half-absent surprise, as if he had not known of our presence nor, indeed, quite realized it now. He was both pale and rumpled, like one who has not closed an eye all night.

"Any news here?" he made Norman

answer.

"No, monsieur, unless his Grace has information. We have heard nothing."

"And the woman?"

"Sticks to it that mademoiselle told her never a word."

Lucas stood still, his eyes travelling dully over the group of us, as if he expected somewhere to find help. At the same time he was not in the least thinking of us. He looked straight at me for a full minute before he awoke to my identity.

"You!"

"Yes, M. de Lorraine," I said, with all the respectfulness I could muster, which may not have been much. Considering our parting, I was ready for any violence. But after the first moment of startlement he regarded me in a singularly lack-lustre way, while he inquired without apparent resentment how I came there.

"With M. le Duc de St. Quentin," I said, grinning at him. "We and M. de Mayenne

are friends now."

I could not rouse him even to curiosity, it seemed. But he turned abruptly to the men with more life than he had yet shown.

"You 've not told this fellow?"

"We understand our orders, monsieur," d'Auvray answered, a bit huffed.

Now this was eminently the place for me to hold my tongue, but of course I could not.

"They had no need to tell me, M. de Lorraine. I know quite well what the trouble is. I know rather more about it than you do yourself."

He confronted me now with all the fire I could ask.

"What mean you, whelp?"

"I mean mademoiselle. What did you think I meant?"

"What do you know?"

"Everything."

"Her whereabouts?"
"Her whereabouts."

He had his hand to his knife by this. I abated somewhat of my drawl to say, still airily:

"Go ask M. de St. Quentin. He 's here. He 'll be so glad to see you."

"Here?"

"Certes. He 's closeted now with M. de Mayenne. They 're thicker than brothers. Go see for yourself, M.—Lucas."

"Where is mademoiselle?"

"Safe. She's to marry the Comte de Mar to-morrow."

He stared at me for one moment, weighing whether this could be true; then without further parley he shot into the house.
"Is that true?" d'Auvray demanded.

Their tongues loosened now, they flooded me with questions concerning mademoiselle, which I answered as warily as I could, heartily repenting me by this of baiting Lucas. No good could come of it. He might even turn Mayenne from his bargain, upset all our triumph. I hardly heard what the soldiers said to me; I was almost nervous enough, wild enough, to dash up-stairs after him. But that was no help. I stayed where I was, fevered with anxiety.

At the end of five minutes he came out of the house again, and, without a glance at us, went straight through the gate with the step and air of a man who knows what he is about. I was no easier in my mind though

I saw him gone.

Soon on his steps came a lackey to order M. de St. Quentin's horses and two musketeers to mount and ride with him. On reaching the door with the nags, I discovered that I was not to be of the party; our second steed must carry gear of mademoiselle's and her handwoman, a hard-faced peasant, as silent as a stone. Though the men quizzed her, asking if she were glad to get to her mistress again, whether she had known all this time the lady's whereabouts, she answered no single word, but busied herself seeing the horse loaded to her notion. Presently, in the guidance of Pierre, Monsieur appeared.

"You stay, Félix, and go to the Bastille for your master. Then you will wait at the St. Denis gate for Vigo, with horses."

"Is it all right, Monsieur?" I had to ask, as I held his stirrup. "Is it all right? Lucas-

His face had been a little clouded as he came down the stairs, and now it darkened more: but he answered:

"Quite right, Achates. M. de Mayenne stands to his word. Lucas availed nothing." He stood a moment frowning, then his

countenance cleared up.

"My faith! I have enough to gladden me without fretting that Lucas is living. Fare you well, Félix. You are like to reach St. Denis as soon as I. My son's horse will

He sprang to the saddle with a smiling salute to his guardians, and the little train

clattered off.

Pierre came to my elbow with an open paper—the order signed and sealed for M. de Mar's release.

"Here, my young cockerel, you and d'Auvray are to take this to the Bastille, and it will be strange if your master does not walk free again. His Grace bids you tell M. de Mar he remembers Wednesday night,

underground."

"And I remember Tuesday night in the council-room, Pierre," I was beginning, but he cut me short. Even now that I was in favour, he risked no mention of his disobedience. He packed me off with d'Auvray on the instant; I had no chance to ask him whether perchance he suspected us yesterday. Sometimes I have thought he did, but I am bound to say he gave us no look to show it.

D'Auvray and I walked straight across Paris to the many-towered Bastille. It seemed a little way. Before the potent name of Mayenne bars flew open; a sentry on guard in the court led us into a small room all stone, floor, walls, ceiling, where sat at the table some high official, perhaps the governor of the prison himself. He was an old campaigner, grizzled and weatherbeaten, his right sleeve hanging empty. An interesting figure, no doubt, but I paid him scant attention, for at his side stood Lucas.

"I come on M. de Mayenne's business, he was expostulating, vehement, yet civil. "I suppose he did not think it necessary to write the order, since you know me."

"The regulations, M. de Lorraine-" The officer broke off to demand of our escort, "Well, what now?"

I went straight up to him, not waiting permission, and held out my paper.

"An order, if it please you, monsieur, for the Comte de Mar's release."

Lucas's hand went out to snatch and crumple it; then his clenched fist dropped to his side. It seemed as if his eyes would blacken the paper with their fire.

"Just that-the requisition for M. de Mar's release," the officer told him, looking up from it. "All perfectly regular and in order. In five minutes, M. de Lorraine, the Comte de Mar shall be before vou. You may have all the conversation you wish."

Lucas's face was as blank as the wall.

"I am a soldier, and a soldier's orders must be obeyed," the officer went on to explain, evidently not caring to offend the general's nephew. "Without the written order I could not admit your brother of Guise. But now you can have all the conversation you desire with M. de Mar."

Lucas's face did not change, save to scowl at the very name of his brother Guise.

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his Grace," and barely bowing, went from

the room.

"Now, I don't make that out," the keeper muttered in his beard. That Lucas should be in one moment cured of his urgent need of seeing the Comte de Mar was too much for him, but no riddle to me. I knew he had come to stab M. Étienne in his cell. It was his last chance, and he had missed it. I feared him no longer, for I believed in Mayenne's faith. My master once released, Lucas could not hurt him.

What was as much to the point, the officer had no doubt of Mayenne's good faith. He went with his paper into an inner room, where we caught sight, through the door, of big books with a clerk or two behind them, and in a moment appeared again with a key.

"Since the young gentleman 's a count, I 'll do turnkey's office myself," he said, his grim old battlement of a face smiling. This was our day; from Mayenne down, everybody went out of his way to pleasure us. I was suddenly emboldened by his manner.

"Monsieur, perhaps it is preposterous to

ask, but might I go with you?'

He looked at me a moment, surprised. "Well, after all, why not? You too, Sir Musketeer, an you like.'

So the three of us, he and d'Auvray and I, went to rescue the Comte de Mar.

We passed through corridor after corridor, row after row of heavy-barred doors. The deeper we penetrated the mighty pile, the fonder I grew of my friend Mayenne, by whose complaisance none of these doors would shut on me. We climbed at last a steep turret stair winding about a huge fir trunk, lighted by slits of windows in the four-foot wall, and at the top turned down a dark passage to a door at the end, the bolts of which, invisible to me in the gloom, the veteran drew back with familiar hand.

The cell was small, with one high window through which I could see naught but the sky. For all furniture it contained a pallet, a stool, a bench that might serve as table. M. Étienne stood at the window, his arm crooked around the iron bars, gazing out

over the roofs of Paris.

He wheeled about at the door's creaking. "I go to trial, monsieur?" he asked quickly, not seeing me behind the keeper.

"No, M. le Comte. The charge is can-

celled. I come to set you free."

I dashed in past the officer, snatching my lord's hand to kiss.

"It's true, monsieur! You're free! It's making friends with Mayenne.

He said curtly. "No. I must get back to all settled with Mayenne. Monsieur's seen him; he sets you free. He said, 'In recognizance of Wednesday night.""

Incredulous joy flashed over his face, to give way to belief without joy.

"Now I know she 's married."

"Nothing of the sort!" I fairly shouted at him, dancing up and down in my eagerness. "She 's to marry you. She 's at St. Denis with Monsieur. She 's to marry you. It 's all arranged. Mayenne consents-the king-everybody. It 's all settled. She marries vou."

Preposterous as it seemed, he could not discredit my fervour. He followed us out of the cell and through the fortress in a radiant daze. He half believed himself dreaming, I think, and feared to speak lest his happiness should melt. I fancied even that he walked lightly and gingerly, as if the slightest unwary movement might break the spell. Not till we were actually in the open door of the court, face to face with freedom, did he rouse himself to acknowledge the thing real. With a joyous laugh, he turned to the keeper:

"M. de La Motte, you should employ your leisure in writing down your reflections, like the Chevalier de Montaigne. You could give us a trenchant essay on the Ingratitude of Man. Here are you host of the biggest inn in Paris-a pile more imposing than the Louvre itself. Your hospitality is so eager that you insist on entertaining me, so lavish that you lodge me for nothing, would keep me without a murmur till the end of my life. Yet I, ingrate that I am, depart without a thank you!'

"They don't leave in such case that they can very well thank me, most of my guests, La Motte answered, with a dry smile. "You are a fortunate man, M. de Mar."

"M. le Comte, will you come quietly with me to the St. Denis gate?" d'Auvray asked him. "Or must I borrow a guard from M. de La Motte?"

M. Étienne's whole face was smiling; not his lips alone, but his eyes. Even his skin and hair seemed to have taken on a brighter look. He glanced at d'Auvray in surprise at the absurd question.

"I will come like a lamb, M. le Mousque-

taire."

We saluted La Motte and walked merrily out into the Place Bastille. I think I never felt so grand as when I passed through the noble sally-port, the soldiers making no motion to hinder us, but all saluting as if we owned the place. It had its advantage, this

The first thing my lord did, still in the shadow of the prison, was to come to terms with d'Auvray.

"See here, my friend, why must you put yourself to the fatigue of escorting me to

the gate?"

"Orders, monsieur. The general-duke wants to know that you get into no mischief between here and the gate. You are banished, you understand, from Paris."

"I pledge you my word, I shall make no attempt to elude my fate. I go straight to the gate. But, with all politeness to you, Sir Musketeer, I could dispense with your

company."

"I am a soldier, and a soldier's orders' "Thoughtful of you, Lucas. Is this the must be obeyed." D'Auvray quoted the make of sword you prefer to be killed with?" keeper's words, which seemed to have impressed him. "However, M. le Comte, if I had something to look at, I could walk ten paces behind you and look at it.'

"Oh, if it is a question of something to with the blade given him. play with!" M. Étienne laughed. D'Auvray was provided with toys, and M. Étienne linked arms with me, the soldier out of

ear-shot behind us.

He followed till we were in the Rue St. Denis, when, waving his hand in farewell, he turned his steps with the pious consciousness of duty done. Only I looked back to see it; monsieur had forgotten his existence.

"I am not proud; I don't mind being marched through the streets by a musketeer," M. Étienne explained as we started; "but I can't talk before him. Tell me, Félix, the story, if you would have me live.

And I told him, till we almost ran blindly into the tower of the St. Denis gate.

We learned of the warder that M. de St. Quentin had recently passed out, but that nothing had been seen of his equerry. No steeds were here for us.

"Well, then, we'll go have a glass. But if Vigo does n't come soon, by my faith, I'll

walk to St. Denis!"

But that promised glass was never drunk, nor were we to set out at once for St. Denis: for in the door of the wine-shop we met Lucas.

I had dismissed him from thought, as something out of the reckoning, dead and done with, as powerless as yesterday's broken sword. I thought him gone out of our lives when he went out of prison-gone forever, like last year's snow. And here within the hour we encountered him, a naked sword in his hand, a smile on his lips. He said, in the flower of his easy insolence:

"I told you Tuesday our hour would come. It is here.'

"At your service," quoth my lord.

"Then it needs not to slap your face?" "You insult me safely, Lucas. You have but one life. That is forfeit; be you courteous."

"You think so?"

"I know it."

Lucas held out the bare sword, hilt toward us.

"Monsieur had a box for weapon yesterday, but as I prefer to fight in the established way, I ventured to provide him with a sword.

"Thoughtful of you, Lucas. Is this the

He was bending the blade to try its temper. Lucas unsheathed his own.

"M. de Mar may have his choice."

M. de Mar professed himself satisfied

"Have you summoned your seconds, Lucas?'

Lucas raised his eyebrows.

"Is that necessary? I thought we might settle our affairs without delay. I confess myself impatient."

"Your sentiments for once are mine."

"It is understood you bring your spaniel with you. He will watch that I do not spring on you before you are ready," Lucas said, with a fine sneer.

"And who is to watch me?"

"Oh, monsieur's chivalry is notorious. Precautions are unnecessary. It is your privilege, monsieur, to appoint the happy spot."

"The spot is near at hand. Where you slew Pontou is the fitting place for you to

"It is fitting for you to die in your own house," Lucas amended.

Without further parley we turned into the Rue des Innocents, on our way to that of the

Coupejarrets.

Now, I had been on the watch from the first instant for foul play. I had suspected something wrong with the sword, but my lord, who knew, had accepted it. Then, when Lucas proposed no seconds, I had felt sure of a trap. But his inviting my presence at the place of our choice smelt like honesty.

M. Étienne remarked casually to me: "Faith, there 'll soon be as many ghosts in the house as you thought you saw, Félix-Grammont, Pontou, and now Lucas. What ails you, lad? Footsteps on your grave?"

But it was not thoughts of my grave that

caused the shudder, but of his; for of the three men of the lightning-flash, the third was not Lucas, but M. Étienne. What if the vision were, after all, the thing I had at first believed it—a portent? An appearance not of those who had died by steel, but of those who must. One, two, and now the third.

Next moment I almost laughed out in relief. It was not Pontou I had seen, but Louis Martin; and he was living. The vision was no omen, but a mere happening. Was I

a babe to shiver so?

And yet Martin, if not dead, was like to die. He was in duress as a Leaguer spy, to rats." await King Henry's will. All who entered this house lay under a curse. We should none of us pass out again, save to our tombs.

We entered the well-remembered little passage, the well-remembered court, where shards of glass still strewed the pavement. Some one—the gendarmes, I fancy, when they took away Pontou—had put a heavy padlock on the door Lucas and Grammont left swinging.

"We go in by your postern, Félix," my master said. "M. Lucas, I confess I prefer

that you go first."

Lucas put his back to the wall. "Why go farther, M. le Comte?" "Do you long for interruption?"

"We were not noticed coming in. The street was quiet."

He crossed the court abruptly and went down the alley to look into the street.

"Not a soul in sight," he said, coming back. "I think we shall not be interrupted. Still, it is wise to use every care. We will fight, if you like, in the house."

He opened with his knife the fastened shutter, and leaped lightly in. Monsieur followed. I, the last, was for closing the

shutter, but he stopped me.

"No; leave it wide. I have no fancy for a walk in pitch-darkness with M. Lucas."

"Do we fight here?" Lucas asked, facing us in the wide, square hall. "We can let in

more light."

"You seem anxious, my friend, to call attention to your whereabouts. As I am host, I designate the fighting-ground. Upstairs, if you please."

"I suppose you insist on my walking first,"

Lucas sneered.

"I request it, monsieur."

"With all the willingness in the world," his rogueship answered, setting footstraightway on the stair, and mounting steadily, never turning to see how near we followed, or what we did with our hands. His trust made us ashamed of our lack of it. I almost believed we did him injustice. Yet at heart I could not bring myself to credit him with any fair dealing.

We went up one flight, up two. We had left behind us the twilight of the lower story, had not reached dawn again at the top. We walked in blackness. Suddenly I

halted still.

"Monsieur!"
"What?"

"I heard a noise."

"Of course you did. The place is full of rats."

"It was no rat. It was footsteps."

We all three held still.

"There, monsieur. Don't you hear?"
"Nothing, Félix; your teeth are chattering. Cross yourself and come on."

But I could not stand it.

"I'll go back and see, monsieur."
"No," Lucas said, striding back from the

foot of the next flight. "I will go."
We saw a glint in the gloom, monsieur's

bared sword.

"You will go neither one of you. Hush! If we show ourselves, there 'll be no duel

to-day.

We kept still, all three leaning over the banister, peering down to where the white tiles picked themselves out of the floor of the hall far beneath. We could see them better than we could see one another. All was silent. Not so much as a rustle came up from below. Suddenly Lucas made a step or two, as if to pass us. M. Étienne wheeled about, raising his sword toward the spot where from his footfalls we supposed Lucas to be.

"You show an eagerness to get away from

me, M. de Lorraine."

"Not in the least, M. de Mar. This alarm is but Félix's poltroonery, yet it prompts me to go down and close the shutter."

"On the contrary, you will go up with me.

Félix will close the shutter."

They confronted each other, vague shapes in the darkness, each with drawn sword. Then Lucas raised his in salute.

"As you will; so be some one sees to it."

"Go, Félix."

Lucas first, they mounted the last flight of stairs, and their footsteps passed along the corridor to the room at the back. I, as I was ordered, set my face down the stairs.

They might mock me as they liked, but I could not get it out of my head that I had heard steps below. Cautiously, with a thump-

ing heart, I stole from stair to stair, pausing at the bottom of the flight. I heard plainly the sound of moving above me, and of voices; about. Lucas, though he preferred to murbut below not a whisper, not a creak. It must have been my silly fears. Resolved to choke them, I planted my feet boldly on the next flight, and descended humming, to prove my ease, the rollicky tune of Peyrot's catch. Suddenly, from not three feet off, came the soft singing:

Mirth, my love, and Folly dear.

My knees knocked together, and the breath fluttered in my throat. It seemed the darkness itself had given tongue. Then came a low laugh and the muttered words:

"Here we are, M. de Lorraine. Are you

ready?

There was a stir of feet on the landing before me, behind the voice. The house, then, was full of Lucas's cutthroats, the first of them Peyrot. In the height of my terror, I remembered that M. Étienne's life, too, depended on my wits, and I kept them. I whispered, for whispering voices are hard to tell apart:

"Not yet. The two of them are up there. Keep quiet, and I 'll send the boy down. When you 've finished him, come up.

"As you say, monsieur. It is your job." I turned, scarce able to believe my luck, and, not daring to run, walked up-stairs again. Prick my ears as I might, I heard no movement after me. Actually, I had fooled Peyrot. I had gone down to meet my death. and a tune had saved me.

When I reached the uppermost landing, I rushed along the passage and into the room, flinging the door shut, locking and

bolting it.

They had not begun to fight, but had busied themselves clearing the space of all obstacles. The table was pushed against the wall in the corner by the door; the chairs were heaped one on another at the end of the room. Both shutters were wide open. M. Etienne, bareheaded, in his shirt, stood at guard. Lucas was kneeling on the floor, picking up with scrupulous care some bits of a - broken plate. He sprang to his feet at sight

"What is it?" cried M. Étienne.

"Cutthroats. They 'll be here in a minute."

Even as I spoke, I heard tramping on the stairs below. My slam of the door had warned them that something was wrong.

shouted, springing at his foe.

"I play to win!" Lucas answered, smiling, The blades met; the men circled about and der, knew how to duel.

We were doomed. With monsieur's sword for only weapon, we could never hope to pass the gang. In another minute they would be here to batter the door down and end us. Our consolation lay in killing Lucas first. Yet as I watched, I feared that M. Etienne, in the brief moments that remained to him, could not conquer him, so shrewd and strong was Lucas's fence. Must the scoundrel win? I started forward to play Pontou's trick. Lucas sought to murder us. Why not we him?

One flash from my lord's eyes, and I retreated in despair. For I knew that did I touch Lucas, M. Etienne would let fall his sword, let Lucas kill him. And the bravos

were on the last flight.

Was there no escape? There were three doors in the room. One led to the passage, one to the closet, the third- I dashed through to find myself in a large empty chamber, a door wide open giving on the passage. Through it I could see the dusky figures of four men running up the stairs.

I was across the room like an arrow, and got the door shut and bolted before they could reach the landing. The next moment some one flung against it. It stood firm. Delaying only a moment to shake it, three of the four I could hear run to the farther door, whence issued the noise of the swords.

I, inside the wall, ran back too. The combat still raged. Neither, that I could see, had gained the least advantage. Outside, the murderers dashed themselves upon the door.

I dragged at the heavy table, and, with a strength that amazed myself, pushed and pulled it before the door. It would make

the panels a little firmer.

Was there no escape? None? I ran once more into the second chamber. Its shutters were closed: I threw them open. There was no other door to the room, no hiding-place. There was a chimney, but spanned a foot above the fireplace by two iron bars. The thinnest sweep that ever wielded broom could not have squeezed between them.

In despair, I ran to the window again. Top of the house as it was, I thought I would sooner leap than be stabbed to death. I stuck my head out. It was the same win-"Was that your delay?" M. Étienne dow where I had stood when Grammont seized me. There, not ten feet away, eight casement of my garret in the Amour de Dieu. Would it be possible to jump and catch the sill? If I did, I could scarce pull myself in.

I looked below me. There swung the sign of the Amour de Dieu. And there beside it stood a homespun figure surely known to me. There was no mistaking that bald pate.

I yelled at the top of my lungs:

'Maître Jacques!"

He looked up, gaping at this voice out of the sky; but, despite his amazement, I saw

that he knew me.

"Maître Jacques! We're being murdered! We can't get out! Help us for the love of Christ! Bring a plank, a rope, to the window there!"

For an instant he stood confounded. Then he vanished into the inn.

I waited, on fire. Still from the next room sounded the clash of steel. White shirt and black doublet passed the door in turn, un-

flagging, ungaining.

Suddenly came a new noise from the passage, of trampling and rending, blows and oaths. My first thought was that they were fighting out there, that rescuers had come. Then, as I listened, I learned better. Despairing of kicking down the door, they were tearing out a piece of stair-rail for a battering-ram. It would not long stand against that.

I ran back to the window. No Jacques appeared. We were lost, lost! Hark, from the next room a cry, a fall! Well, were it Lucas's victory, he might kill me as well as another. I walked into the back room. But

it was Lucas who lay prone.

"Come, come!" I cried, clutching monsieur's wrist. But he would not till with Lucas's own misericorde he had given him

coup de grâce.

Crash! Crash! The upper panel was shivered in twain. A great splinter six inches wide, hanging from the top, blocked the opening. A hand came through to wrench it away.

M. Etienne, across the room at a leap, drove his knife through the hand, nailing it to the wood. On the instant he recognized

its owner.

ered the packet.'

Not waiting for further amenities, I seized my lord and dashed him into the front room, only a faint hope to lead me, but the oaths of the bravos a good spur. And, St. Quentin be thanked, there in the garret window were

at the most, but a little above me, was the Jacques and his tapsters, pushing a ladder

"Go, monsieur! There are four behind us. Go!"

"You first!"

But I, who had snatched up his sword as he stabbed Lucas, ran back to guard the door. He had the sense to see there was no good arguing. Crying, "Quick after me, Félix!" he crawled out on the ladder.

Peyrot was released. Another blow from the ram, and the door fell to flinders. They leaped in over the table like a freshet over a dam. I darted to the window. M. Étienne was in the garret, helping hold the ladder for me. I flung myself upon it all too eagerly. Like a lath it snapped.

XXXI. "THE VERY PATTERN OF A KING."

THE next world appeared to be strangely like this. I found myself lying on a straw bed in a little low attic, my head resting comfortably on some one's shoulder, while some one else poured wine down my gullet. Presently I discovered that Maître Jacques's was the ministering hand, M. Étienne's the shoulder. After all, this was not heaven, but still Paris.

I had no desire to speak so long as the flow of old Jacques's best Burgundy continued; but when he saw my eyes wide open, he stopped, and I said, my voice, to my surprise,

very faint and quavery: "What happened?"

"Dear brave lad! You fainted!"

My lord's voice was as unsteady as mine.

"But the ladder?" I murmured.

"The ladder broke. But you had hold beyond the break. You hung on till we seized you. And then you swooned."

"What a baby!" I said, getting to my feet. "But the men, monsieur? Peyrot?"

"I think we 've seen the last of those worthies. They took to their heels when you escaped them."

"But, monsieur, they 've gone to inform! You'll be taken for killing Lucas."

"I doubt it. Themselves smell too strong of blood to dare bruit the matter. Natheless, if you can walk now, we'll make good time to the gate."

But for all his haste, he would not start "Good morning, Peyrot. We 've recov- till I had had some bread and soup down in

the kitchen.

"We must take good care of you, boy Félix," he said. "For where the St. Quentins would be without you, I tremble to think."

I set out a new man. In three steps, it

seemed to me, we had reached the city gate, to find the way blocked by a company of twenty or thirty horse, the St. Quentin uniform flaunting gay in the sun. The nearest trooper set up a shout at sight of us, when Vigo, coming out suddenly from behind a nag, took M. le Comte in his big embrace. He released him immediately, looking immensely startled at his own demonstration.

M. Étienne laughed out at him.

"Be more careful, I beg you, Vigo! You will make me imagine myself of some importance."

"I thought you swallowed up," Vigo growled. "You had been here-I could n't get a trace of you."

"I was killing Lucas." "Sacré! He 's dead?"

"Dead."

"That's the best morning's work ever you did. M. Étienne.'

"Have you horse for us, Vigo?"

"Of course. Some of the men will walk. I suppose we 're leaving Paris to buy you out of the Bastille?"

"Not worth it, eh, Vigo?"

"Yes," said Vigo, gravely—"yes, M. Étienne. You are worth it."

Vigo's troop was but slow-moving, as some of the horses carried double, some were loaded with chattels. M. Étienne and I, on the duke's blood-chargers, soon left the cavalcade behind us. Before I knew it, we were halted at the outpost of the camp. My lord gave his name.

"To be sure!" cried the sentry. "We've orders about you. You dine with the king,

M. de Mar."

"Mordieu! I do?"

"You do. Orders are to take you to him out of hand. Captain!"

The officer lounged out of the tavern door.

"Captain, M. de Mar."

"Oh, aye!" cried the captain, coming forward with brisk interest. "M. de Mar, you're the child of luck. You dine with the king."

"I am the child of bewilderment, captain." "And you've not too much time to recover from it, M. le Comte. You are to go straight

to the king." "I may go to M. de St. Quentin's lodgings

first?" "No, monsieur; straight to the king."

"What! in my shirt?'

"I can't help it, monsieur," the captain laughed. "I suppose the king did not guess you were coming in your shirt. Anyway, his order was to fetch you direct. And direct you'll go. But never care. Our king's no

stickler for toggery. He's known what it is himself to lack for a coat."

"I might wash my face, then." "Certainly. No harm in that."

So M. Étienne went into the tournebride and washed his face. And that was all the toilet he made for audience with the greatest king in the world.

"You 'll ride to Monsieur's," he commanded me, when the captain answered:

"No; he goes with you, monsieur, if he 's the boy Choux, Troux, whatever it is.' "Broux-Félix Broux!" I cried, a-quiver.

"That 's it. You go to the king, too.

Another luck-child."

I thought so indeed. We followed the sentry through the town in a waking dream, content to let him do with us as he would. He did the talking, explained to the grandees in the king's hall our names and errand. One of them led us up the stairs and knocked at a closed door.

"Come!"

It was Henry's own voice. I pinched monsieur's hand to tell him. Our guide opened the door.

"M. de Mar, Sire, and his servant." "Good, La Force. Let them enter."

M. La Force fairly pushed us over the sill, so abashed were we, and shut the door after me.

The king was alone. But before this simple gentleman in the rusty black, M. Étienne caught his breath, as he had not done before a court in full pomp. He had seen courts, but he had never seen the first soldier of Europe. He advanced three steps into the room, and forgot to kneel, forgot to lower his gaze in the presence, but merely stared wide-eyed at majesty, as majesty stared at him. Thus they stood surveying each other from top to toe in the frankest curiosity, till at length the king spoke:

"M. de Mar, you look less like a carpet-

knight than I expected."

M. Etienne came to himself, to kneel at

"Sire, I blush for my looks. But your zealous soldiers would not let me from their clutches. I am just come from killing Paul de Lorraine."

"What! the spy Lucas?"

"Himself. And when I left the spot by way of the window in some haste, I was not

expecting this honour, Sire."

"Nor do I think you deserve it, ventresaint-gris!" the king cried. "Though you come hatless and coatless to-day, you have been a long time on the road, M. de Mar."

"Aye, Sire."

"You might as well have stayed away as come at this hour. Marry, all 's over! Go hang yourself, my breathless follower! We have fought all our great battles, and you were not there."

M. Étienne, kneeling, bent his eyes on the ground, scarlet under the lash. He was silent, but as the king spoke not, he felt it incumbent to stammer something:

"That is my life's misfortune, Sire."

"Misfortune, sirrah? Misfortune you call

it? Let me hear you say fault."

"I dare not, Sire," M. Étienne murmured. "It was of course your Majesty's fault. We cannot serve heretics, we St. Quentins."

"Ventre-saint-gris! You think well of farther from his thoughts.

yourself, young Mar."

"I must, Sire, when your Majesty invites

me to dinner."

The king burst into laughter, and his temper, which I believe was all a play, vanished to the winds.

"Pardieu! you're a glib fellow, Mar. But I did n't invite you to dinner for your own sake, little as you can imagine it. So you would have joined my flag four years ago had I not been a stinking heretic?"

"Aye, Sire, I needs must have. Therefore am I everlastingly beholden to your Majesty for remaining so long a Huguenot."

"How now, cockerel?"

M. Etienne faltered a moment. He was not burdened by shyness, but before the king's sharp glance he underwent a cold terror lest he had been too free with his tongue. However, there was naught to do but go on.

"Sire, had I fought under your banner like a man at Dieppe and Arques and Ivry, M. de Mayenne had never dreamed of marrying his ward to me. I had never known her."

The loveliest demoiselle I ever saw!" the king cried. "I shall marry her to one of my

staunchest supporters.'

The smile was washed from M. Étienne's lips. He turned as white as linen. In one moment his youth seemed to go from him. The king, unnoting, picked a parchment off the table.

his commission, my lad."

M. Etienne stared up from the writing to his cabinet. into the king's laughing face.

"I, Sire? I?"

"You, Mar, you. You are my staunch supporter, perhaps?'

Your horse-boy, an you ask it, Sire!" He pressed his lips to the king's hand,

great helpless tears dripping down upon it. "If I ever desert you, I am a dog, Sire! But the fighting is not all done. I will capture you a flag yet."

"Perhaps. I much fear me there's life in

Mayenne still."

M. Etienne, not venturing to rise, yet lifted beseeching eyes to the king's.

"What! you want to get away from me, ventre-saint-gris?"

My lord, who wanted precisely that, had no choice but to protest that nothing was

"Stuff!" the king exclaimed. "You're in a sweat to be gone, you unmannerly churl! You, a raw, untried boy, are invited to dine with the king, and your one itch is to escape the tedium!'

"Sire-"

"Peace! You are guilty, sirrah. Take

your punishment!"

He darted across the room, and throwing open an inner door, called gently, "Mademoiselle!"

"Yes, Sire," she answered, coming to the threshold.

The peasant lass was gone forever. The great lady, regal in satins, stood before us. She bent on the king a little eager questioning glance; then she caught sight of her lover. Faith, had the sun gone out, the room would have been brilliant with the light of her face.

M. Etienne sprang up and toward her. And she, pushing by the king as if he had been the door-post, went to him. They stood before each other, neither touching nor speaking, but only looking one at the other like two blind folk by a heavenly miracle restored to sight.

"How now, children? Am I not a model monarch? Do you swear by me forever? Do you vouch me the very pattern of a

king?"

Answer he got none. They heard nothing, "To one of my bravest captains. Here's knew nothing, but each other. The slighted king chuckled and, beckoning me, withdrew

So here an end. For if Henry of France leave them, you and I may not stay.



"THEY STOOD BEFORE EACH OTHER, NEITHER TOUCHING NOR SPEAKING."



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY C. W. CHADWICK. ON THE QUAL DE CONTI.

ALONG THE PARIS QUAIS.

BY STODDARD DEWEY.

WITH DRAWINGS BY LOUIS J. RHEAD.

walks abroad in Paris except to satisfy the desire of the eyes. On the boulevard it is the life of the present which passes in endless variety. Along the book-stalls of the Seine, in the midst of a setting such as comic opera never knew, the spirits of the past come forth to greet the saunterer at every step.

The books are in big square boxes, clamped firmly to the top of the stone parapet of the embankment. The river wall sinks down for a dozen feet or more to the beach, which is planted with poplars, and paved for the multitudinous uses of the waterside. Within the parapet is the wide curb, on which the walkers by ones and twos, never crowding, never hurrying, make their frequent stops to look and handle, to read a page turned idly, and then to ruminate. while gazing across the river at the architectural profile which distinguishes Paris, and which London has not, says Alphonse Daudet. Along the pavement, cabs and lumbering omnibuses rattle over the blocks of ble stalls set up daily on the Pont Neuf,

THERE is a walk in Paris to be taken stone on their way to and from the bridges I properly only by those initiated into the of the Seine. This is no silent or secluded mysteries of this City of Light. No one part of the great city. Here the river runs from east to west, through all that is oldest or most famous in the history of Paris. The street along the quais is a thoroughfare from the world of business and fashion, which stretches back from the right bank of the Seine, to the noisy student world and sedate bourgeois quarters of the left side.

It is the left bank of the Seine which, by some process of natural selection, has secured, and held for well on to a century, the monopoly of these old-book stalls. There must be something in the neighborhood, for the houses on the other side of the street from these convenient parapets have oldbook and general curiosity shops on their ground floors. Before the embankment walls were built, shops and stalls alike were about the cathedral church of Notre Dame, between the buttresses and along the cloisters and parvis of which all manner of little industries flourished, mixing the human with the divine, after the fashion of past ages.

It was principally there, and at the mova-

that collectors came on the marvelous finds of which we read, and which mistakenly inspire us with vain expectations in looking through the present prosaic boxes. Then the Revolution had scattered to the winds the treasures of art and letters stored away by monks and nobles. Whatever did not serve the corner grocer for the wrapping of his wares might find its way to the stalls. Charles Nodier, for six sous, bought one of the original volumes from the Aldine Press of Venice, and sold it for four hundred and fifty times as much, which would also be little nowadays. For a single sou was bought the first letter of Amerigo Vespucci to Lorenzo de' Medici, with its wood-engraving of naked savages above, and the fleet arriving in the New World below. The pencildrawing of Moreau, "La revue du roi," which was lately sold for a little less than thirty thousand francs, was picked up at that time by the Goncourt brothers for ten francs or so.

Generations of gleaners, trained and alert, long since exhausted the store of notable treasures. At most you can now hope to find some good edition from foreign literatures which has dropped unappreciated into this French morgue of books. Odd volumes, of little value by themselves, may appeal to personal tastes, and copies of desirable works, from the sixteenth century down to the latest novels, may be had cheaply. But apart from this convenience for scant purses, which is the same as that of the old-



PICTURE-LOVERS ON THE QUAL D'ORSAY.



OPPOSITE THE TUILERIES, QUAI VOLTAIRE.

clothes shop, the book-stalls of the Seine are chiefly interesting from the human sympathies which center about them.

The quais change their name where the bridges divide them. The book-stalls, which give to the quais their "physiology," as M. Octave Uzanne, their natural historian, terms it, reach essentially from the Pont Royal, crossing from the Tuileries, to the Pont Saint-Michel, up by the Island and Notre Dame. There are elsewhere insubstantial overflows; but it is along these six quais-d'Orsay, Voltaire, Malaquais, de Conti, des Grands Augustins, and Saint-Michel-that the true bouquineur takes his leisurely promenade of a leisurely afternoon. The bouquin, which it is his favorite occupation to thumb over rather than to buy, is any book sold after it has been read-or even without reading, as the uncut volumes, bearing the author's presentation inscription, too often testify. The word must come from our own "book," and may show the early existence of the passion among Englishmen, who chiefly garnered the treasures of these stalls in the past. The seller is the bouquiniste.

Few members of the French Academy issue forth from their sessions under the great dome of the Institut de France without a friendly look at the stalls, where so many books of Immortals like themselves—sometimes their own productions—lie wait-

ing a last recognition from a world which has moved beyond them.

Xavier Marmier was the most devout of these bouquineurs, munching bread and fruit from his luncheon over the books, slyly putting his own works, so evil tongues asserted, into positions of advantage, making purchases according to a haphazard fancy that left no complete collection behind him, and talking through the long afternoon with the bouquinistes. When his last will and testament was opened, it was found that he had provided for a dinner to be offered to the booksellers of the Seine.

The most faithful of all the present members of the French Academy to this promenade of erudite loafing is M. Hanotaux, who for many a long year has passed daily on his way to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Before he was minister or the trusted political friend of Gambetta he was a student of the École des Chartes, which lives from ancient books and documents; and he was already gathering the material of the painfully complete life of Richelieu which he is still engaged in writing, in spite of more modern politics. It must have been then that he acquired the tastes of the true and initiated lover of the Paris quais. From the Quai Malaquais, which faces the Institut de France, down to the last book-stalls, which only within a few years have appeared opposite the government buildings on the



THE BOUQUINEUR.



ON THE QUAI MALAQUAIS, OPPOSITE THE INSTITUT

DE FRANCE.

Quai d'Orsay, he dips into the boxes, drawing out now the tomes of the seventeenth century, in which he is most at home, and now turning over the collections of engravings, for which also he has a weakness.

François Coppée, another Immortal, walked often here, until his health failed him, gazing intermittently at the long line of the Louvre palace and galleries and what is left of the Tuileries across the river, at the slowly moving barges, and the passenger hirondelles darting swiftly in the stream, at the long, low bath-houses by the bank, at the fishers dangling their feet sleepily from the docks, and the dog-clippers and washers of horses, who go to make up the life of the riverside.

At many of these stalls you see the bold sign, "Books are bought." The pale student (the adjective is of Washington Irving's time, but it is still true of Paris, where Bohemia has periodical famines) approaches with a few volumes, bought when his purse was heavier, or his ambition of learning higher. The pawnshops, which are government institutions, will not lend on literature.

It is the man who buys, leaving the woman to sell. She passes the time reading from her extensive and varied store of books, or knitting, or chatting with some passer-by, or else, when the wintry wind breathes harshly down the Seine, wrapping herself close and ries forward, and, in case the price has not alike remain obscure. been marked explicitly, makes terms accord- One had been at the head of the claque

snug against the raw, keen air. When she This is collected by the city. Their trade is sees some face alight with interest, she hur- so singular that their origin and destiny

ing to what she thinks the customer will at the Théâtre Français, with a turn as



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY ROBERT VARLEY. BIBLIOPHILES AND BIBLIOMANES.

pay. Not all the keepers of these stalls chorister, on holy days, in the churches. Anhave womankind to aid them. Some of them other was a retired customs official. Several are part proprietors of some shop in the had failed as music- or booksellers on their neighborhood; all have some arrangement own account. Some, again, work their way with the shops for replenishing their stock. up to a shop; others retire to their native Their expenses amount to twenty francs a country, or go to die in the hospital. The year for their portion of the quai, and best known of them in recent years is Latwenty-five or so for their license to sell. porte, the fiery and self-appointed pamphlet-

the Marmier dinner, declaring that it was only the posthumous advertisement of a played-out Academician. When Octave Uzanne, whose apartment looks down on the most frequented stalls along the Quai Voltaire, published his work, Laporte wrote at length against the accuracy of the in-



NGRAVED ON WOOD BY ROBERT VARLEY. THE PASTRY-COOK'S BOY STOPS TO READ.

formation of this art critic, -ce monsieur de l'éventail,—looking down with disdain on the booksellers du haut de son balcon. His last exploit was to gather in a single small pamphlet the objectionable passages from the works of Zola, a copy of which he was into that learned but prudish body.

tered into the realm of legend. He was on the upturned lids of the boxes. A man known as Père Foy, and he had written in the tall hat with straight brim af-

writer of his trade. He refused to profit by poetry, perhaps, like Longfellow's nuns, "for want of something else." One cold winter's day, in despair at the way the unappreciative world was going, he lighted a fire with his books beside the curb, and warmed himself from their combustion. Uzanne says that Napoleon III just then came by, and stopped the holocaust of old literature with a pension sufficient to supply other means of heat. The present booksellers recount the story, without the moral of a pension, as the freak of one of their number in recent years. It is certain that the third Napoleon passed this way. It was when Baron Haussmann was sweeping old Paris clean that it might harmonize with the new. He had determined to do away with the book-stalls, which seemed to his profane eves a disfigurement of the noble parapet of the quais. Paul Lacroix. known as the "Bibliophile Jacob," persuaded

the emperor to walk with him along the book-stalls of the Seine, and another Philistine reform was happily hindered.

The sequence of human beings along the quais escapes all law. Perhaps they may be divided into three classes, which graduate imperceptibly into one another. There are those who look and linger because they happen to pass and the place invites. There are those who come by design, to vary the cloving round of Paris sight-seeing, to hunt for a book or picture which they fondly pretend to themselves they may find, or even to indulge themselves for once in the passion of the true bouquineur. In the open air, through scenes beautiful and full of human interest, they lounge idly, while the mind is gently stimulated with thoughts arising like some pungent brain-snuff from all this varied literature. Finally, there are the few who pass here daily, -bibliophiles érudits and bibliomanes ignorants. - to whom the atmosphere of the quais has become a passionately loved narcotic of the soul.

A pastry-cook's boy, with snow-white cap and coat and apron, with hands in pocket, and standing straight to balance the long. flat basket of dainties on his head, looks thoughtfully down into one of the cases. It is not at all necessary, to win his attention, that the contents should show uppermost the illustrated first page of the "great rocareful to present to each member of the mances of France." He looks for the sake French Academy at the time when the of enjoying the consciousness that he loiters novelist was urging his claims to election while time is still a-flying. Some of the passers-by look only at the engravings, or One of these booksellers has already en- sample posters, or postage-stamps, displayed

loose leaves stacked at the parapet's enddecorative plates, plans, engravings of many a forgotten school, or once costly reproductions from some book of designs. They are five sous apiece for the common, and ten for those thought to be rarer. Priests, with their low, three-cornered hats and square, white-lined neck-pieces, pass frequently. The decorum of their profession leaves them only a scant portion of the usual Parisian amusement; and their education, perhaps, too, their general lack of means, renders this cheap marketing of books a pleasant diversion. The teaching profession is open to their cloth, and I have seen one taking off in triumph a book of descriptive geometry illustrated with many designs. There are men in civil dress, with intellectual faces and worn garments, who may also be the illpaid répétiteurs of students preparing their university examinations. Well-to-do bourgeois stare long and to little purpose. Half-starved Bohemians of literature, irregularly dressed, here forget the morrow. An occasional coachman improves his mind

fected by French architects turns over the spying some stray volume profitable to his shop, drives a hard bargain.

There are few women. A chance one may stop to look over her male attendant's shoulder at an album of pictures; in the familiar French fashion, those who come after look also. Young girls fish forgotten romances from the two-sous box, and young ladies turn over the sheets of music. But the stallwoman, in her snug seat on the curb, troubles not her soul for such as these. There are no bouquineuses, as personal knowledge of her sex tells her.

When trees are in leaf, when boughs are bare, the boxes will be opened, if the rain is not actually pouring. In the morning the keeper brings his barrow of new old-books. or carts away the impossible remnant, and strengthens himself by his luncheon for the waiting of the afternoon. In winter also the crowd passes. It is only when the wet weather has set in for hours to come that the bouquiniste locks his boxes and disappears down the side streets. Even then the lover of the quai still walks abroad, through gray mist and drizzle, with his shadow cast on the wet, shinwhile waiting for a fare. Sometimes a dealer, ing pavement as the changing sky lightens.



WET WEATHER ALONG THE QUAIS.

THE COMING DARK.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

OULL, barren lands without, and trailing rain That curtains round the world, where winter gloom Lies deep upon the fields. A voiceless room, And one within who watches life grow dim Till day shuts down, and only leaves, for him, A night-reflected face against the pane.



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"'GOOD-BY. I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL BE GOING TO THE BOAT IN A FEW MINUTES.'"

(SEE "A MISTAKE IN THE COUNT.")

A MISTAKE IN THE COUNT.

A STORY OF AN ARMY HOSPITAL IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY LORIN J. ROACH.

WARD D at the First Reserve Hospital eral big bundles of canvas and a pile of tentin Manila was built in a hurry. Word came in that the American lines were advancing. This meant skirmishing, a few wounded men, and many more with rheumatism and dysentery and fever. The marches in the broiling sun or the dragging mud, the sleeping in the rain, the halfcooked food, the muddy, poisonous waterit was these things, and not the Filipino bullets, that filled the hospitals.

The train came jolting down the seventy miles from San Fernando-eight cars full

of sick and wounded men.

"Lord!" said the major doctor when the report came to his office, "two hundred of 'em! Have n't room enough. Dr. Long," he called to an officer at a desk across the room, "take a big detail and put up another ward. Rush it right along. Some of these new patients will have to wait in the cars until you 're done."

First, under Dr. Long's direction, the carpenters-an American soldier can be anything, you know-made a floor for the new ward, a platform a hundred feet by twenty, and raised two feet for rainy

weather.

"What does that dude know about buildin' hospitals?" grumbled one of the men who

was driving nails.
"Dude?" said the sergeant, indignantly. "That's Captain Long. He understands his business all right. Remember that little mix-up that Greece and Turkey had a while back? He was studyin' medicine in Germany when it began, but he passed that up and went with the Greeks for two years. He saw some real scrappin', I guess. They say he's the best man here on dysentery and fever."

The doctor rose in the grumbler's estimation. "Looks all right in that white uni-

form," he admitted critically.

"Kind o' foreign-lookin' with those black whiskers cut off to a point that way," the sergeant suggested, and the private went on with his nail-driving.

The quartermaster's wagon, with its fourmule team, came along and dropped off sev-Vol. LXII.-7.

poles and -pins. The carpenters became "canvas-men." They set the tents up, end to end, on the platform, tied back the flaps between, rolled up the side walls, and stretched a "fly" over the whole row.

All this time a string of brown, muscular, bare-legged Chinamen had been trotting over from the quartermaster's with springcots and mattresses, blankets, pillows, and sheets. After strenuous vocal effort on the part of the sergeant the things were piled up neatly before the ward. The Chinos enjoyed it; they laughed appreciatively when the sergeant swore at them.

Dr. Long took off his coat, and helped with the work. He tightened the last rope

and straightened the last pole.

"Sergeant," he said, "go over to the office and tell the major that we 're about ready. Have him send Miss Howard over. She is

to have this ward."

When the first ambulance came with its load of haggard, unshaven men in faded, mud-covered brown clothes, they saw forty cots in two long rows down the ward. The end tent, furnished with two chairs, a table, and a chest full of medicine-bottles, was the office.

The canvas-men helped the patients to their beds. How white and clean every-thing was! Wounds almost ceased to ache; fevered bodies grew cooler in the soft beds; that pounding and ringing in the brain stopped. They closed their eyes.

It seemed a dream. They heard the faint rustle of skirts, then a low voice; a soft hand brushed back the hair from their foreheads. They opened their eyes and saw for the first time in months an American woman.

DURING the next two months Ward D was always full. Men came in, weak and worn out with the endless marching and guardduty on the line, grew better after a few days of rest and wholesome food, and then, eager to be in all the fighting and excitement, hurried back to their regiments. Others soon took their places in the hospital.

There were a few, four in all, who came

nursing were in vain. Death, when it ended the battle for them, was welcome.

There were others whom the best of care could not bring back to health. Dr. Long was plain with them, and they liked him for

"Now, don't worry," he would say; "that 's the worst thing you can do. Keep quiet. We'll send you home as soon as we can. You'll never be well in this country, but a change of climate-a few frosty mornings will make you forget you ever had this fever."

Home! What a big place it was, this home that they talked about every day! There was a lank, drawling fellow, Watson by name, who knew of a little vine-covered stone house away in the blue mountains of Tennessee. He was telling them about it one day-how you could stand in the door of the house and see the road winding down paper. the side of the mountain and down the val-

"Mountains!" interrupted his neighbor. "Mountains! You ought to see our mountains out in Montana. High? Tops of 'em in the clouds; snow on 'em the year round. See 'em fifty miles. An' valleys! Miles an' miles of green grass an' thousands an' thousands of sheep an' cattle!"

ley to the little town miles away.

The Iowan across the aisle rose on his elbow. "Mountains are all right," he agreed, "but give me a long, level road with brown corn-fields and yellow stubble on one side, and-" he paused and winked at the Montana man, "and an apple-orchard on the other. And then-"

The Tennesseean sat up in bed. "Air you all clean crazy?" he asked. "Apples! Apples? I'll give two months' pay for six big red apples—two fer each of us. Danged ef I won't!" He sighed despairingly. reckon I'd eat mine all to oncet, an' die. Wall, I'd ruther die that way than starve to death on beef-tea an' malted milk. But say, Ioway, don't you ever mention apples ag'in in this assembly."

So it went on, day after day, week after

"Seems as ef we-all hed been heah fo'evah," Watson drawled one day. "Reckon this is all a big dream we 've been a-havin' 'bout a hospital-ship a-comin' to take us home." He held up his arm, letting the sleeve of the loose shirt fall to the elbow. He turned the thin white hand and wrist this way and that, closing and opening the long, bony fingers. "Husky fellow, now ain't I?

too late. The doctor's skill and the tender he asked. "Reckon this is all a dream, too, Reckon I 'll wake up some mo'nin' an' find myself the same big, red-faced, long-legged, hard-fisted Hank Watson that nobody in all Tennessee wants to rassle with."

> Dr. Long came into the office one afternoon and dropped wearily into a chair. "Gets hotter every day," he declared, mopping his face and forehead with his handkerchief.

> Miss Howard was standing at the table, wrapping up the powders and tablets for the afternoon doses. "It 's terrible," she said. "The sun burns right through these tents, and there is n't a sign of a breeze in the afternoon."

> The doctor took a paper from his pocket. "I have some news," he said.

> The nurse turned quickly. "About the Relief?" she asked.

The doctor nodded, and handed her the

FIRST RESERVE HOSPITAL, MANILA, P. I., June 18, 1899.

S. O. No. 42. The hospital-ship Relief will sail from Manila for San Francisco on June 19 with one hundred and fifty-two sick and disabled soldiers. Surgeons in charge of wards will select those men entitled to discharge for disability.

JAS. D. LOCKETT, Major Surgeon U. S. A. Ward D, three men.

"'Ward D, three men!'" she read aloud. "Why, doctor, there are a dozen who should go this very day."

"I know it," he answered, folding up the paper: "but we can't send them. The other wards are as bad as this; we can send only our share."

Involuntarily they both looked down the long tent at the forty patients.

"It's hard to choose the three," he said. The nurse nodded without looking at him. "Poor boys!" she said; "some of them will be so discouraged."

"The first one," Dr. Long said thoughtfully, "is that Tennessee man, Watson. He 's been here a long time; pretty low once or twice, too."

"He's better now; he's strong enough to travel," Miss Howard said eagerly. must go. Over two months, doctor. Not a word of complaint in all that time. And who else, doctor?'

He lowered his voice. "The first two here'

"Shall I tell them?" Without waiting for an answer, she walked across the office,

and, bending over, whispered in turn to the two men. Then she hurried down the ward, the doctor following.

"Say, Charley," said Number One, ex-

citedly, "did you hear that?"

Number Forty was a boy who had been badly wounded. He moved, and the wound hurt him, perhaps, for his voice was very shaky and weak when he answered:

"Yes-we 're going home-at last."

"Watson," said the nurse to the Tennesseean, "the Relief is going home to-morrow. Dr. Long says—" her voice failed; then she went on—"that you are going home." The last words came with a rush.

Watson stared, first at the nurse, then at the doctor standing at the foot of the bed,

finally at the roof of the tent. "Goin' home," he said slowly.

The Montana man laughed. "We've talked about it so long he won't believe it," he said.

The tears came to Watson's eyes. "Goin' home," he repeated. Then he stretched out his hand. "Thank you, nurse," he whispered, "an' thank you, doctor."

SOMETIME during that night the rattle of an ambulance half wakened Watson. A few minutes later he was dimly aware that George, the night-nurse, with a lantern, was putting a new patient into the empty cot across the aisle. Then the light went away, and the Tennesseean was almost asleep again, when some one said: "Oh, my bandage! I've lost it."

Watson rose on his elbow, and looked across the tent. "What's the matter, pard-

ner?" he asked.

"Why, my bandage slipped off. I must

have been asleep."

Watson got out of bed. After a moment he asked, "Is this heah it—this wet rag?" "Yes; it 's for my eyes. The nurse left a pan of water. Will you please wring out the cloth and put it on my eyes again?"

Watson carefully replaced the bandage, and then sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Thank you," said the new man, feeling until he touched Watson's arm. Then he put his hand within Watson's; it was as small and soft as a girl's. Watson felt very awkward with it.

"What regiment?" he asked.

"Twentieth Regular, B Company. What are you?"

"F Company, First Tennessee. My name's Watson."

"Mine 's Bennett," said the other, pressing Watson's hand. "Jest come in off the line?" Watson

inquired.

"Yes; something got the matter with my eyes. The sun and the heat did it, I guess. You see," he began slowly, as if recalling something which was dim in his memory, "I was down at the quartermaster's, keeping books, until about a week ago. My company was doing guard-duty along the waterfront, but when they got orders to go on the line, why, I did n't want to stay in the office. I wanted to be with the boys. Would n't you?"

"Of course," Watson answered.

"Well," Bennett continued, "I was relieved there to go out and help in the scrapping. I stood it pretty well for a while, but they marched so far, and everything was so bad,—the rations and the water, you know,—that three days ago I had to fall out. I could n't keep up."

"You hain't very big," said Watson; "it 's tough work, too. I know; I was knocked

out myself."

"Oh, I'm nineteen, 'most twenty," Bennett insisted, "and I could stand it if I was used to it. But crossing a rice-field-you know how the sun comes down on you-I fainted. I lay there in the sun about an hour, I guess. When I came to there was n't anybody to look after me, so I crawled into the shade and went to sleep. I thought I could go on after I rested awhile. Well, when I woke up it was raining and dark as pitch. I tried to move, and it nearly killed me. I was stiff and sore, and my head was buzzing and ringing and pounding like it would split. I remembered an old shack back along the road, and I got there somehow, slipping and stumbling in the mud and tearing myself on the bamboo-thorns. I found a pile of straw, and stayed there that night and all the next day, almost burning up with the fever. Finally I heard some one going along the road. I hollered, and they heard me. It was an ambulance out picking up stragglers like me. They loaded me into the wagon, and since then I 've been bumping around in it."

He stopped, and Watson cooled the bandage in the pan of water and replaced it over his eyes. "Your eyes seem right bad," he

said

"Yes," Bennett answered; "the heat did that, the steward told me. He had some long name for it. He says they'll be better when I get in a dark room. Now I can't see a thing, even when I hold 'em wide open." evah. Good night."

"Good night, Tennessee," said Bennett. and in a few minutes he was asleep.

Several times before morning when the bandage lost its coolness Watson freshened it and laid it tenderly over the swollen eyes.

'Might as well do somethin' fer the little fellow," he told himself, "'cause I can't sleep nohow. I have to think 'bout goin' home.'

Dr. Long shook his head gravely when he examined Bennett's eyes that morning.

"Well, my boy," he said, "this white tent over you won't do. We 'll have to put you

in a dark room for a while."

Watson, in honor of his last day in the ward, had insisted on being helped to the office that afternoon. He was sitting in a large chair, chatting with Miss Howard, when the doctor came in.

"Say, here's a pretty fix," the latter began: "not a dark room in the whole hos-Not a place to make one-every corner has a sick man crowded into it. Now, what are we going to do with this ophthalmia case?"

"Can't we fix up a room outside the hos-

pital?" Miss Howard suggested.

"No; I've hunted everywhere," the doctor answered. "Can't find a place that will do at all."

He looked down the ward. Half-way down the row of white beds he could see Bennett lying on his back, his eyes covered by the wet bandage.

The doctor turned quickly. "We must have a dark room," he said fiercely. "That boy will be stone-blind in three days if he lies under this white tent."

Watson started. "Say, doc, you don't mean that, do you? He hain't that bad, is he?"

"I'm afraid so," the doctor answered.

Watson sat quite still, looking fixedly out mistake in counting the berths. There's an at the hot, dusty yard before the tent. "I empty one-and it's for you,"

"Wall, now, that 's funny," Watson was—jest thinkin'," he said slowly, "I reckon drawled. "Now, you get some sleep, an' in —I could wait. I s'pose they 've got dark the mo'nin' the doc 'll fix you up as good as rooms on the hospital-ship. You 'd better put that little fellow on in my place. Hain't no danger 'bout me, -I kin stand it a spell longer,—an' ef he stays, why—his lamps 'll go out-he'll go blind, I mean," he explained, with a faint smile.

"Watson-" said the doctor.

"Now, Watson, you can't-" Miss Howard began.

He stopped them both with his hand. "Pshaw! it's nothin'. I kin wait. An' when you take him, doc, jest tell him he 's a-goin' to the dark room, 'cause he knows I was a-goin' home to-day—an' he might ketch on. I reckon he would n't go ef he knew.'

The ambulance came half an hour later. Number One and Number Forty were helped in, and then Bennett, his eyes covered by a white bandage, came down the aisle grasping Dr. Long's arm.

Where 's Watson, doctor?" he asked. "Here I am," said Watson, taking his

"Oh! Well, good-by. I'm going over to the dark room. I suppose you'll be going to the boat in a few minutes. Don't get seasick."

"No, I won't," Watson answered. "Well, so-long.

The doctor helped him into the ambulance, and they drove away. Watson sat watching them until they turned the corner and were

"Poor little fellow!" he said to Miss Howard. She was busy at the table, and did not

turn her head.

An hour later Watson was still sitting in the doorway. The ambulance, with Dr. Long beside the driver, came up the street in a cloud of dust; the ponies were on the gallop. They swung in before the ward, and the doctor was down before they stopped.

"Watson!" he cried. "Somebody made a





THE BROKEN NECKLACE.

A LESSON IN THE GOVERNMENT OF DISTANT COLONIES.

BY ROBERT T. HILL, Author of "Cuba and Porto Rico."



Antilles. In these tropical lands nature is still most beautiful, notwithstanding centuries of human spoliation and decay: they are beautiful jewels, some of priceless value, even though pierced and broken, and others not so rich, but still ornate.

The beauties of the Greater Antilles and the charms of other tropical scenes fade in comparison, as the traveler, sailing along the inner side of these islands, passes them in rapid procession. Rising abruptly in wooded summits from a sea of glassy smoothness, they appear the acme of all that is lovely, restful, and picturesque; each seems to float in the atmosphere between the azure waters and the misty clouds that envelop its pointed summits. Under varying influences of the cloud-tempered lights they present every shade of delicate tropical vegetation. Their general tone is fresh and green, or, in comparison with the other West Indian islands, more somber, for the glaring whites of coral and shell are missing here. They rise in great precipitous curves and slopes

TRETCHING in a graceful the traveler's palm of Madagascar. Moiscurve, like a beaded necklace, tened by gentle daily rains, these give the across the throat of the Carib- delicious odors and aspect of a landscape bean Sea, from Porto Rico after a summer shower. Nature is no less to the north coast of South generous in her bestowal of limpid waters America, and trending at a than in her vegetal bounties: running right angle to the Greater Antilles, is the streams, springs, fountains, and cascades chain of small islands called the Lesser are so copious and abundant that it is a wonder how watersheds so small can supply them. The picturesque houses of the European residents, built in the styles of former centuries, the huts of the peasants, and the varied dress and habits of the peculiar people, have a never-ceasing interest.

Notwithstanding the beauties of nature, the richness of soil, the accessibility to markets, the remarkable historical association, the pleasant impressions of these islands diminish when the traveler steps ashore and comes in contact with the social and economic conditions. Everywhere the ruins of well-constructed buildings and plantations, once inhabited by the rich and hospitable creoles, remind one of former prosperity; but the wealth which made the islands famous is there no longer. The stranger is treated with hospitality by the proprietors or their agents, but the outward semblances and graces do not conceal the struggles against inevitable extinction. The laboring people, who outnumber the proprietor class a thousand to one, at first interest one with their from the sea to the rounded and intangible peculiar habits and oddities of dress, but summits of the high mornes which crown a look into their lives excites sorrow and them. Here the gigantic banian of India pity. Wages are abnormally low, work is grows beside the South American ficus and scarce, and vice, notwithstanding the many



MAP OF THE BROKEN NECKLACE.

churches and schools, peeps out at every corner. Paupers greet one at every step, and beggary is practised by all.

At St. Thomas the traveler going southward through the Caribbee Islands first sees those ever-present signs of natural decay, the abandoned sugar-houses and -mills, though nature conceals the old cane-fields by rapidly spreading over them a mantle of tropical vegetation. This sight is repeated in every island. At St. Croix the decay is not quite so great as at St. Thomas, for the sugar lands are richer and more profitable. The population of St. Martin is gradually but steadily leaving the island. The Dutch governor stated that over a thousand laborers had recently left for Santo Domingo. Saba is and has been for a hundred years in a somnolent condition. Here the New-Yorker can see the Diedrich Knickerbockers as they lived upon the Hudson, but now

famous for its fertility and wealth, has fallen into general and complete decay. Whites are few, and negroes many, and, like other British islands, it is heavily charged with debts and ever-increasing expenditures, accompanied by a declining revenue.

In Montserrat most negro peasants possess land, and the universal poverty and distress are slightly less. The British in the West Indies claim that Montserrat has survived the sugar desolation and has branched out into new lines of agriculture, particularly the cultivation of limes. But I saw no sign of what Americans call prosperity. The conditions suggest only the "abandoned farms" of New England. The revenue is constantly falling off; public works are advanced and new roads are built, but these only add to the taxation and distress of the people.

ers as they lived upon the Hudson, but now In Antigua there has been a falling off of decadent from interbreeding. Nevis, once wages, and hosts of willing laborers now

lounge in unwilling idleness; poverty is increasing, houses are falling into disrepair, and a state of depression exists which must eventually cause still more suffering and discontent. The white planters,—intelligent and respectable Englishmen or their descendants,—though reduced in circumstances, bravely endeavor to keep up appearances. The negroes are orderly, are well educated in the elementary branches, and willingly work at less than eightpence a day; but they show poverty in their emaciated forms, their depressed manner, and the lack of that luster of complexion which indi-

cates the well-fed black. Beautiful St. Christopher, once the metropolis of the Leeward Islands! Mount Misery is as fair as ever, but monkeys crawl over the battlements of the noble fortifications at its foot, and the jungle is creeping down its summit year by year, slowly reclaiming the fair fields that once waved with cane. Sugar is virtually the only export, and the industry is almost dead. Reduction of labor and want of employment caused great distress among the blacks who were unable to obtain holdings of their own, and in 1896 there were serious riots. More miserable than the monkeys of Mount Misery are these poor jabbering black people, who have to be literally knocked from the steamer's gangway with clubs, so ravenous are they for alms or work from the passing traveler. You step ashore and are waylaid by hundreds of these British subjects of dusky hue, who beg from you outright because you are an American. "Oh, Mr. Buckra, the American is so rich and the Kittefonian is so poor!" There is not one day's labor per week for the willing hands, and travelers need not wonder at the scramble of the black men for cargo or the piteous beggary ashore. These black Kittefonians are making more rapid strides backward than even the other islanders. Already they have an unpleasant notoriety for crime, and yet there are churches, schools, government, and taxes galore. The writer never saw one who could not read or write; but the untilled lands are not theirs. "Our system," complacently remarked our British fellow-traveler, "is for the proprietor, offi-cial, and professional classes."

At Guadeloupe, the largest of the French islands, there is an aspect of business suggestive of vitality. France "protects" her colonial sugar-growers, and the vast central usines of this island are furnished with the finest machinery, and produce a quality of sugar incomparably better than can be made

lounge in unwilling idleness; poverty is in- in the English islands. Martinique likewise creasing, houses are falling into disrepair, shows a little life and energy.

In the other islands some planters have managed to struggle along, but in Dominica they have virtually given up the struggle. As Froude said, its government has struck the island with paralysis, and the economic contrast with its French neighbors cannot flatter Great Britain's pride. The revenues, as in all of the other English islands, are less than the expenditures, and taxes are increasing.

The agriculture of St. Lucia, once a wealthy French colony, has been exterminated by the British. The population exists solely on the spendings of the soldiers engaged in constructing the fortifications, and on pickings from passing steamers stopping to coal. Its laboring classes are so vile that the island is noted among foreign naval vessels as the one place where shore leave is not granted.

In St. Vincent the sugar industry is on the verge of extinction. No improvements in manufacture have been introduced, and in recent years the canes have suffered severely from disease and hurricane. No other industry has taken its place. Arrowroot is next in importance to sugar, but the decline in its price has added to the depression.

In Grenada, sugar, for which the island was once famous, is now grown only in sufficient quantities to supply the natives with cane to chew or rum to drink, less than one hundred thousand dollars' worth being exported annually. Cocoa is the chief product, but this is falling off in price. The expenditures are increasing on account of enlarged educational institutions and public works,—roads, bridges, and waterworks,—which the English must always have.

In Tobago, since the great collapse in sugar in 1885, the people have taken to diversified agriculture and the raising of sheep and howess. Tobacco and cotton have lately been introduced, and there is some hope that extinction will be escaped.

The population of Trinidad is two hundred and forty-five thousand people, and it is a medley of English, French, Spanish, negroes, and East India coolies. The English go there to make money, and then go home again. Old families have only a few representatives left. The Caribbean natives have long since vanished, and negroes and East India coolies have taken their place, and now constitute four fifths of the population. For these there is little labor.

And what of Barbados, the picturesque

islet, with its wonderful population as dense as that of China, where woman is a beast of burden and man a draft-animal competing with the mule? Read the official report of the Colonial Secretary (1899): "The year has been uneventful in commerce, unremunerative in agriculture, and socially de-

pressing."

The traveler is slow to understand the cause of this general decadence. Upon his first voyage, while still under the spell of novelty and beauty, his opinions are procured ready-made from the official classes over the tea-cups of their charming hospitality. Sugar is everywhere the chief topic of conversation. Its cultivation has bound the inhabitants in unbreakable fetters. The dependence of the Indian of the North American plains upon the buffalo, or of the Eskimo upon the seal and walrus, is no greater than that of the white of the West Indies upon sugar. The rise and fall in its price and the methods of its extraction from the cane immediately affect the planter and mercantile classes.

At first I accepted the explanation that the fall in the price of sugar was the sole cause of the decay; later I learned of other and more radical evils. The price of sugar and the markets are largely influenced by governments: the government forces the duty of forty per cent. that the West Indian planters must pay to sell at the nearest market; because France protects her West Indian sugar from German competition, the smoke of the modern steam-usines of Guadeloupe and Martinique floats jubilantly across to the tumble-down windmills of the adjacent English isles, and the decline of sugar in the latter islands is due to Great Britain's stubborn refusal to protect the industry.

Turning from the European officials to the resident people, whose interests and prospects are subordinated to those of the proprietors and government officials, one wonders why, with all the boasted fertility of the tropics, these people cannot make a livelihood independent of the sugar estates. Then one recalls that of all the great New World discovered by Columbus but little besides these islands is still under the oldtime crown colonial system which he himself instituted, and that until the nineteenth century nowhere in the history of that system were the laboring classes considered. In fact, these people are helpless, and the islands are dying chiefly because they are under political organizations of bygone ages and are controlled by neglectful and forgetful mother governments across the sea.

The first and greatest evil of the system is the manner in which these islands are parceled out to foreign owners. No equal area of the world is distributed among the flags of so many nations as are the islands of the West Indies. Glance at the severed political organizations:

Independent: Haiti, composed of two re-

publics.

Status uncertain: Cuba, with Isle of Pines. American: Porto Rico, with Vieques,

Mona, Culebra.

British: the Bermudas, the Bahamas, Jamaica, St. Christopher, Nevis, Antigua, Barbuda, Dominica, St. Vincent, Grenada and Grenadines, Barbados, Virgin Islands (in part), Montserrat, Redonda, St. Lucia.

French: St. Bartholomew, Guadeloupe, Maria Galante, Désirade, Les Saintes, Mar-

tinique.

Dutch: St. Eustatius, Saba, Curaçao, Buen Ayre, Oruba.

French and Dutch: St. Martin.

Danish: St. Thomas, St. John, St. Croix.

The Lesser Antilles, small in area and allied by natural affinities into a kindred group, are particularly unfortunate in this division among European nations. From the peak of Saba are seen half a dozen islands, not much more than an American county in area, yet above them float the flags of five nations: England, France, Holland, Denmark, and the United States.

The governments are more numerous than the nationalities, and the arrangement into colonies, presidencies, dependencies, etc., is bewildering. Although many of the islands are British, they are not confederated. The British West Indian islands consist of seven distinct colonial governments entirely independent of one another, each with a local representative assembly, and a governor and colonial secretary appointed by the crown. These are the Bermudas, the Bahamas, Jamaica (with Turks Island and the Caicos and Cayman Islands attached for administrative purposes), the Leeward, Windward, Trinidad, and Barbados.

The four British colonies of the Lesser Antilles are as follows: (1) the Leeward colony, with the seat of government at St. John, Antigua, which consists of St. Christopher, Nevis, Antigua, Barbuda, Montserrat, Redonda, Dominica, and the British Virgin Islands, this colony being composed in turn of five subdivisions called presidencies; (2) the Windward colony, including St. Vincent, Grenada and the Grenadines,

with the capital at Kingstown, St. Vincent; (3) Trinidad, with Tobago; and (4) Barbados.

The French islands of Maria Galante, Désirade, Les Saintes, and part of St. Martin, with Guadeloupe, form one administrative colony, having a representative governor from France, aided by local representative assistants. Martinique is another French colony similarly organized, but in no manner affiliated with Guadeloupe. Seventeen square miles of the little island of St. Martin belong to Holland, and twenty-one square miles to France. The Dutch islands are all parts of the colony of Curação, with its seat of government five hundred miles away on the island of that name. The islands of St. Croix, St. John, and St. Thomas, for which the United States is now negotiating, constitute a crown colony of Denmark.

In all there are eight distinct European colonial governments over the small group of Lesser Antilles, each of which, with the average area of an American county, means an administrative establishment as large as that of an American State, and in which each official draws a salary from two to five times that paid the average American public

The population and wealth of all the islands are not sufficient to support more than one small and efficient administrative force. The expenses and revenues of Jamaica are exactly the same as those of the State of Texas, which has seventy times the area and five times the population. The salaries of the governors of the four British colonies in the Lesser Antilles, which have an aggregate population about equal to that of Alabama, amount to sixty-five thousand dollars, or as much as that paid to the governors of seventeen American States. The present movement for confederation among these colonies confirms the proposition that there are at least three times too many British governors in the Lesser Antilles.

In the array of governors and administrative officials, attorneys-general, aides-decamp, treasurers, down to chiefs of constabulary, are men of excellent character and integrity, but they have only a perfunctory interest in the island. The colonial dry-rot does not come from the corruption or venality of colonial officials. The laws of Great Britain, at least, prohibit colonial officers from having financial interest in the colonies. The European colonial official has no local interest. His caste and station require him to remember that he does not belong to the

not consider the island his home, nor does he expect to live there beyond the longed-for period when he can be detached. His surroundings, dress, customs, acts, and talk are all of "home," and his example so infects the people that they, too, acquire the feeling that their true domicile and interest are beyond the sea. Nothing so impresses one with the absolute lack of local pride under the colonial system as the manner in which the natives-even the black African peasantry-always speak of England as "'ome."

A sad feature of small colonial government is the absolute inability of the colonials to help themselves. "I have no more power to act than you in the control of these islands," said an affable British governor. "My every deed and policy is dictated to me by a clerk in the Colonial Office in London. Yet the people think, or rather we make them think, they have local self-government. They have legislatures, which pass laws, which I, the representative of a clerk in London, am instructed to veto. It gives the people pleasure to think they are free, and the world gives us the credit of giving them free-

On one of the largest English islands the hurricane of 1898 destroyed twenty thousand huts of the laboring people, and blew down the numerous windmills which ground the cane. It does not pay to rebuild windmills, when sugar can be made profitably only in large central steam-usines; so the leading citizens of the island made expensive pilgrimages to the Colonial Office in London to obtain permission to issue bonds to construct usines. They were told that Great Britain was too busy with the South African question to attend to these smaller islands.

Another curse of these colonies is absentee ownership of land. One reason which mothercountries advance for colonial ownership is that colonies offer fields for landed investment of capital. Large areas are thus acquired to be tilled for the profit of a distant owner, leaving only a small acreage available for the numerically larger native population. A plantation which fails to yield its interest for a series of years goes back to the jungle

for want of care.

It has been fully demonstrated that the provisions produced by a few acres in the tropics will support a peasant family, and yet the vast black population of nearly all the islands is forced to lie idle in towns because most of the land, often uncultivated and neglected, is tied up in the estates of colony, but to the mother-country. He does foreign holders. The rich lands of one of

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the largest of the islands are mostly in the hands of three proprietors. The eight hundred inhabitants of Barbuda are crowded in a village an acre in extent; law prohibits their gathering a piece of wreckage on the shore or catching a fish in the adjacent waters, while the remaining broad acres, owned by a citizen of Edinburgh, lie idle and untilled. Yet this island has been on the market for years, and under any other form of government would have been purchased and distributed for a minimum among the people who would develop it.

Still sadder is the effect of colonial government upon the colonial citizens: they lean unduly upon the government treasury, thereby destroying their initiative and self-reliance. Public works are constructed, not because they are needed, but to distribute money among the idle population. The island revenues are made to yield to the individual at every opportunity. "Here is the greatest curse of this government," remarked a Canadian fellow-traveler as he pointed to an official bulletin-board in the principal club of Port of Spain, on which were posted announcements of pensions granted to various persons for trivial and sundry services.

The native of a colony is also politically the inferior of the citizen of the mother-country, and his opportunities in life are handicapped by this fact. Liberty and self-government, with the right to grow, prosper, and derive from the soil its fullest yield, belong to some men; but the colonial people grope in despair, palsied by foreign governmental control, which gathers all they garner. Opportunity is the one grand heritage of republics. The superior caste of foreign official classes in the colonies is an ever-present reminder to the natives of a station to which

they cannot attain.

In America the working-classes are usually considered in legislation and administration; they are virtually untaxed, and the whole trend of our system is to give them opportunity to rise to higher comfort and station. What nobler monument can our country have than the millions of people who have been elevated from the depths of European poverty to self-supporting and honorable manhood and womanhood! During the last century, while generation after generation of immigrants have entered our gates to be assimilated by our civilization, the colonial people of the West Indies have gone steadily backward in moral and material welfare. Year by year the white population decreases, and the sons and daughters migrate to the

the largest of the islands are mostly in the United States and elsewhere. The blacks, hands of three proprietors. The eight hun-instead of gaining in wealth and condition dred inhabitants of Barbuda are crowded in as in this country, steadily degenerate.

To produce revenue for alien planters the world is scoured for cheaper labor than that already procurable upon the islands, thereby reducing the standard of living, keeping wages down to the merest pittance, and forcing thousands to idleness. At Trinidad I saw landing a motley crowd of Hindu immigrants, whose sole possessions were the filthy pugrees and loin-cloths which they wore. They had been imported under the same contract-labor system as that which in our colonial days brought the low whites to Virginia. I asked a high official of Trinidad why a humane government permitted further addition to the seventy thousand Hindus already oversupplying the labor market of the island. He replied that from his residence he could see five hundred huts inhabited by idle people who would gladly work for a shilling a day, but for whom there was not an average of one day's work in five. Lack of occupation has thoroughly demoralized these people. "No longer," said he, "is petty crime considered a disgrace by them. It is looked upon as an honor to go to jail. Crowds of admiring friends assemble at the prison gates to witness the malefactor's entrance. Upon the day of his exit he is greeted with processions and honors." very night, from the balconies of the beautiful Prince's Hall, emblazoned in scarlet and gilt with the names of England's heroes and victories, and in company with the élite of the English residents, I witnessed a "competition ball," at which the prize for the most graceful woman waltzer was carried away by a handsome girl who had that day been released from jail, where she had languished for three months for robbing a companion of his watch and money. The very coolies at whom we were looking would be turned loose at the end of their years of servitude, as a further addition to this great mass of idle population.

I explained that in our country we assist and elevate this class. Laws guard them from competition against foreign contract labor. Their children are given not only education but opportunity; the public lands are open to them free of charge or for a nominal cost. "Oh, but that is America," was the reply. Yet Trinidad has thousands of acres of virgin soil, but held at such price per acre that these people could not acquire it with years of steady labor.

The present West Indian colonies are the

struggling survivors of similar systems which our own overtaxed zeal could undertake. controlled all the New World in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In them we see the culmination of four centuries of strangulation and restriction resulting from the system. To see what is in store for the future, one need only turn over the pages of these records from the first colonial experiment of Columbus in Española to the downfall of Spanish domain in Cuba. In these lessons of the past the fate of the few remaining relics of the system can be read. Greed of nations divided these islands among European rulers, and the revenge of European nations obliterated the people and culture of fair Dominica and St. Lucia merely to weaken a rival power. It is the favoritism and power of wealth and title at European courts that permit absentee landlords to hold the titles of idle soil which thousands of willing natives are anxious to cultivate. It is the avariciousness of European monarchies in their warfare for more territory which makes them forget and neglect that which they have.

Sad beyond description is the fate of these islands, and still sadder their future. Every natural feature and condition demands that they should be a part of the great North American republic, with which they alone have geographic and commercial affinities. Yet no American ever had the least desire for such a consummation, nor will the powers that now own the islands consent to this until every island is a Haiti. The task of Americanizing these people would be more than

The necessary process of reconstruction would probably be too severe an operation for most of the patients to survive. Furthermore, America has not yet arrived at the point where colonies are needed to give official support to second sons driven away from the family fireside, which is one of the chief uses which mother-countries have for small colonies.

The chain upon which these jewels must be strung is commercial unity. Let the pitiless nations give them this, even if they cannot band them into a stronger political bond. There they lie, scattered and broken, worthless baubles. They would be both useful and ornamental to civilization if properly combined. Now they are as worthless as a watch torn to pieces, with its parts in the pockets of as many different owners.

Colonies are never free. Sometimes they are so big and prosperous as to become inspired with a desire for freedom, when, in some instances, the mother-country gives them great latitude, as in the case of Canada. Alas! some of them are so small that they are forgotten, and perish from sheer inattention, and this is the apparent fate of the Lesser Antilles. Since our national government has seen fit to establish for Porto Rico a colonial administration closely resembling that of the adjacent crown colonies, it will find in the history of the latter many valuable lessons which may prevent the repetition of injustice and economic strangulation.





JASMINE COURTAND A HIGH RANGER.

IAN MACLAREN.







I. JASMINE COURT.

T were profane to criticize the ways of a city council, for they are high and cannot be understood by people of low estate; but it may be allowed to express amazement at the majestic detachment from circumstances with which the streets of certain quarters are named. There is a pleasant story that the governor of a Western State, being embarrassed by the number of new towns which were rising and by the poverty of his geosatisfaction of the people and his own immense pride. It was upon this large and classical scale that the modern streets of solid matron pranks herself out with a gaycolored ribbon like some young girl.

monotonous respectability, inhabited by tradesmen, and head clerks, and widows of professional men who took one highclass lodger, then the alderman-for less than that he could not have been-into whose hands this duty was committed divided it up among the heathen divinities, with whose lives it is only fair to suppose he was imperfectly acquainted. And when one passed from Jupiter to Leda street, or turned the corner almost too indiscreetly from Venus to Vulcan street, and was met graphical imagination, laid hold of an ancient everywhere by persons of almost obtrusive history and reproduced the Roman Empire morality, then one began to think of the in his sphere of influence, to the lasting alderman as a greater Savonarola, who had changed the gay society of Olympus into a company of English Puritans.

Sometimes the alderman, in the greatness Westport were named, and the contrast be- of his going, would drop with a certain air tween the title and the fact lent a certain of good-natured toleration into modern litpiquancy to the somber streets, as when a erature, and then rows of pudgy villas, of maddening uniformity, would be named after the romances of Scott or the idyls of Ten-When he came across a district of nyson, and prosperous people who were on

terms of jocularity with "Mr. Alderman" would be obliged to give their private address as Guinevere Road-prosperous people who had copies of Tupper (in gilt) on their drawingroom tables, and preferred a good-going murder story to "Vanity Fair," and were quite convinced that the career of a writing man, if you could follow it, began with a respectable position in a wholesale firm, and passed through two bankruptcies to a commission agency, first in wine and next in agricultural manure, and then landed finally and

hopelessly in literature.

The only time one was inclined to quarrel with this overlord—and this only through the pity of it-was when he relaxed from the severity of his higher studies and allowed himself, so to say, to rusticate. It was all very well that he should leave his library, and lay aside his robes (purple, I imagine, trimmed with fur), and wander in easy undress through the woods and among the flowers, and a pleasure to know that he had enriched his vocabulary, but one wished he had used it more mercifully. It was a stroke of masterly irony, caught, no doubt, from overmuch reading of Swift, to rename, for some municipal purpose, the most miserable quarter of the city with words which carried the unfortunate inhabitants whom drink and poverty had not made quite callous back to the scenes of their happier childhood. Oak and beech, ash and willow, rose and primrose, snowdrop and daffodil -this remorseless satirist had spared them nothing, but was determined to press the paradox of life to its utmost.

It was his master-stroke to call the street which ran from Lancaster Road through the most miserable section of a most miserable quarter by the name of Chestnut. One thought at the sound thereof of a vista of stately trees whose branches met one another along some boulevard, and whose greenery filled the vision from the windows, beneath whose shade age sat and children played, whose breaking forth was a glory in

the springtime.

What one saw was a street where two dust-carts, if they had met, which they never did, would have passed with difficulty, where the only greenery was refuse from the baskets of street hawkers, and the flowers were heaps of unsavory rubbish. There were seats all along the street, - the door-steps of the houses, - on which women were sitting, idle, disheveled, dirty, and the whole street was a playground where neglected children made such sport as they could, floating street than one would have expected, or that

sticks in the gutter or dragging empty biscuit-boxes as make-believe carriages. The greater glory of the street were two gorgeous public houses, one at each end, with plate-glass windows and mahogany fittings and various-colored bottles, which stood like fortresses to defy any attack of religion, or even respectability, upon Chestnut street, and in case they should be captured there were two other saloons, half-way along the street, to form a last reserve of resistance

to cleanliness and godliness.

It could not be said that the people had much to spare from necessary food and clothing, and, indeed, it might be very well urged that they had not enough to secure even such necessaries for themselves and their children. And yet the men found money, somehow, to drink themselves into a state of sodden stupidity every Saturday night, and occasionally, if work were rife, on other nights, too; and the women, although kept on short allowance, no doubt for moral reasons, by their lords and masters, also dropped in during the daytime to refresh themselves under the burden of life, and-but that was an accident with which they had nothing to do-to swell the profits of a brewer who owned some hundreds of those outposts of civilization, and gave munificently to the decoration of the city, as if, indeed, he had not spent enough upon the decoration of its poorer quarters al-

There was a lesser glory in Chestnut street, and that was a couple of exceedingly modest shops, which certainly could not boast of any ornament, and which had a very small "take" indeed, compared with the "Chestnut Tree" and the "Old House at Home," as the brewer, with pleasant humor, called his establishments. Those shops depended on the sale of the "Police News" and other highly illustrated but not immoral literature, of herb-beer, -a decoction which almost excused a man going into the public house, -and small articles of food; but they chiefly maintained their existence, and afforded a scanty living to the women who kept them, by the sale, at an enormous profit, of the humblest form of sweets. Although the young Chestnuts had not, as a rule, been afflicted with soap for the last month, and their clothes were sanitary to the highest degree in the matter of ventilation, they seemed to be able to purchase sweets almost daily, which showed either that there was more affluence in Chestnut their improvident and often intoxicated parents were at least good-natured to their children.

When a young Chestnut had a huge brown sugar-ball in his mouth, which he shared in turn with two or three friends, keeping a watchful eye upon the length of time his friend had it in his mouth, and was able to build a fortress out of a mass of garbage, where he could reproduce the South African war, he was fairly happy, and as he seemed indifferent to cold and wet, perhaps he was not so badly off after all, and having all the joys of a savage state of existence, did not deserve so much pity as philanthropic ladies wasted fruitlessly upon him, when they took their turn of slumming in Chestnut street. Yet Chestnut street could not be called a pleasant spectacle for the eves, and it was particularly unpleasant material for the nose any day, while on Saturday night it was beyond description, and was not happily then seen by ladies, philanthropic or other.

THERE is always a lower deep, and whatever may have been the sanitary and social defects of Chestnut street, its inhabitants regarded the courts behind with pity and contempt; and in this aristocratic attitude the Chestnuts had reason on their side. Their street at least was open from end to end, and when the wind was in the right quarter, the thickness of its atmosphere was stirred, and some slight breath of freshness came to their doors; they had for the most part water somewhere in each house, and sanitary accommodation, although thirty people might share it; they had a view-of a kind-across the street, and a more limited one-very limited indeed-upon a back yard behind; their houses also had a back as well as a front, so that if the family in the upper back room opened their window, which possibly had openings which were automatic, and also opened their door, which possibly had nothing to keep it shut, and the family in the upper front room did likewise, they might by good luck and hearty cooperation get up a draft, and on a favorable day, by the greatest of good fortune, have a suggestion of fresh air in both rooms.

West-End people, with their big houses and gardens, might commiserate the Chestnuts, but they had reason to thank God—although they did not do so, being beneath all forms of religion—that they were not as the miserables of the court, and especially those whose lot was cast in Jasmine.

Jasmine Court, Chestnut street, belonged

to an excellent maiden lady who supported mission work among the women of India with all her spare means, and did not know whence her income was gathered, and would have been very much horrified if any one had told her that her own tenants needed her help very much more than the women in the zenanas. Her estate, with others of the same kind, was managed by an agent, who was not any worse by nature than other men, but who considered it to be his duty to spend as little as possible upon the property, and to get as much out of it as he was able, by unrelenting energy in securing the rent, and imperturbable callousness to the misery of the tenant. Very likely he was a deacon in a chapel somewhere, and not only paid his own bills with regularity, but also gave liberally to the hospital collection, and was very much beloved in his own family: for half our sins are done vicariously or ignorantly, and we may be as cruel as Herod the Great, and all the time consider ourselves to be kind-hearted, open-handed Christian

The agent would have been very much ashamed if any one had accused him of sentiment, and his policy might well justify him from such a charge; but even this austere man had his lapses into poetry, although he endeavored to make the Muses serve the purposes of business. So long as the street, to which his property clung like a child to the skirts of a very unsympathetic mother, was called Back Hooley Lane, he was quite content that his court should be known as No. 11, and, indeed, except for police sheets and coroners' inquests, it did not really require any name. Chestnut street quickened the imagination of the agent, and as occasionally he had been told that his property was a moral disgrace to the city, - this from the philanthropic visitors, - and also that it was a sanguinary pigsty, -this (slightly translated) from the inhabitants, - he felt that something must be done; and instead of cleaning and repairing it, he covered all its faults, as with a garment, by painting up in black letters on a white ground-the only whiteness in the place:

JASMINE COURT.

This achievement no doubt gratified the agent's artistic sense and showed the good effect of the alderman's example; but I regret to say that it did not lay to rest the grumbling of the tenants or make the court more popular. They were not intimately acquainted with the names of flowers, and

took it into their heads that Jasmine was the designation of some "blooming toff," whom they henceforward regarded with undying hatred.

"'Oo 's 'e?" inquired Mrs. Hopkins, a lady of commanding temper and less than bigoted abstinence, who had sauntered to the mouth of the passage to get a breath of air and see what the painter was doing. "'Oo 's this 'ere Jasmine, wot's stickin' 's bloomin' name on the wall an' spilin' a respectable court? If 'e 'd jist come down we 'd Jasmine 'im: I'd wipe up the court with 'im." And there was a general idea in old No. 11 that a liberty had been taken.

It was encouraging to know that any sense of pride survived in Jasmine Court, for one would have said that the last liberty had been taken with that unfortunate locality, and that it would not have been possible to invent a new insult. You entered it by a long, narrow, covered passage which was also utilized as a surface-drain and for other insanitary purposes, and this was the only ventilating-shaft which Jasmine enjoyed.

As the shaft was only six feet high, men like Jim Tobin, coming home on Saturday night lifted above circumstances, used to strike their heads against the roof, and explained their minds about Jasmine in language that could not be presented, even in the most careful version. And as the air which fought its way through the shaft had first been filtered through the thickness of Chestnut street, and before it reached Chestnut street had passed through the smoke of the City, there was no fear that the inhabitants of Jasmine would experience the rude shock of a country breeze. A cubic foot of Jasmine air would have been a rich field of analysis for the chemist, and he would have been able to secure the leading microbes at one haul.

It occurred, indeed, to one that the only reason why every person in Jasmine was not laid down by disease, and why the children did not all die in infancy instead of only every second one, could only be the internal feuds amid the race of microbes, so that one clan occasionally destroyed another, and the people who had phthisis escaped malignant fever. When one emerged from the tunnel he came into the open court, which was ten feet broad and about seventy feet long, and closed at the other end by a high wall which formed the back of some warehouse.

floors, and each floor three rooms, and so there were nine families in each house, besides an occasional lodger which an enterprising family of small numbers would take in. Jasmine, like a good old country residence built long ago, and whose owners had a conservative dislike to changes, was not disfigured by any modern conveniences. There was no water in any house, but what more could the people require than a watertap in the court, where they could draw in turn as much as they required for cooking purposes, and where, if they pleased, and the tap were not engaged, they could wash themselves at any time that it occurred to them? If she happened to be fastidious, -but this was not a weakness among the Jasmines, a woman might draw off the water into a pail and perform her ablutions in the modified privacy of her own room; and in that case she would have to come again into the court and empty her dish into the open gutter which divided the courtyard like a river running between two counties.

Were one's imagination vivid, he could imagine rustics sitting on each side of this brook, exchanging local gossip and plucking jasmine from the overhanging branches. As a matter of fact, there was a good deal of talk in the court, but much of it was not to be printed, and the brook is certainly not to be described.

There is a limit to the resources of the health authorities, and Jasmine would have required a scavenger to itself; and if he had given a little attention to the interior of the houses, confining himself even to the lobbies and stairs, he would have been pretty fully employed. arrangements for the disposal of rubbish, liquid and solid, were not complicated in the court, and everything which a Jasmine did not wish to keep any longer-ashes, bones, slops, and the rest-she deposited in the courtyard, allowing the brook to absorb the liquid, and the residual to form a soil which might be called alluvial, since it had come down from the heights, and no doubt was rich enough to grow various crops, and as a matter of fact did grow a marvelous crop of corruption and infection.

Certain of the Jasmines were hard-working people, although they could not be called provident and temperate, and they pursued their callings, which were not always savory, in the court.

Mistress Tooley supported herself and There were twelve houses in Jasmine, six three children in the small ground-floor back on each side, and each house had three room of No. 5, right-hand side, by fish-hawk-

ing, and what Mistress Tooley could not sell faces on the 1st of May in the fresh, sweet on Monday, because she had had the fish since Saturday in her room, she prepared for preservation, sitting at her door, on Monday evening. Before she finished she had made a large contribution to the riches of the court; and as there were two other fellow-professionals who used the court for their operations, it was not wonderful that Jim Tobin, leaning out of his window, should explain to men and gods that if the fish trade assumed any larger dimensions he would be obliged to shift his quarters. And I can only regret that respect for my readers prevents me from transferring Mr. Tobin's description of the scene below to these pages, for it was vivid and accurate in the extreme. By the side of the brook vegetable-women washed the greens which next day they would be selling as fresh from the country, and the withered leaves lay in heaps beside them. Orange-women felt their fruit carefully, which they also, with an anxious desire for cleanliness, washed, utilizing the same basin with other hucksters, excepting Mistress Tooley, and occasionally, though only in extreme circumstances, an orange was rejected, and, if it were not eaten by the children, was trodden underfoot, and still further increased the variety of the soil. There was also a merchant of tripe. But it requires a robust mind with corresponding senses to visit the rural seclusion of Jasmine, and the rest may be left to imagina-

Irony may have some good effect of comfort, and the new title of No. 11 woke a wistful remembrance in the heart of Mistress James Tobin. Unlike her neighbors right and left, she was not a child of the city, reared amid its crowded houses, noisy streets, and glare of public houses, its poverty, misery, and filth: she had been born in a Cheshire cottage, and the days of her childhood had been spent in a garden where potatoes and peas and beans and beet-root were bordered by homely, sweet-scented flowers; and if the brook at the foot of the garden went slowly, as Cheshire waters run, it was clean, and wild flowers were growing on its edge. Beside the cottage was a field, and she soon learned not to be afraid of the motherly animals that chewed their cud there and went home at stated times and in solemn procession to be milked by her mother and elder sisters; and there was a wood where she wandered after school-time, where they made bracelets out of the wild flowers in their seasons, and bathed their ence of a man, young and good-looking, in

Times there were when she regretted bitterly that she had ever left the healthy, happy country life, and gone into the service of a city house. Like many another country maid, she had been tempted by the wages and by the excitement of a place where people were smartly dressed and lived luxuriously, and there was much coming and going, and endless talk, and that color of life which attracts the eve of a girl, and beside which the days of the country appear gray and dull. It was pleasant enough to come home for her holidays and idle in the garden, and show her town finery in the church on Sunday, and tell her old companions of the ladies' dresses, and the great parties, and the high time they had in the servants' hall; and it pleased her pride, being only a young maid, to be looked on as a kind of oracle by her mother and sisters. But she was not sorry to go back to the city with a large bunch of country flowers in her hand and some country dainties in her box; and as the train passed within sight of her mother's cottage she used to wave her handkerchief from the window with tenderness for the home of her childhood, yet with pity for those that spent their days in quietness.

Jim Tobin was a handsome young fellow in those days, tall and broad, clean-skinned, and with a merry manner; and as he came from time to time to do repairs up-stairs and down in the big house, it was human nature, very old human nature, that the girls, up and down, from the scullery-maid (like her impudence! a chit of sixteen) to the upper waitress (quite a majestic young lady with £28 wages and expecting £30), should not be ignorant that a good-looking man of their own station was in the house, and should not be unwilling to be noticed. None of them would have been so unwomanly as to set her cap at him, or have taken a step out of her way to meet him, but it was wonderful how often amid the bustle of the house, and going about their duty, the girls came across him; and if they lingered for a moment to speak, it was only common courtesy, and if they took a hurried glance at the glass before they went where Jim was working, that was only self-respect, and if their eyes were brighter when they went on with their work, it was only his interesting conversation. While the world lasts, or until the new woman has accomplished her endeavor, and all women have passed into men, the presa household of women will light their eyes and bring the color to their cheeks and tune their voices, fill their mind with dreams and teach their manner the wiles and stratagem of love.

Lucy Miles was a pretty girl then, straight and graceful,—ah me! Jasmine Court has little mercy on country beauty,—and being a housemaid, it was her duty to show Tobin the windows that would not work, and the locks that had to be repaired, and the cupboards which needed a new shelf, and such things had to be explained very carefully, lest he should make a mistake. There were pieces of furniture also which a girl could not move without help, nor even two of them, and Jim was very obliging; and there were carpets which had to be rolled up to be ready for the cleaning, and they happened to roll them together.

It was freely said in the servants' hall, and the under-waitress spoke like a spiteful cat, that when Lucy and Jim began to walk out together it was not her face which had done it, but her opportunities. The scullery-maid, indeed, believed that if Tobin had been a plumber and come within the range of her fascination, Lucy would have had no chance; but the head waitress explained with dignity that on the few occasions when he had visited the pantry she had thought him a stupid fellow, without a word to say for himself.

So Lucy and Jim walked together every second Sunday, and he took her for a trip upon the river, if he could, on her day out; and then, when the family went to the country the following summer, Lucy did not go with them, because she was married in a country church that day; and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. James Tobin began life together in a little house, with very little money, but with some hope and a good deal of honest love—as thousands have done before them and thousands more will do while there are still men and women in the world.

Love must ever mean sacrifice, but no woman gives such pledges of trust as the domestic servant who marries a workingman; for she goes from a house where she has lived in comfort and without care, to narrow means, unceasing toil, and the burden of family life. For love's sake she makes the sacrifice, and if she gets her due reward is satisfied with her own home, small but clean and neat, with her own man, an artisan with hard hands but a tender and true heart, and with her own children, who keep her hands full, but also fill her life.

When Lucy took possession of 246 Burke street,—that was a quarter given over to statesmen;—with a very little parlor, a kitchen, and a back kitchen on the ground floor, and two rooms above, with a tiny bathroom, mark you, she would not have exchanged with an alderman's wife; and when the head waitress came to tea, as she did quite affably one Sunday afternoon, she went home and informed her majesty the cook that the Tobins had a quite nice house for people in their rank of life: which showed that she did not propose to marry among artisans, but intended to start life among the clerks.

It was a pity that the Tobins had not saved more before they furnished their little house, for they could not pay for all the furniture, and although Jim's wages were very high, and he increased them by working overtime, yet debt was a bad beginning and an omen of worse things. It was part of their plan to have a lodger, whom Lucy thought she could make comfortable; but the first man stayed for a year and then left, having paid only three months' rent, and after her first baby, which died in a week, she fell into weak health and was not able to do housework.

With the curious specialism of a domestic servant, she had never learned to cook, not even potatoes, and however well she could do a bedroom, that did not make up for a miserable dinner. Jim began to complain that he was not getting decent food and that his wages were being wasted, and Lucy, in turn, made contrasts between their kitchen and the servants' hall in the big house. When a woman's health fails, her tongue sharpens, and in the strife of words Mistress Tobin had the best of it. Although Jim was good-looking and an ingenious workman, he was not particularly quick-witted; but he had always a man's disastrous resource, and when Lucy was more than ordinarily vicious he spent the evening in the public house.

Within two years they were obliged to leave Burke street, selling half their furniture, and they settled in 842 Garrick street, being now among the actors, where the door opened from the street into the kitchen, and the stairs sprang from the end of the kitchen to the upper floor with its two little rooms—no bath-room now. Here another baby was born and died, and Lucy grew more nervous and fretful, more careless about the house and about herself, so that the upper waitress, meeting her once upon the street, came home and told the cook—

both those ladies had remained cruelly obdurate to all suitors—that Mrs. Tobin had got "that common" she was ashamed to be seen

speaking to her.

Jim had discovered a comfortable public house at the corner of the street, provided by the same generous philanthropist who gave "reasonable facilities" of drinking to Chestnut street, and there he spent his

evenings and his money.

It was on a Saturday night, the third anniversary of their marriage,—alas! the country church and the roses on the hedge-rows!—that Jim, to whom the brewer had been very hospitable, and to whom Lucy had been rather shrewish, struck his wife for the first time, and it was in Garrick street that he lost his pleasant and well-paid situation, and fell from the rank of artisans into the low estate of unskilled labor.

As they could not pay their rent one week, and there were six other weeks in arrears, the landlord turned them out, and with such furniture as was left when his claims had been met they found a refuge in Laburnum street, a sylvan glade corresponding to Chestnut street, and there they came down to one room with the remains of their furniture—a bed, a table, two chairs, a looking-glass, a few dishes, a kettle, a pot, and a frying-pan.

Still, the room might have been smaller and in worse repair, and Lucy pulled herself together and recalled the skill of former

days in trying to make it neat.

Jim had obtained employment at the docks, and, being a strong man and clever with his hands, was doing fairly well, and was kind to Lucy, when her third baby was born, and lived. It seemed indeed as if their fortunes had touched the bottom and now again might rise; but the room could not be very comfortable at times during Lucy's confinement, and the brewer, still anxious to meet the needs of hard-working men and to supply them with a "good, sound, wholesome beer," maintained a place of refreshment within easy reach of Jim's new home—in fact, the "Laburnum Blossom."

The brewer had given strict orders that no intoxicated person should be served with drink, and the manager of the Blossom knew that he must not break this rule, not only because it was bad for families that the head of the household should be drunk, but also because the license would be taken away.

But it is difficult to estimate a man's con-

dition, and Jim was dealt with so generously that he spent his last penny one Saturday in decorating himself, and a few friends from the docks, with "blossoms," and when he went home highly exalted, and Lucy unwisely reproached him, it ended in another blow, which she endeavored in vain to conceal from the neighbors.

So he sat more and more under the shade of the "Laburnum Blossom," and Lucy also accepted the brewer's invitation, although not very often, during the daytime.

And so it came to pass that they landed in that last refuge of the miserable poor, Jasmine Court, Chestnut street, where the father and the mother and the little lad, now five years old, lived in the upper front room of No. 2, left-hand side, and subsisted on the few shillings which the father received for occasional work at the docks—and did not spend with his friend the brewer in the Old House at Home.

And there they would have drunk and starved and rotted and died—so much human wreckage—had it not been that another alderman, who was not so much concerned with the names of the streets as with the people who lived in them and the life which they lived, bethought himself of Jasmine Court (as well as other flowery bowers), and one Saturday afternoon unexpectedly presented Mr. and Mrs. James Tobin with nothing else and nothing less than a healthy and hopeful young hydrangea.

II. A "HIGH RANGER."

It was not unusual for policemen to visit Jasmine Court, and not at all infrequent for two to come together; there were even high occasions of festivity in the court when four policemen would put in an appearance accompanied by a stretcher. It could not be said, even in charity to the court, that its inhabitants had invited the policemen as guests, nor would it be truthful to suggest that the strangers fitted perfectly into all the ceremonies. They came without being asked, and they showed an impertinent curiosity into circumstances which the Jasmines had not meant to bring under their notice. Their reception was warm without being cordial, and perhaps the only proof of hospitality which the Jasmines showed was an earnest effort to speed the parting guest, if he were willing to go away alone, but strong reluctance to let him go if accompanied by any member of Jasmine Court.

When Bill Fiddler, known familiarly to

difference with a friend as they were taking their "single glass of wholesome beer" in the Old House at Home, and then brought the argument to a practical conclusion on the street with confusing results to the friend, it was quite in the order of things that the stipendiary magistrate should wish to have an interview with Mr. Fiddler. It was also natural that Mr. Fiddler should be disinclined to leave Jasmine Court and waste his time on any such errand, and it was felt respectful as well as expedient that Mr. Fiddler should be waited upon by at least four guardians of the peace. And the last view which the Jasmines had of the pride of the court was Mr. Fiddler being taken through the passage, with no assistance on his part, even the reverse, by two policemen without their helmets, while two others repressed the friendly attentions of Mr. Fiddler's friends at the mouth of the passage. Mr. and Mrs. Fiddler did not live, as a rule, on terms of unbroken amity, and it was seldom that both her eyes were of the same color; but it is trouble that draws us all together and brings to a white heat the affection of a wife, and as the Slosher disappeared and his voice was choked in the passage, his wife's was making the court to ring with a vivid description of the parentage and character of the police rear-guard. and her determination, stated on oath, to remove by surgical operation the most vital portion of their bodies-to all of which the policemen listened with much affability of manner and a still more aggravating silence.

One Saturday in May, when a distant suggestion of approaching summer had reached Jasmine Court, and the women were mostly out of doors, a policeman came bending up the passage, -for our men stand about six feet high, -and when he had put on his helmet and straightened himself, he gave a certain dignity to Jasmine Court, with a stray ray of sunshine falling on his bright buttons and trim blue uniform. It could not be anything very serious, for he had come alone and at an hour when the men were away; and the Jasmines were in good spirits that day -so much does May do even for a court. As a matter of fact, there was great good feeling between the people of the courts and our policemen, although they might have a scrimmage together now and then, for the courts knew that the police were simply doing their duty, and the police, on their part, did

his intimates as the "Slosher," had a political the routine of their work, gave many a good word of advice and rendered many a little friendly service to the poor.

Policeman 294 had been reared in a Cheshire cottage like Lucy Tobin, and had his own wife and family, and although he walked with military dignity, and was a fearful spectacle to street Arabs, his youngest child played with his whiskers, and his little wife kept him in a state of wholesome tyranny. Many a good deed had he done to Jasmine Court, bringing home their children when the little ones had wandered down the passage and then been carried down Chestnut street into the open sea of Lancaster Road, like boats that had escaped from harbor; separating angry women, who were proceeding from words to blows; saving reckless householders from acts of destruction that would have landed them in jail; and even sometimes persuading the traffickers in fish to have some regard to sanitation. A big, good-natured, sober, healthy man was 294, and although no one has ever said it to him, and he never dreamed of such a thing himself, he was a working philanthropist, and succeeded where talking philanthropists have failed in making so many square yards of squalid life slightly easier and slightly cleaner.

One at a time, ladies," said 294, when the babel of questions and chaff had ceased. "and I'll answer you all, time permitting. According to information received, Mrs. Fiddler, the Slosher is in good health, and her Majesty is greatly pleased with his company; the fact is, she would like him to stay a little longer, but he's coming home in fourteen days to the bosom of his wife and family. My advice, Mistress Fiddler, is just to keep him out of mischief for the future. No, I'm not coming to take any of you away from your daily avocation, nor to give you good advice about the court. The fact is, ladies, I am here "-this with vast dignity "with an invitation from the Lord Mayor and aldermen and council of the City, addressed to you all, and sent by me, special messenger, to Jasmine Court. The Lord Mayor, etcet'ra, hereby invites you, your husbands, and your children, to come to the baths, Rosemary street, this afternoon at four o'clock-no, not to wash, Mrs. Fiddler, though I don't say as that 's unnecessaryto see a selection of flowers from the greenhouses of the corporation, and each lady attending will receive a plant as a gift from his lordship and the council." And 294, who their duty as kindly as possible, and, outside had spoken with impressive and seasonable

authority, relaxed after his effort and nodded affably to the court.

It would be complimentary to Jasmine Court, but it would not be strictly true, to say that its inhabitants were much lifted with an invitation to visit the Rosemary baths and look at flowers, even with the lure of a plant

to carry home; and although I have a kindly feeling for the court, where two of my friends used to live, vet it must be confessed that the Jasmines would have preferred an invitation to some form of entertainment where there would have been meat and, let us be

frank, also drink.

Beyond their territorial designation the Jasmines, poor souls, did not know much about flowers, and had no opportunity of cultivating esthetic tastes. Mrs. Fiddler felt as if her interest had been obtained by the policeman on false pretenses, and declared that flowers were "tommy-rot"; and however suitable they might be for the house of a "toff," they were not intended for Jasmine Court. And she clenched her argument with the searching question: "'Ow would Bill look when 'e came back an' saw a bloomin' flower-pot in 'is window?" And the impression in the court was that that estimable gentleman would not only be very much amazed, but very likely would consider it a personal insult.

Mrs. William Fiddler must be excused for her want of enthusiasm, as well as for the simplicity of her language, because she had been born and bred in a court, and, except on far-back and rare Sunday-school treats. had never seen the country in all her life. But the very word "flower" acted like a

charm on the mind of Lucy Tobin. As 294 was speaking, Jasmine Court with its sickening air and indescribable squalor, and her miserable home with its wreckage of the past, and her broken life with its withered hopes, faded away, and Lucy is again a Cheshire lass in her mother's cottage. She rises from her seat in the lowroofed kitchen, with its bits of oak furniture, and its row of china dishes on the wall, and the clean, cheerful fireplace with two brass candlesticks, polished like unto fine gold, on the mantelpiece, and the big arm-chair where her father used to sit, and the hams and bacon-their own curing-hanging from the roof, and a hydrangea in full flower in the window, which is open, and through which the fresh country air is blowing. She goes out through the doorway, where a rose, shaken by her passing, empties the rain of the last shower upon her head, chris- through the dock and stirring up the past?

tening her afresh with perfumed water, and down the garden walk she goes, between the moss-roses and the hollyhocks and the sweet peas and the London pride and the daffodils and the little forget-me-nots, and through the garden gate, where the tendrils of honeysuckle are twining, to the banks of the little stream, and at the sound thereof the hardness and bitterness pass from her

And beauty born of murmuring sound

touches her face. And although 294 tramped down the passage somewhat discouraged by the result of his eloquence, he had builded better than he knew, and although Mrs. William Fiddler was extremely stony ground, some of his seed had fallen in the good soil.

As the policeman worked his way in and out of the courts like a majestic bee sowing the pollen in very dirty flowers, he began to grudge the special duty which would keep him that afternoon in Rosemary street, away from the child that pulled his whiskers. and to have hard thoughts of the enthusiastic town councilor who was responsible for this flower business. But 294 did not know that Providence was vastly pleased with his endeavor and was going to take a hand in the business.

There was, in fact, a big conspiracy that day for the redemption of James Tobin and Lucy his wife, to say nothing of the little lad, and down at the docks on that May forenoon the west wind, blowing full and free, was also in the service. As Jim handled the grain which had come from Western wheatfields, the tricksy spirit blew upon him and stirred his heart with memories of past scenes: how on such a day, years ago, he used to take Lucy out, and they sailed on an excursion-boat down to the river-mouth and round by the light-ship; how they stood in the bow and faced the jolly salt wind that brought the color to their cheeks, and laughed when a wave flung the spray over their heads; how he used to wrap a little shawl about his girl's shoulders, and then, lest she should fall overboard, put his arm round her waist; how they ate their dinner on the way back, which he had bought on the landing-stage, and to which she added some dainty given her by the cook; and how he must needs give her a cup of tea when they came to land, and when he saw her into her car would always have some little gift to put in her hand.

What set the wind driving this day

upon the docks, and then he and his mates had an engagement at the Chestnut Tree, and when the "reasonable facilities" for drinking ceased there might, or might not, be left a few coppers to take home to Lucy for Sunday's dinner. But if she did not provide something, or if she complained, why-and the wind blew hard upon his cheeks. As he shoveled the grain to the revolving belt that carried it on high, Jim swore to himself; but the wind whistled so loudly at that moment that the recording angel did not hear.

She was once a trig and bonny lass, and he had noticed with the corner of his eye that people turned to look at her in the boat, and he had been so proud that he could not help saying pretty things to her, whereat she had told him not to be silly; but all the same she was well pleased. And now-'t is merciless is the blustering west wind. No use now, their home gone, their furniture sold bit by bit, their love dead and buried beneath drink and quarreling and dirt and shame. But the wind is moving in the depths of the grave.

It is uncertain work in the docks, and very irregular for a man who takes his "single glass of honest beer," yet there were days when he had earned eight shillings, and three days' work a week made twenty-four shillings, and perhaps he could get back to a trade again, and that would be a sure wage and the wind lies low behind a warehouse to let him count. What had his mates done for him but sponged on him for beer, and pulled him down from being a decent workman to a casual drudge?

But Lucy had given him her heart, and he had broken it. He would go home that afternoon and carry every penny, -he had a few odd coppers which would do for dinner at a cocoa-room, - and among the wheat, now near the bottom of the hold, he swore it with a fearsome oath; but this being a covenant, as it were, the recording angel put it to his credit, and the wind coming out from its hiding-place came tearing down the hatchway and triumphed gloriously. Oh, the brave west wind!

Jim started for Jasmine Court in the heat of a good resolution, but as he turned into Lancaster Road his heart began to fail him, and the very smell of the district was al-

Lucy was to-day a broken-spirited and be- ready weakening his strength; but it is an draggled woman, and he a drunkard and a open thoroughfare, and the wind was still wastrel, while once-will the wind not cease upon his face. Chestnut street itself was a-blowing? As soon as work was done he almost fresh that day; but not even the inintended to have a bite at a public house domitable wester could get into Jasmine Court, and Jim felt within his soul that when he penetrated into its stench and airlessness, if Lucy, ragged and unwashed, were wrangling with Bess Fiddler amid the garbage of the court, he would not be strong enough to stay, but would leave for the Chestnut Tree, where at least there was a place to sit and beer to drown regret. For Lucy was not a pretty spectacle those days, nor, for that matter, was Jim himself. But this had been a well-contrived conspiracy. and if the west wind had done its part, 294 had not been a faithless ally.

It was not likely that Jim would come home till late at night, and then-but still you can never tell, and as he came down Chestnut street, the wind blowing behind him mightily and determined not to be beaten, he saw Lucy standing at the entry to the passage.

"Hello, old girl!" said Jim, as they met, for the careful wind had driven every person away for the moment and left them alone. And he noticed that her hands and face were clean, and her hair had been roughly dressed, with some suggestion of a servant's neatness, and also-for he was clever in noticing that day-that her gown had been hastily mended where there used to be tears. There was something also in her eyes he had not seen for many a year. "Wot is 't, Loo?"

It was only a word of one syllable, but the smallest word is a symbol charged with untold wealth of meaning between those who have once loved and have lived together through the joys and sorrows, even through the travail and sin, of life. That was what he used to call her when he met her at the servants' entrance, and when they sat together on the boat, and when her first child was born and died; but the word had died for want of air in Jasmine Court. At the sound of it she glanced quickly at him and saw that something had happened to him also; not that he had washed, for he had had no chance, nor that he had done anything for his clothes, -they were as bad as ever. - but he seemed to carry his head with a suggestion of the former days, as if he had begun to respect himself again and to think of her. If she called him anything those last years, it was "Tobin"; but now, as they stood together, she whispered, "Jim."

that Jim might hear.

"Jim," said his wife, speaking now after the manner of former days, and slipping the patois of the court, "there's a flower-show at the Rosemary baths this afternoon, and every one who goes gets a plant to carry home; and I thought, Jim, that-do you remember the hydrangea in my mother's kitchen? Maybe-we might go and see."

"I'm on the job, lass, but lemme have a wash-up first, to look a bit respectable. I ain't much of a daisy after eight hours in a wheat-hold, and I declare, if you ain't quite

the lady this afternoon!"

Jasmine Court took a keen and unanimous interest in Mr. Tobin's toilet, which was performed at the water-tap in full view of the court, and was of a very careful character, so that if he was not well dressed when it was over, having neither collar nor tie, and an exceedingly disreputable cap, his hands and face were as clean as soap and water could make them, the soap being a small morsel borrowed from a luxurious neighbor.

Mrs. Fiddler was so impressed by this fastidiousness on the part of a man who had for years cultivated an easy negligence of person that she inquired whether he and Loo were going to a "bloomin' picnic." When she gathered that this elaborate preparation was for the exhibition at the Rosemary baths, Mrs. Fiddler was much impressed, and as she was a lady of acquisitive instincts, although uncultured habits, she declared her intention of also attending and securing her full rights in the matter of a plant. It is, however, open to belief that that far-seeing matron was not indifferent to the value which the plant might have when her health required liquid refreshment.

Vanity about personal appearance was not one of Mrs. Fiddler's faults, and she started for the exhibition without delay, making her way by a labyrinth of back passages which hardly ever exposed her to the full light of day; but the Tobins that afternoon made for the open, and took the

cleaner way of Lancaster Road.

Jim was furtively examining his wife, and as they passed a draper's shop, where cheap articles of dress were hung outside, he stopped and demanded the price of a shawl such as would cover a woman's shoulders. Nothing was dear there, as perhaps nothing was particularly good, and before Lucy had recovered herself Jim had bought and paid for it, and the shawl was on her shoulders. nothing for the brewer. So as they went to

And the west wind crept away on tiptoe He put it on as clumsily as a man could, but the touch of his hand upon her cheek -in kindness-brought the tears to her eyes, for it carried her back to the days of courtship. And the west wind rioting down Lancaster Road almost swept the shop-front clear. Her womanhood was coming back, and in a little Lucy had arranged the shawl to make the most of it, and loitered by a window to see how she looked. It cost only two shillings, -so mean a thing as that in the way of a shawl, -but it was the first gift from Jim for many a year, and the only piece of dress she had ever got since she sank into a Jasmine; and the feel of it upon her shoulders connected her with respectability once more, and seemed the beginning of better days.

She was now in turn examining Jim, and marked how he walked as a man who has money in his pockets, and has overcome, for the day at least, the allurement of the Chestnut Tree. He was great that day, but there was no question that he would have looked better with a collar, a clean white turnover collar such as she saw in that shopwindow, and if a tie could be added, he would look almost the old Jim again. She had a shilling, kept partly in terror for Sunday's dinner, lest all her husband earned should have gone into the brewer's pocket. It was she that arrested the procession this time, and the shilling, in a sixpence and six coppers, was just the exact price of a collar and a sailor's-knot tie, a blazing blue with white spots on it, and they went into the shop, and Lucy dressed Jim with her own hands. Then, to her joy, he must needs buy a decent hat; and this she set jauntily upon his head, and she would have kissed him,the first time for many a year, -had it not been for the shopkeeper's stolid face; while outside the west wind went delirious with delight.

There never was such a progress, for as they turned the corner from Lancaster Road into Rosemary street there was a shop with a row of women's hats, the very humblest of their kind, a bit of straw with two ribbons, but still hats connecting the wearer as by a tie of blood with the women who wore bonnets at £5 5s. each, and separating her from those who went bareheaded. So one shilling ninepence came from Jim's inexhaustible store, and again Lucy felt a bonnet upon her head. One and ninepence was still left out of his hard day's wage for the Sunday dinner, although there would be working-people who had come in their everybold, bad west wind, losing all control of itself, whirled round the corner and blew Lucy's new bonnet over on her face, so that Jim had to readjust it for her, -his hand upon her cheek again, after the old fashion, -and then chevied them without mercy till they found a shelter in the baths.

Rosemary street open-air bath was a standing illustration to aldermen and licensed victualers, and other people of the higher circles, of the necessity of resisting evil (or good) at its very beginning. Years before a man got into the council who had no ax of his own to grind, and did not care for banquets, and who was not sound on "reasonable drinking facilities," and had an insane desire to pull down insanitary property, -a man, in fact, with a heart and with ideas, - and from the day of his entrance he had done mischief, and nothing but mischief. It were too long a story to tell the evil which he did: how he got the courts lighted and partly washed, and old graveyards turned into green open places, and playgrounds made for children, and drainage improved, and water doubled to the courts, and flowers offered free for their houses, and other iniquities which were doing unspeakable damage to citizens who had invested their means in rotten property and places of refreshment.

He ought to have been checked at the beginning, and the aldermen did speak of him freely, after their own fashion, as a severely condemned fool and an impertinent meddler; but there are always a lot of foolish people. some of them connected with churches, and some of them with colleges, who believe in that kind of thing, and so this fanatic got his way, and the crown of all his iniquity was Rosemary street open bath. There was really only one man (an alderman) who could do justice to this colossal foolishness, and even he could do so only after dinner; and

Imagine! Upon the site now given to this tomfoolery had once stood a block of most profitable property, where there was no bother about sanitation, and no money spent on repairs, and people lived just as they pleased, and the owner-a sound politician and upholder of the constitution- But their hearts were set upon that one

the baths Jim and Lucy had been trans- netted twelve per cent.; and this meddlesome formed with soap and water and a few demagogue had the block condemned at a modest articles of dress into a pair of, no very low valuation, and pulled down, and on doubt, very poor but quite self-respecting the place thereof had made a garden and erected a bath. There the boys could bathe day clothes to see a flower-show. And the one day and the girls another, and swim, and generally enjoy themselves: but first they must wash themselves from head to foot with carbolic soap; and then only, when they were perfectly clean, were they allowed to enter the big bath with its pure water and tiled floor. It was a pleasant sight (if you did not know the mischief such tomfoolery might do) to see the women sitting in the garden with their babies at their feet. when the sun was shining, - and all day long, when the clouds gave him a chance, he was kind to Rosemary, - and the carefully tended flowers blooming in the midst of this human wilderness, and the children swimming in the bath, or running round the open corridor to dry and warm themselves before they

The mischief was contagious, for the owners of neighboring property which looked upon Rosemary were obliged to put glass in the windows and repair their doors, and spend no end of money upon paint and plumbing; for their tenants began to turn up their noses at the houses, and refused to live like beasts, looking all the time upon Rosemary. The manager of the Chestnut Tree felt the effect even at that distance, and declared that Rosemary was the beginning of anarchy, and if that kind of thing went on, and the poor began to get so familiar with clean water and with flowers. the throne itself would soon be in danger. And this was the place to which 294 had invited the Jasmines.

The water in the bath, as pure as crystal, was shining in the sun, and round the corridors the plants were arranged: geraniums. white and red, marguerites and calceolarias and fuchsias, and in a corner Lucy found a hydrangea; for, indeed, there is no plant so easily kept, and so prolific with its blossom, and so friendly to poor people, and so rich in its greenery, as a good hydrangea.

"If there is n't a hydrangea! I declare, his style was of such a florid nature that it it 's a very providence! Ask the gentleman, could not be transferred to print. Jim, if we can have it." And then they saw by the ticket hung upon it that the hydrangea had found a home. They had put off so much time washing and dressing that they had come too late, and nothing remained for them but to take a geranium or a fuchsia, which many would have preferred. plant, and would not be satisfied with anyother; and when the councilor, who was prowling round and meddling, as usual, with other people's business, lighted upon the two and heard their desire, being a very ferret of a man in nosing to the heart of things, he understood the situation. Here were two people whose future was hanging upon a hydrangea, and they were not going to be disappointed. The aldermen were right in calling him a cunning fellow. for, anticipating the unreasonable whims of people who live in courts and their sensitiveness to a rebuff, he had a reserve store of plants in the room where the girls dressed themselves. It was really sickening folly that the corporation should humble itself to meet the wishes of people like the Jasmines, and hold out its hand to the likes of them to help them up, but that was a kind of thing this man was carrying on.

"Come with me," he said, almost in a whisper, as if it were a mighty secret. "Mrs. Tobin, did you say? And your husband, too; quietly, you know, for we can't do this for everybody. I think I have something that will suit you to the ground." And with an air of mystery, the sly dog brought them into the private room and pointed to a

corner.

"Look, Jim, the very image of my mother's; just the same shape, too, though not so big, and the very purple flowers! We 'll stand it in the window, where it 'll get the sun and grow that big it 'll soon be up to the middle panes—" then she remembered.

"It's all right, Loo. I'll mend the window on Monday, when I come home, and—lots of other things. Never you mind, lass; there 'll be a decent room soon for the high ranger and the lad and—the rest o''s"; and Jim's arm crept round his wife's waist, while the councilor fussed—the aldermen did say he was a fussy fool—among the plants at the other end of the room.

"Well, Mrs. Tobin, have you settled to take the hydrangea? Jasmine Court, did you say, Chestnut street? Not a very sweet spot, eh, but you 'll give the plant all the water that it needs, and as much sun as you can get. And I 'm going to tell you something. I don't believe you 'll be long in Jasmine Court; you 'll be out in one of the new streets soon, with your window like a flower-garden. Your man looks as if he were a good workman. He 'll see to that. You keep your eye on that hydrangea, and live up to it."

And as Jim Tobin went out with Lucy by the side dcor, carrying the hydrangea carefully, he did not make any speech, for that was not in his power, but he gave the councilor to understand that neither his wife nor he would go back on that hydrangea.

It meant two years' hard work, time and overtime, at his trade, before Jim took a little house in a street not far from a park, and where the west wind rioted at his pleasure, and the blinds had to be pulled down to keep out the sun. A proud man was he, and prouder was Lucy his wife, when one Saturday evening they had put their new home to rights, and, well dressed again, they went out for a saunter in the park.

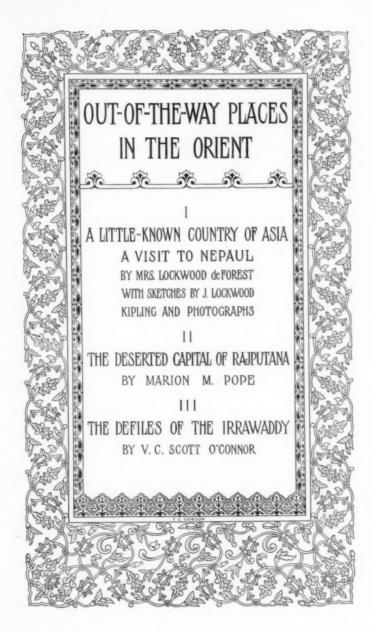
When they came to the corner of their street, they turned round both together as if by an instinct, and they could see the window of their little parlor, and in the center thereof, swelling in its glory, was what Jim ever called the high ranger, in a setting of white curtains, if you please, and suggesting a mahogany table and chairs.

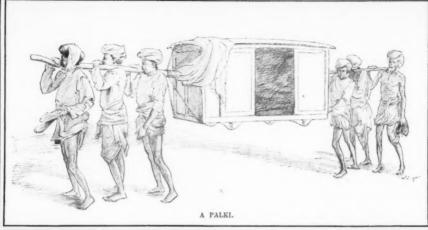
"Pretty tidy, ain't it, lass?" said Tobin.
"Another sort of thing from Jasmine Court.
That high ranger is what I call a city mis-

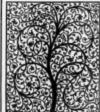
sionary.'

"God bless it," said Lucy, "and the councilor!"







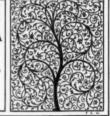


A LITTLE-KNOWN COUNTRY OF ASIA A VISIT TO NEPAUL

MRS. LOCKWOOD de FOREST

J. LOCKWOOD KIPLING

AND PHOTOGRAPHS



WHERE AND WHAT.

YEPAUL is an independent kingdom on the eastern frontier of British India. It is separated from Tibet on the north by the central portion of the Himalayas, which here include the two highest mountains in the world. On the east, west, and south a range of hills, rising from two to three thousand feet, form a natural boundary between Nepaul and the possessions of the British and their dependencies. In some places on the southern frontier the boundary does not follow the irregular line of the mountains, but includes a tract of lowland called the Terai. This lowland is very unhealthful and is the haunt of ferocious beasts, and no European dares cross it during the rainy season, -seven months of the year, - except on an errand of life and death. The passes between Tibet and Nepaul are higher than the highest mountains in Europe, and most of them are too steep for the passage of any beast of burden, except the sheep which are used to transport rock-salt. It would seem as if the conformation of their country sufficiently cut off the Nepaulese from any intercourse with strangers, but they are very suspicious of

Europeans, more especially of the English. The British representative, known as the resident, and his physician, live at Khatmandu, the Nepaulese capital. Although we were making an extensive tour in India, we should have come away without even an elementary knowledge of this most interesting place had it not been for a rare combination of circumstances.

During the summer of 1881 we met in Kashmir a surgeon of the English army who had once been stationed in Nepaul. He told us of the wonderful scenery, the peculiarities of the people, their strange architecture, and having excited in us the most intense desire to see it all, he added the last touch to my curiosity by telling us that it was impossible to get into the country. The beautiful vale of Kashmir then began to lose its charms. In vain were we paddled on the historic Hydaspes, while the boatmen sang us the love-songs they are so fond of: above the waters and the flowers and the songs hung the forbidden fruits of that inaccessible country.

Toward the last of our stay, the resident of Kashmir, seeing how inoffensive and little likely to give trouble we were, wrote to his

rains and was virtually impassable. We ig- endless amount of discussion, of which we nored what, I fear,

were hints, and accepted most enthusiastically.

The British resident has the privilege of entertaining occasionfriends ally, for whom, however, he must get permits from the native government. He spends the dry season in camp. visiting the boundaries, to see that the Nepaulese are not taking in country

matter to get to Khatmandu after the rainv season, and before the resident goes into camp. Fortunately for us, this year the young king was to come to the throne, and the resident was detained by the ceremonies, which just enabled us to get in our visit. We had to make our plans to reach Khatmandu by the 1st of December, and the only facts we were able to ascertain about the journey were that coolies were scarce, so that we must take as little luggage as possible, and that if we wished to push through rapidly, we might do so in palkis, the Indian name for palanquins.

At Segowlie, the last place on the British frontier, a guard was to meet us with permits. A regiment of native Indian cavalry is stationed here, but there is no kind of resthouse for travelers. Our friends advised our writing to the colonel of the regiment, telling him when we expected to arrive, and asking his assistance; and although it was rather presumptuous, there seemed no alternative.

THE START.

WE left the railroad at Muzaffarpur, and at about half-past seven in the evening the palkis arrived, only an hour and a half late. There were also four ekkas for the servants and luggage. These are small two-wheeled vehicles without springs. The driver sits morning came all too soon. There were no very near the horse, urging him on by poking signs of the palkis, and messengers were sent

friend, the resident of Nepaul, asking him to his toes into him. The palkis are large black invite us to visit him. In due time, therefore, boxes carried on poles by four coolies, and we received a very kind invitation from Mr. not high enough to sit up in. We spread G-, but one that impressed upon us the blankets on the floors and crept in by the difficulty of the journey, and also the fact sliding doors. Our thirty-two men were not that the road had been broken down by the burdened with many clothes, and after an

> understood thing, the first relay of coolies started off. At first it seemed a delightful method of locomotion, but lying flat on your back and being shaken grows wearisome. The bearers trot all the time, keeping step with a mournful, guttural groan. We were carried across streams and through forests. Once in the

that does not belong to them. It is a difficult night we were put down, and creeping out, I found we were in a forest of very tall bamboos. The men had lighted a fire and were passing about their hooka. There seemed so many of them in the darkness, and they so lacked clothing, that it was not difficult to imagine them a tribe of dangerous savages.

We had expected to reach Motihari and breakfast by eight o'clock; but long after that hour it was explained that we had still several miles to go, and that we had better stop at an indigo plantation near by and get something to eat. This we were obliged to do, and had tea and toast in a semi-deserted house, while our men rested.

We did not see the first houses of Motihari until half-past three in the afternoon. I was put down on the edge of the dusty road, while Mr. de Forest went ahead to find out where we should spend the night. After an endless time a small scrap of paper was brought to me. "Meet me at Planters' Club." At the club-house the head butler looked more than surprised to see me, and I could not explain. While I was waiting, most painfully embarrassed, an Englishman appeared. He made no attempt to conceal his astonishment, and I was ready to faint with mortification and hunger. It was all right, however. Mr. de Forest came. I was allowed to stay. Servants and luggage appeared, baths, dinner, and bed. Five o'clock next



THE EKKA, WITH THE SERVANT AND LUGGAGE.

they came, and much too hot to be even fairly comfortable. After three hours of most disagreeable dust and heat we reached Segowus from Colonel O---. As his house was small, he had pitched tents for us.

in all directions: this is one of the trials of With these kukeris they build houses, cut Indian traveling. It was nine o'clock when down trees, strike off the heads of sheep and goats at one blow, and make themselves very disagreeable to their enemies. Our servants arrived too late to push on to the lie, where a most cordial welcome awaited next village, so we took a walk and inspected the numerous half-wild elephants kept here. We were on the outskirts of the Terai, and Segowlie is a very fertile place; the water the jungle looked wild enough to harbor any lies only ten feet below the surface, and number of savage beasts. We slept in our



JUNG BAHADUR AND HIS WIFE.

consequence, snakes abound. One of the ladies told me that fifteen cobras had been killed in her room the past season.

Next morning the permits arrived, and the servants and luggage were sent off with the bearer of them. We left in the afternoon, and reached Bechiakot at 8 A.M., having made only forty-five miles in the fifteen hours. The rest-house was very dirty and full of natives, so our palkis were put under a tree, and we waited more or less patiently for the servants to come. There were about six houses in the village, and the chief men came to pay us their respects. They were very Chinese in appearance, unlike the people of India proper, and seemed very jolly. Of course we could not understand their conversation, and our half-English half-Hindustani was equally unintelligible to them. In their sashes they carried kukeris, large curved knives, the invariable companions of the Nepaulese.

during the rains it is a swamp. As a natural palkis, and the elephants roared and stamped all night, and there were plenty of other queer noises.

> Our march the next morning was most delightful, up the bed of a river, the forests on each side full of curious flowers. In the afternoon Captain W---, an officer from Segowlie and a friend of the resident, arrived. He had only a very short leave, and having obtained permission to see the coronation ceremonies, he was anxious to push on to Sesaghasi, eighteen miles distant, where there was a little bungalow occasionally used by the resident. The palkis could go no farther, so a hammock was made for me by tying my blanket to a bamboo pole. It was almost impossible to get coolies, and only after much discussion were enough found to carry our belongings, and then no one would carry me. The people here were unused to carrying poles on their shoulders, they said, and were afraid of hurting themselves.

A RIDE IN A BASKET.

I was trying to think that I could walk the whole way, although I had reached my limit in the morning, when a coolie suggested that he could carry me in a basket. It was shaped like a V, and he filled it with old, very dirty bags, which I was careful not to examine, and my blanket was put on top. It did not look very comfortable or very safe, but there was no time to object to inconveniences, so we started off at half-past four. The path wound around the side of a mountain, the river fifty feet below. The trees were high. covered with vines, making such a dense thicket that a stone thrown could hardly have reached the ground. This was the celebrated Terai, full of elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, snakes, and fever. The road was so broken that in many places it was merely

a crumbling ledge. I at last mounted my basket. The coolie carried it on the crown of his head, steadied by a strap passed around the basket and across his forehead. He walked with his head bent down, as if he were going to butt into some one. I was perched on top of the basket, bent double, with nothing to hold on to, and my feet dangling. I could not see where he was going, whether the next step would be up a steep rock, or sliding through slimy mud to the bed of the river. I was usually wabbling on the edge of the precipice. The moonlight could not reach us; we were shut in by the thicket of vines, and seemed to be in a long, narrow cave lighted by great fireflies, which shone like the eyes of wild beasts, reminding us that we had been told not to take this march by night. It became bitterly cold, and when I was so stiff that I feared falling off the basket, I was let down; a vigorous kick was the only signal that seemed to be understood. Our lunch-basket coolie had gone astray, and we were so cold and hungry that we longed to join the groups of coolies encamped for the night, sitting about a big fire, with their great bales of cotton goods piled up in a circle around them. I wondered why my coolie did not make off, for he must have disliked it as much as I did, and yet he was always ready

DOOLY-TRAVELING.

to have me mount again.

At midnight we reached a rest-house, but it was very dirty, and so full of animals and men that there was hardly room for us to sit, even on the cold stone steps. At last, when

we were quite desperate, the lunch-basket appeared. We warmed a can of soup, and the welcome news arrived that doolies (chairs on poles) had come for us. There were six men to each dooly, who pushed and pulled us straight up a mountain, over a path, if there was one, covered with loose rolling stones. We reached the bungalow at two o'clock. We were in such a desperate state that we gladly borrowed coverlets from the native guards, and got what rest we could before the seven-o'clock breakfast. We started at eight o'clock. We had only six men to each dooly, and as it takes four to carry it, they could not change very often. The hillmen from the Tibet side do all the carrying here, and it was wonderful to see how they kept their footing. There were times when I thought it was all over, but one of them would appear and prop up the corner that was over the precipice, and we went over the passes and plunged into the valleys.

The scenery was tropical at first, but the view from the second pass, seventy-two hundred feet high, was wonderful. The Nepaul valley lay before us, and although the day was slightly cloudy, the snow mountains were to be seen in all their grandeur. We reached Khatmandu at eight o'clock, our men having carried us twelve hours with only the one rest. The kind welcome of Mr. and Mrs. G— and the comforts of a civilized home were delightful.

The valley of Nepaul includes a number of mountain-ranges and subordinate valleys. The most important valley is the one in which Khatmandu is situated, forty-seven hundred feet above the sea. The Goorkhas, the present rulers of Nepaul, conquered the country in 1769. They were the descendants of those Rajputs who were driven from the plains of Hindustan during the Mussulman persecution in the twelfth century. They were then, as now, a race of soldiers, leaving trade and manufactures to the natives of the country.

The Nepaulese monarchy is a despotism. Instead of owning their lands and paying feudal service to the king, the chiefs derive their authority direct from him, and he can discontinue it at his discretion. In consequence, court intrigues and revolutions abound. The kings have usually come to the throne as infants, queens and prime ministers governing in their stead, and agreeing on one point only—keeping the child in such a state of ignorance as would prevent his ever using his power.

In 1846 Kagi Jung Bahadur became prime minister. He would have been considcountrymen. Had he dared, he would have opened the country to strangers. He made a visit to England and supported the English at the time of the Mutiny. Jung always expected a violent death, and had forty bedrooms in his house, and no one ever knew which he was going to occupy. He died peacefully, however. When we were in Nepaul, Jung's brother Bam Bahadur was prime minister, and a younger brother commander-in-chief. The king was a little fellow, six years old, the son of one of Jung's daughters.

IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

The residency was most comfortable, English Gothic in style, and the grounds about it were like an English park. One of the drawbacks to housekeeping was the fact that no bread could be made in the country. Every means had been tried, but there was difficulty about yeast, so bread was brought one hundred miles by coolie, and we had toast. Our stay was a succession of delightful days, with the weather perfect, a charming home to come back to at night, after our days in the curious towns in the valley. Mr. de Forest walked, and I was carried in a dooly. A guard was sent by the native government to go with us everywhere, to see what we were about and report, although they said it was to protect us. We were careful to be most discreet, not wishing to bring the resident into trouble, and we never even glanced at their forts and guns. Our guards were much amused with us, the only difficulty being that we could not understand one another in the least. The Nepaulese are most good-natured, ready to smile, - in fact, go into giggles over nothing, -but horribly quick-tempered, and out with their kukeris where strangers are concerned, without stopping to know the rights of the case.

The first day we went to the city of Khatmandu, about two miles from the residency, it was being decorated, a regiment of soldiers having been sent to dig up ground-pine. The streets were very gay with gorgeously dressed men carried by in litters, elephants very much decorated and painted, and jangling their bells, and every sort of holiday-making inhabitant. The women were most curious; they seemed to be carrying packages of bright-colored dress-goods under one arm. We found these were the trains of their dresses. The skirts are short in the back, scarcely reaching the tight, and a gold brocade overgarment look-

ered a very able man in any country, and ankles, but long and full in front, and this was much more humane than most of his material they tuck under one arm, and so are able to walk. About ninety yards in a skirt, and all in front, is the proper thing for a lady of rank. There was a fine review of all the troops in the afternoon. We were told there were ten thousand men. The soldiers are small, the color of dried-up leather, but are considered the best fighters in India. All men of rank are generals and colonels. They seemed to wear any uniform that pleased them, provided it was bright, principally copied from the English. Their saddleclothes were gorgeous with gold embroidery, in the corners sometimes the arms of England, with the "Dieu et mon droit," and a little higher up the sun and moon of the Rajputs. The review ended with a most interesting musical drill of seven hundred men.

THE CORONATION OF THE LITTLE KING.

THE great day of the ceremonies at last arrived. The plain had been fenced in with bamboos covered with ground-pine, and was surrounded by a row of soldiers two deep. Several stands had been erected. Ours was a small one, with a tent near by, with fruit and sweets for our refreshment. We had a colonel to explain affairs, and one of the bands played as we took our places. The Nepaulese are very fond of music, and there are eleven bands in the valley, belonging to different princes. Dancing-men and mummers dressed up to look like wild animals, with yak-tails for hair and horrible masks, kept prancing about. Merchants from Lhasa walked about in their curious dress of very full, accordion-plaited white muslin skirt, with short, very tight jacket reaching to the waist. The Nepaulese officials were in cloth of gold, some in tight trousers and long, loose coat, and others in the older fashion of full skirt and jacket to the waist, with sash of pale green. This brocade is simplygold metal woven on silk, so that it looks like solid gold, and not in the least tawdry. As the men walked about with the bright sun on them, the effect was very striking.

The procession was headed by fifty elephants, and every one dismounted at the entrance. The ladies of the court had come earlier, and had for themselves a little building three stories high under a tree. First came soldiers, then mace-bearers. tails in silver settings were waved before the king, who walked between his two uncles. The child wore crimson velvet trousers, very ing like an apron in front and making a train three yards or more long. The train was lined with velvet and edged with dark fur, and was carried by four boys. They were dressed in mantles of gold brocade from their necks to their heels, and all, including the king, wore ruffs of soft white stuff. The whole must have been copied from some old English picture. Umbrellas are signs of high rank, and the king had a fine one over him.

While the king was resting in the retiringroom of his pavilion, the grandees came to pay their respects to us. Their uniforms were resplendent, and their caps most curious. A tight-fitting cap with rolled edge was covered with jewels, mostly pearls, on one side a sort of horn of plenty of large pearls, out of which seemed to flow rubies and emeralds; a fringe of large emeralds hung all around the edge, and a large diamond ornament in front supported bird-of-paradise feathers. The king took his place on a large silver throne. A proclamation was read, and all the bands played at once, and all the people stood up and drew their swords and shouted. The officers went first to salaam the king, then the hill rajas and the Chinese officials, in rich fur-lined silk gowns, with their coats of arms embroidered on them. The boy got tired of it all, and asked what was the use of a prime minister if he could not receive the salaams for him! We went home to the sound of volleys fired by the soldiers.

NEPAULESE ARCHITECTURE.

THE architecture in Nepaul is quite Chinese in character, especially the temples. The dwelling-houses are of brick, with most beautiful carved windows and balconies. There is a good deal of interesting brasswork, but it was almost impossible to buy any. We secured a lamp one day. Seeing a man looking out of a second-story window, we pointed to the lamp, and held up rupees until there were enough to move him, and he lowered his lamp down to us.

Early in the morning we would meet the women going to the temples, their hair smoothly brushed, always with a flower stuck in it somewhere. Their offerings—flowers, a little fruit, some rice, perhaps an egg—were carried in brass-covered vessels. All of these were old, and we were assured that they could not be bought. We did get two, and when we found that Mrs. G—— had never been able to get any, we did not begrudge the number of rupees it had taken to make their owners change their minds.

A RECEPTION, WITH A KING AS ACCESSORY.

ONE afternoon I went with Mrs. Gsee the maharani, wife of the prime minister. State carriages were sent for us, and the band played as we drew up. The prime minister was just rushing off with Mrs. Gwhen his cross-looking brother, whom I was with, stopped him and told him that he had omitted to shake hands with me. That over, we proceeded hand in hand up the stairs. My escort could not speak English, and so simply glared at me. The third and last staircase was twisted like a corkscrew, pitchdark, and I could just see the glimmer of the golden spurs of the prime minister on a line with my eyes. In a long room with many marble-top tables, mirrors, and glass chandeliers, the ladies were waiting. The maharani was seated on a very high sofa, with a place for Mrs. G- next her. She was dressed in pale-blue taffeta silk; the skirt was very long and full, with a bodice of the same material, very tight; on her forehead was a diadem of flowers and leaves in diamonds, and bird-of-paradise feathers stood straight up on her head. Her hair was smooth-braided in a very little pigtail down her back. After shaking hands, I was introduced to the other rani, by whom I was to sit. She looked like one of the old-fashioned pincushions, when a little china doll is put into the middle of an enormous cushion. She had a skirt of at least one hundred yards of maize-colored stiffened muslin, which stood out from her and lay on the floor in front of her, almost hiding her. A brocade waist there was, however, and diamond armlets and pale-yellow gloves. There was a streak of black paint around her eyes a quarter of an inch wide, and outside that a still wider streak of white, going off very much in the corners. The eyelids were painted, too. The paint on her cheeks was so thick that it was hard to believe she was a human being. Her hair was short and parted straight down the back, brushed forward on the temples, and glued down. On top of her head was a plume of cocks' feathers hanging like a fringe over her

She was rather good-looking, however, with a pretty nose and chin, and a charming dimple. After silence for some time, the private secretary of the court, a one-eyed man who looked like a character from the "Arabian Nights," stole up behind me and whispered that if I had any questions I would like to ask the rani, he would interpret for me. So I inquired whether she had been to Bombay or



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOURNE & SHEPHERD. HALF-TONE PLATE RETOUCHED BY M. DAVIDSON

A NEPAULESE PRINCESS.

Calcutta. Then I asked several other equally simple questions. She was very nervous, going off into fits of giggles. There was a diversion here, for the little king was sent each side. No description can give an idea for, and climbed up into his great-aunt's lap.

Then whispering went on between my rani and one of the younger men, who had to stand at a very respectful distance on account of the skirt, and in a short time her photograph was brought and given to me. After a talk between the commander-in-chief and the one-eyed interpreter, the latter came in a very mysterious was, and I imagined all sorts of beautiful things he was going to say. "How did you like the conversation of the Nepaulese ladies?" he asked. The maharani perfumed us well with attar of roses, and gave us areca-nut and betel-leaf wrapped in silver-foil. She was very polite. and said she felt very much pleasure in seeing me, when I had come from such a far country, and if there was anything I wanted to see to let her know. I did want to ask to see one of them walk, but did not dare to suggest it. More shaking of hands followed, and the prime minister said the king wished him to say that I had come from so far, I must have met with many hardships on the way, and he felt much pleased that I should have come to his country.

We went down as we came up, though I nearly fell on the last staircase, the steps were so queer, but was gallantly held up. Jugget Jung pushed forward to shake hands, and this made his uncle, the commander-inchief, so angry that he almost refused to shake hands afterward. Jugget Jung was old Jung Bahadur's eldest surviving son. He lived about four miles from the city, and never allowed any one in his house, and when he entered, the door was locked after him, and when he wanted to go out, he rang a bell.

A STRANGE WORLD.

THE longest expedition we made was to the hill-house of Mr. G-, where he goes in the hot weather. We drove about five miles and then walked or were carried the remaining seven. The path was very bad most of the way, although it is the highroad to Tibet. We met many sheep carrying little packs of salt, weighing fifteen pounds, and the curious Tibetans with them. Their attitude of respect is to stand on one foot, hold on to the lobe of the right ear, and stick their tongues out. Mr. G--'s above the sea, looking down into the Khat- back on the marvelous view, and there met

mandu valley on one side, and into the Nyalkot on the other. In width there was just room for the house, with a path on of the view. The valley, thirty-five hundred feet above the sea, was directly below us, and beyond, but seemingly near enough to throw a stone to, the whole horizon of snow mountains, Mount Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet, fronting us, and none of the others under eighteen thousand feet. It was not their height only that was impressive, but the wonderful coloring of warm reds and vellows, the immense extent of snow, and the clear, soft sky, not hard and brilliant like that of Switzerland.

The house was being repaired, so we had tents, and it was very cold at night. We had the sunset and the marvelous afterglow, and the next morning the sunrise was as wonderful, though in a different way.

The gentlemen, with the assistance of my hand-glass, tried throwing flash-light signals to the residency, where the doctor was stationed on the roof. The signals were successful, but created much consternation in Khatmandu, where the inhabitants thought it must mean the last incarnation of Vishnu. for which all Hindus are looking.

The last afternoon was spent in a visit by invitation to Jugget Jung. He sent his barouche with four horses and postilions, and received us in the courtvard with a very royal umbrella held over him, and attended by a number of young men and boys. We were led by the hand into a species of summer-house opening into a well-kept garden. The floor and seats were covered with rosepetals, and the room was curtained off with Nottingham-lace curtains edged with gold. I sat on a sofa with Jugget Jung and three little boys, and the rest of the people sat solemnly about in arm-chairs. After a few minutes of silence we went into the garden. The band played; we visited the menagerie, had bouquets presented to us, and were entertained by a circus troupe. Then we had attar of roses and betel-nut, some of the young men presented us with their visitingcards, and we went back as we came, Jugget Jung calling our attention to the fact that he had given us four fresh horses.

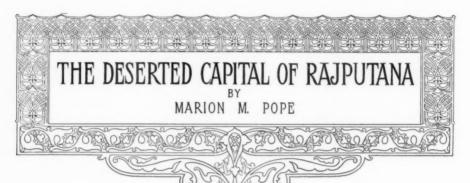
Our delightful visit came to an end on December 13. We left at half-past seven in the morning. I was carried in a hammock, difficult to see out of, and my head was frequently almost on the ground, with my feet house is on a high ridge, six thousand feet in the air. We stopped on the pass to look

a Hindu fakir. His saffron-colored sheet was almost at a gallop, and is always given to of a very small size, and the rest of his costume was ashes and a pair of patent-leather shoes. We made the marches rapidly, dawdling a little through the forest, which we had passed in the night. It was most wild and beautiful, orchids and half-wild elephants abounding. Palkis and fifty-four men awaited us, and one morning at six o'clock we found ourselves again in the tents of the Bengal cavalry regiment. With the spur of a little bakshish, we had been carried fiftytwo miles in fourteen hours.

We spent a delightful day with the regiment. Our friends had laid a dak for usthat is, had arranged relays of horses to meet us. We left in a dog-cart with a half-trained horse, the groom up behind. The roads are wide, with very deep ditches on each side.

shying. A high dog-cart is not the most comfortable vehicle under these conditions. The next horse was quite as trying,-we found him under a tree with his attendant, and the last one belonged to a planter, to whose house we went and had tea. There we found palkis, in which we made the remaining fifty-two miles to the railroad.

A few days after we heard that there had been an upsetting in the government of Nepaul. I cannot now remember whether it was the commander-in-chief who killed off Jugget Jung and all his friends, or vice versa. At any rate, these people who had been so polite to us had massacred one another, and we were only glad that they had waited until we were out of the country, or we could not have carried away such pleas-Each horse goes about four miles only, but antimpressions of Nepauland the Nepaulese.



MANY years ago, so long that no one seems to know anything about it now, one of the kings of the Rajputana states, in the northwestern part of India, built a palace and a city at Amber. The authentic records telling why and when it was deserted are locked in Hindustani.

But the day came when the king and all the royal following and all loyal citizens packed their portable belongings upon elephants and camels, and moved away on account of some royal whim long since forgotten.

They left palaces and princely houses in a state of perfect repair. Perhaps the king city were impelled by the dream of a favorminister longing to dip in the public trea- the invasion of Timur the Lame, - and it

sure, for which there was no excuse in the perfection about him. At any rate, the forgotten ruler, for a forgotten reason, together with all his forgotten people, deserted Amber en masse. This, at least, is what the turbaned guides say, for they know there is an undeniable

charm about a past so remote as to have lost its historical data.

Doubtless it would not be very difficult for those who wish to probe these charming myths to establish the relationship of Amber's yesterdays with

our to-days; for the architecture is plainly Moslem, although this was probably a conand the court and all the dwellers of the cession to the reigning powers, since the ancient capital was first and last a Hindu ite of the zenana, or the prophecy of a prime city. Presuming it to have been built after was long after Tamerlane's time before his descendants achieved the architectural triumphs of Delhi and Agra,—it is safe to assume that both palace and city were occupied during the reign of the Mogul Emperor Jahangir, who died as late as 1627, for both his mother and wife were princesses of the house of Amber. These presumptions go far toward dispelling those myths which the sentimental tourist delights to believe in, for myth and romance are the most charming ghosts to haunt the desolate apartments of a deserted palace.

Amber lies a few miles from Jeypore, the present capital, and it is necessary to take an early morning start to visit the ancient city. A part of the journey over intervening hills and along winding valleys must be made on elephants, with which the maharaja kindly provided us from his stud of ninety-nine. The air was beautifully cool when we took carriage from our hotel, and the wide streets, sprinkled the night before with water from pigskins, had not had time

to become dusty.

The glorious radiance of a morning in India was all about us as we left the city walls and drove rapidly along a road none too well paved, which lay between residences of court nobles, built in ample gardens, and royal and semi-royal tombs. Inclosed by high walls, over which tree-tops crowd and blossoming vines fling sprays of gorgeous color against the moss-grown stones, residence and tomb alike lift broken roofs enriched with graceful domes or picturesque

carving.

Now and then a spray of brilliant leaves upon some lofty pipul-tree would appear to take flight, and a flock of parrots, as green as emeralds and as graceful as swallows, would dart away from the bough. Peacocks sat upon the walls and called harshly to one another, and over in the farther fields, where gray old tombs had taken on the soft rosiness of early morning, they flung their jeweled banners over some bit of dull masonry, as history has flung the glittering memory of the Mogul kings, who sat upon a peacock throne, over the gray old tomb of ancient India.

On the way we passed a ruined water palace standing in the midst of a weedy lake, where red-legged storks fish, and crocodiles climb the slimy stone steps leading to crumbling palace or fishing-pavilion. Camels padded by, laden with huge stone slabs from some hill quarry, and women with nose-rings, and ears pierced all round the edges, were

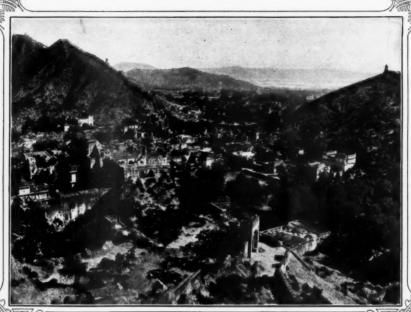
going to and from the wells, the big waterwheels of which were turned by yoked bullocks pulling down inclined roads at the side.

Along the hills which shut this valley in, and others branching away from it, beginning from the water's-edge of streams flowing through them, and climbing sometimes at terrible angles to reach the fort-crowned summits, are miles and miles of fortifying stone walls. They are many feet thick, broken at intervals by the sentinel's breastwork or gray old watch-tower, and each resembles nothing so much as a gigantic stairway built for some titanic race, whose huge ancestry dominated the peaceful valleys ages before these long stone flights were fashioned.

There are no hillsides without grim boundary-lines, built in the days when absolute monarchs controlled the fate of serf or slave, and yet were forced to hold their own possessions by the tenure of the sword. In those times twenty thousand lives laid down in the building of a fort, a tomb, a palace, or a series of fortifications, were of less account than an equal number of stones set in

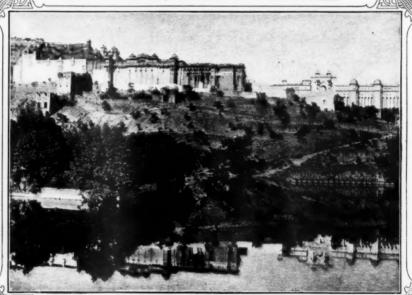
the wall.

Our elephants were in readiness beyond an ancient wall, through the arched gateway of which we beheld their formidable heads, with ears, foreheads, and trunks painted in most fantastic geometrical patterns done in brilliant reds, blues, and yellows. They were all big creatures, and each accompanied by a mahout and another man whose office we were unable to determine. As we had been for over three months under the direction of one Sayd Ebrahm, - ostensibly the contract read the other way, -whose position, according to his own testimony, written presumably by himself upon his one piece of baggage, was that of "buttler," we deferred to his judgment in the selection of our particular steed. Being of an ambitious and aspiring nature, Sayd Ebrahm immediately selected the mammoth among all, whose huge tusks had been cut off midway and adorned with elaborated bands of brass. We remonstrated, for the contemplation of a piece of animated nature nearly as large as a ship-fully as large as the Sultan of Morocco's entire war-fleet and navy as we saw it in the bay off Tangier-was not calculated to inspire timid souls with confidence. But pride and vanity carried the day, and the mountain was directed to kneel. This humiliating process requires judgment on the



HALF-YONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE OLD CITY OF AMBER, FROM THE TOP OF THE DESERTED PALACE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

THE DESERTED PALACE, FROM THE LAKE.

which he stands work in couples, and the rear couple always have the appearance, during the ceremony of kneeling, of unjointing in the wrong direction. We dared not express the sympathy we felt when he roared like distant artillery over a phonograph, for it was a dubious sound, and we privately wished the maharaja would invent other means of sending guests out to Amber.

A ladder was placed against the kneeling giant, and there was nothing to do but climb for the top, which we finally reached thankfully, feeling we should be safer and more out of the way on his back than anywhere else in the neighborhood. Once there, the mahout, by another persuasive process which we afterward learned always includes a goad, signified to the kneeling monster that he could rise. The mighty bulk heaved, and the forward part arose like a ship upon a tidal waye.

We went up and up and up, through dizzy moments where imagination pictured the cords of our gigantic saddle breaking, and its occupants being obliged to obey the laws of gravity through an ever-increasing distance earthward; but this experience was spared us, and we were presently rolling along upon what seemed a species of elevated earthquake of a mild and non-destructive form.

Our big steed was not a "trotter," but moved as became a large body, carefully and slowly, testing the ground before him with an inquisitive trunk before venturing to place a ponderous footdown upon it. It was interesting, when not absorbed in the contemplation of this unique method of locomotion, to see how differently trees appeared when beheld from the level of high boughs, or to peep over the edge of our animated precipice and view people and camels as seen from the top.

We ascended the hill at a snail's pace, and followed a beautifully shaded road down into the valley of Amber, winding along the shores of a clear lake until the majestic ruins of the city and palace rose before us. Birds with strange, sweet notes sang on every side, and silvery fish leaped out of the waters into the sunshine. At a curve of the road, as it nears the deserted city, is a wayside shrine dedicated to Siva and the sacred cow. Passing devotees had made their morning offerings of flowers, and yellow and white garlands hung about the neck of the bovine deity, or were scattered in thick profusion before the goddess and upon her altar.

The sun was at our right, and the lake re-

flected, with the absolute fidelity of a mirror, the palace on the western hill, with its white walls, its mighty gateways, its winding, stone-walled roads, and the square, artificial island below. Stately palms and flowering trees grow on this island, and stone summer-houses and elaborate railings, broken now in many places, have been built along its masonry edge. A gorgeous creeper, rioting in bloom, had thrown a thousand purple blossoms over the gray old gaps in the balustrade, and each petal bloomed again in the motionless pool below, as if nature was never tired of repeating so fair a picture.

All the nearly obliterated walls, the foundations of which may yet be traced in little irregular piles of crumbling dust upon the hillside, must have been of far greater antiquity than the city built around one shore of the little lakelying below. Our elephants plodded slowly through these silent streets, the vacant houses of which could relate such wondrous tales if only endowed with speech. Deserted by their rightful owners, a few of them have become the habitation of Pariahs, who have no place or dwelling, whose touch is contamination, and whose shadow is unclean, and who have crept in from their lairs outside the city walls, and taken timid possession with the foxes and the jackals.

Perhaps it is their descendants who form the few inhabitants to-day, to be counted by a score, and who share with ash-strewn hermit or recluse ascetic all the decaying grandeurs of the place.

A road, the crenelated walls of which are broken and falling in places, winds up the slope of the hill, through three massive gateways, stone-curtained, and enters a great deserted courtyard. Grass grows stunted and wiry from the disused ground within, once trampled to fine dust by impatient chargers, and crowded with all the bewildering and dazzling retinue of Oriental state. A hundred horse would hardly fill one corner of this great square, and a thousand horse and a thousand retainers, housed in the ample room accorded to them here, would only people it with life and color, and yet leave room for more.

From the southwest corner of the courtyard a broad flight of stone steps leads to another magnificent gateway in the marble alcoves of which used to sit armed guards with brilliant turbans, for this is the gateway proper to the palace. Huge as are all the buildings on the other three sides of the square, they form only the palace of the



MALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.
ENTRANCE TO THE OLD PALACE OF AMBER.



MALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.
THE HALL OF AUDIENCE, JEYPORE.

retainers, but this is the entrance to the over this a mountain brook was taught to

palace of the king.

Along this deep gateway two facing files elbow. It opens upon a second large court paved with red and white stones. A forest of pillars at the left support a graceful roof, and the open apartment thus formed is the public audience-hall. Its elevated marble floor is surrounded by three steps like those about a dais, and the eastern end opens into a suite of rooms, from the windows of which one may look down upon the lake and the island garden, so far below that birds and sun-doves, circling in the air over them, seem lost in lower space.

A deep colonnade continues from these rooms along the eastern side of the square, with pierced marble windows a lmitting light and air on one hand, and opening into the court on the other. Another wonderful gateway opens in the center of the southern wall and leads into the mardan, or what Sir Edwin Arnold calls the men's abode. This seems a misnomer, for all the great arches on each side of it, the jutting bays, the recessed nooks, and the roof-walks above, are carefully screened with pierced marble, and give evidence of having been constructed for the housing of the "purdah-hidden" women of the zenana.

This beautiful gateway leads into a garden, the fragrance of which floats outside its walls. Around it are innumerable rooms leading from one to another, decorated with mirror-inlay, the walls and vaulted ceilings of which cast back a thousand sparkles from

a single candle.

Each suite on the ground floor fronts upon the garden at the west, and its eastern windows, cunningly carved from marble, open into the air over the quiet lake below and the barren hillside with its little mounds of dust between. Flowers, once loved by fair imprisoned beauty, bloom in this deserted garden, turning it into a sweet jungle where solitude and neglect have not

had power to blight. A high stone screen thickly perforated with little chiseled openings, each one of which forms a tiny skyward chute, admitting only light and air, forms the western wall of the garden, and shuts off its beauties as effectually as a fortress wall. Back of it is a veranda-like room with a little marble-lined miniature canal, perhaps a foot deep and two feet wide, running through it. A great those of a fish has been set in one side, and would be done by one of them.

ripple into the little canal.

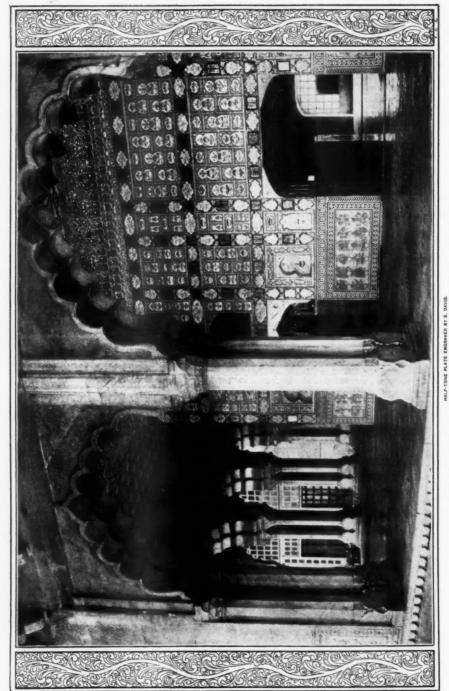
In one of the rooms opening off this place of guards, twenty deep, could stand elbow to are several small and curious wagons of an antiquated pattern, the sumptuous hangings of which have been worried by the tooth of time. In these toy affairs the poor little ladies of the zenana used to draw one another about. varying by this childish amusement the monotony of an existence the only events of which were new baubles or jewels, or the visits of the lord of the harem.

Here the great Akbar found his Hindu bride, a daughter of the house of Amber, who became the wife of one emperor and the mother of another. She it was whose blameless life gave her the title among her husband's Moslem courtiers of "Mary of the Period," as the purity and beauty of Christ's mother Mary is held in veneration by all Mohammedans. She was the wife of the greatest ruler of a great line; the mother of a man who became illustrious even under the shadow of a sire whom all men down to today unite in calling Akbar the Great; and the grandmother of the Prince of All, the Emperor Shah Jehan, in whose magnificent reign the dynasty reached its height, and to whose taste and generosity the world is indebted for the incomparable buildings at Delhi and Agra.

Amid the ruins of Akbar's palaces at Agra is the one built by him in Hindu style for this princess of Amber, and her tomb, a little way from Akbar's at Secundra, has been turned into a newspaper office, where the click of type and the rattle of printingpresses break a silence which fell three hundred years ago over the ashes of an

empress.

And here in this hillside palace the next generation saw another princess of the house, niece to Akbar's empress, grow to maidenhood and become the wife of Akbar's son Sulim, afterward Emperor Jahangir. Perhaps in the happy freedom of her girlhood this little princess sat in the toy chariots, the silken hangings of which were not then given over to moth and mildew, and made merry while their gilded wheels were rolling her noisily to a tragic end. For Prince Sulim, cursed by a violent and ungoverned temper, had bequeathed this quality to his eldest son Khusrau. Plotting against his father Akbar, and being in turn plotted against by his own son, the violence of family quarrels drove the unhappy wife and slanting stone carved into huge scales like mother to suicide in the fear that murder



MIRROR HALL, IN THE DESERTED PALACE OF AMBER.

Who knows but that on moonlight nights, when each little skyward chute in the marble lattice casts a silver spangle on the floor, the worm-eaten wheels of these pitiful little playthings may revolve, and troops of shadows sport around the child princess upon whose brow sits the sad crown of martyrdom? Phantoms would be fitting company for this deserted corridor, the tiny canal of which is dry and dusty, for even the brawling mountain brook which fed it has vanished long ago.

Why may not this old, deserted pile have its ghosts, since even the new palace at Jeypore has one? For not long after the old maharaja, whose beautiful tomb lies on the way to Amber, expired, there was grisly talk circulated to the effect that his late Highness was prowling round the billiard-room by night, and appearing to his faithful retainers in the rôle of a blessed

ghost.

This billiard-room, with several other apartments furnished in European fashion, is in a large building detached and somewhat remote from the modern palace. There is a big park between, and no one but the priests ever dare go into that part of the garden after nightfall. But they, being holy, and possessed of certain charms and spells and the knowledge of what visitants from the other world require, consented to undertake the task of "laying his Majesty," so to speak. All would have gone merry as a marriagebell had not his ghostship developed sudden and surprising obstinacy. He refused to be placated, and after a long and arduous spiritual wrestle the priests repaired to the present maharaja and informed him they had compromised with his father's ghost, who agreed to "lie low" and disturb no one if his son would see to it that a first-class table was spread every night in the room in which he died, and an illumination made until midnight.

All these conditions the devoted and badly frightened son agreed to, but it is to be regretted that the old maharaja has not kept the letter of his contract. He now and then puts a ghostly finger into the affairs of state, and warns his successor that if he does, or does not, do certain things not herewithin related, he will come out of his death-chamber and the billiard-room and haunt the

whole place.

Devoted as the son is to the shades of his morning, and at the annual Durga festival fathers, he objects to the companionship she is not content with one victim a day, but of the late lamented in his present disemberds of buffalo and flocks of sheep empty bodied although good-dinner-enjoying state, their arteries to propitiate the dread deity.

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so he does some royal "hustling" to forego the promised visit. The pious old Brahmans who convey these messages from the realms of the departed, as the billiard-room has now become, have also undertaken the task of keeping the ghost from outside annoyances during his nocturnal repasts. As no one could be induced to approach the place at night, this part of their office might look like a sinecure to the skeptical-minded, but the proof of their piety and virtue lies in the fact that they wax fat and comfortable on

the dinners the ghost eats.

It is difficult to compare the architectural remains of the Saracens with those of India, and yet the same style governs both. The most notable European example, the Alhambra, resembles the old Hindu palace at Amber more closely than it does any of the palaces built by the Moguls. Both are situated upon hills, and each has the chief city of the kingdom lying at its feet. Each has its palace like the kernel of a nut shut in the shell of its fortress. But here the resemblance ceases except in minor details. The Alhambra is a toy beside the huge spaces and spaciousness of Amber. The Court of the Lions, the most graceful and beautiful thing of its kind in the world, with its clusters of slender pillars, its glittering domes of colored tiles, and its exquisitely decorated apartments opening off, is like a jewel-casket in its delicacy and finish, and might have been the home of fairies, while Amber could house giants. Into both, unlike the palace at Delhi and the major portions of the wonders at Agra, plaster and stucco have entered largely, and seem an incongruous combination with marble. The pierced marble at Amber takes the place of the lace-like stucco in the Alhambra, but both are palaces fit for kings, and both remind the observer that luxury and refinement of taste are not the exclusive product of the present. There are a few retainers about the palace at Amber, and it is much better cared for and preserved than its Spanish sister ruin.

Coming down the ages step by step for many generations, the priesthood of Kali have not deserted the temple of that goddess, which opens off the first great courtyard of Amber. In a gruesome room under the palace, Kali sits, a black goddess, with a necklace of skulls and a thirst for blood. A goat is sacrificed before her gory altar every morning, and at the annual Durga festival she is not content with one victim a day, but herds of buffalo and flocks of sheep empty their extensions to receive the dread doity.

one hopes this practice has been discontinof an outward semblance does not necessarily imply a change of heart, and this hideous rite may be as firmly believed in to-day as ever. If it is, and the priesthood, forced to secret practices by fear of punishment from the reigning powers, still perform these ghastly ceremonies, no place in all the world would be so free from danger of detection. The catacombs of Rome were not so remote from the world as this temple of Kali. Shrieks and cries would echo only through deserted rooms, and if the goddess scorned not a humble offering, such an one would always be at hand from the ranks of the friendless and despised dwellers in the crumbling city at the foot of the hill.

We passed through its silent streets once more, where a timid face looked out here and there from some high, empty room, like a ghost of the past, to which the city seems to belong, and turned into the highway lead- which their processional grandeurs passed ing back to the present. Looking up from so long ago.

Before the days of British rule, Kali re- the valley, we could imagine how those great quired human sacrifices instead, and while gates had opened in the days gone by, and all the long hill road had been gay with ued, doubts will intrude, for the laying down brilliant turbans, the glitter of armor, the flash of jewels, and the gorgeous gold-wrought trappings of accoutred steeds glancing in the generous sunlight. Down they swept in a torrent of color and life, turning the great gateway into the mouth of a dragon vomiting forth fire and flame. A thousand horse to war! A hundred horse, a hundred elephants, a hundred camels, to conduct the daughter of a king, seated in a golden howdah upon an elephant, enveloped in gem-broidered velvet, to a husband sitting upon the throne of the Great Moguls!

> Power seemed assured by all the pomp of armed state, and ill would have fared the wizard who predicted its decay. But not even an echo of that pageantry disturbs the silence of the places it once filled. Flashing eyes, high hearts, and swarthy faces have become as the dust of the highway over



COPY IN WOOD OF THE BHUDDER MOSQUE WINDOW AT AHMEDABAD (NEAR RAJPUTANA), MADE BY THE WORKMEN OF MR. LOCKWOOD DE FOREST IN INDIA. NOW IN SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON.



THE DEFILES OF THE IRRAWADDY

BY V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR

OF all the great rivers of Indo-China, the Irrawaddy is incom-Moodain, "gleaming far to seaward, parably the greatest. For nearly a thousand miles it flows through stream, from the "Confluence," in the far north, where, emerging from its mysterious infancy amid an untraveled wilderness of mountains, it unites with its first great tributary, to the measureless sea, where it hurtles against the cliffs of Cape Negrais. The mountains of its birthplace follow its destiny seaward, and when they sweep down to its water's-edge, or tower mistily on some distant horizon, lend it its incommunicable charm and beauty. Lessening gradually from altitudes of eternal snow, they sink with the river into the ocean, their last bluff

a Burmese Sunium.'

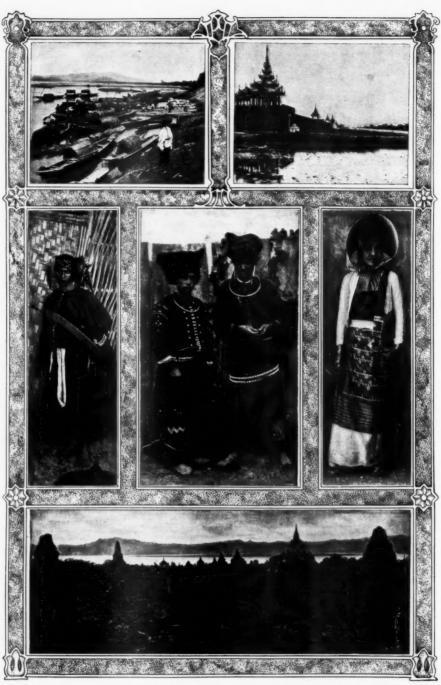
It is not easy to write about the Burma in a broad and mighty great river, for its personality is complex in the extreme. Its length and volume, its importance as an artery of the world, its rise and fall, these are easily recorded and tangible facts. The beauty of its waters, that mirror a sky of surpassing and varied loveliness, of its hills and woods and precipitous heights, and of the sunsets that clothe it in divine mysteries of color, can only be hinted at in words. A great painter might depict them, and yet leave the tale incomplete. For even he could paint only a phase of that which is ever changing. He could tell nothing of the human interest with







LACQUER-WARE MAKERS AT PAGAN-A NATIVE OF BHAMO-IN THE FIRST DEFILE-KACHIN SOLDIER OF THE MILITARY POLICE.



THE RIVER BANK AT BHAMO-PALACE WALL AND MOAT, MANDALAY-KACHIN MAN-KACHIN WOMEN-DAUGHTER OF A SHAN PRINCE-A VIEW IN OLD PAGAN.

something may be said. The peoples of Burma came from the bears on his face the evidence of his origin. elevated country, they gradually spread southward, reaching in the fullness of time the sea. In primitive times, when the tribe was the only political unit, and there was no more obvious line of separation than the watershed between the streams that they encountered in their southern migration, it itself from the rest. It was a separation, however, which, while it secured to each tribe its immediate liberty, carried in it the germ of ultimate reunion; and read in the light of this physical fact, the racial history of Burma becomes clear in its wide outline. The dominant Burmese represent those are found in the many tribes on their borders.

accompanied by its hills, is symbolic in a profound sense of the history of the land. day, has existed for over seventeen hundred On its banks, peopled by these rude Mon- years, and now, alas! by reason of a few gol wanderers, grew up the earliest civili- years of tyranny and indiscretion on the zation in Burma, under the teaching of part of its monarch, the country has been Hindu exiles from India-a civilization to which the ruins of ancient cities bear eloquent testimony to this day. About its the mystery which shrouds the great river's northern reaches was fought out the long birthplace. Soon after entering Burma it battle of Burmese supremacy over the kin- presents the appearance of a pellucid dred Shan race, a struggle of many cen- stream eight hundred yards in width. That turies and varying fortunes, in which the is the furthest knowledge of it possessed prize was the great river itself. The Shan by the ordinary traveler. But the men who kingdom of Pong, once powerful in the live up there, the Englishmen who rule and north, and already in the first century of fight in the wild border country, know the Christian era in political relation with it farther up, as far as, and beyond, the

which it is fraught; of the long historic pro- China, fell in the struggle, and, save in cession that fills the mind's eye; of the migra-tattered chronicles of small value, its memtions of prehistoric races, the downward trend ory has gone out from among its people. of tribes ever moving southward under the Down the valley of the Irrawaddy, too, impulse of immutable laws; of the advance of swept the tide of the Chinese invasions, in invading armies, the flight and agony of the one of which there perished the greatest of vanquished, the gay processions of exultant all Burmese capitals, the holy city of Pagan. victors; of kings and nobles and warriors; of For eight miles the majestic ruins of its the many-faceted life of the common people, thousand temples still line the banks of the with its passing joys and sorrows, in all of river; and palace wall and tapering spire, which the great silent highway has played rising up into heaven from the desolate so continuous a part. One cannot entrap earth, bear witness to the crushing weight the beauty of that which lives and moves, of the blow that was given to civilization in and is yet in its entity and suggestiveness Burma when the miscellaneous hordes of eternal; but of one or two of its aspects the Tatar descended on it in destruction six hundred years ago. The cactus and the wild plum now grow where once Anawrata highlands of Tibet many centuries ago, at the Great ruled in magnificent splendor, and a time of which no memory is preserved in a dusty wheel-track runs through the grand local legend or tradition, though each man gateway of old Pagan. A slow country cart, creaking along the ruts, toils alone now Following the streams which rise in that in the broad sunlight, where once there marched the processions of a king, and the breath of desolation broods over a city of the dead.

Lastly, it has been up the Irrawaddy that the British power has advanced. The great conflict of barbarism with civilization, more acute, more universal now than at any prewas natural that each tribe should separate vious period in the history of the world, has once more been fought out along its banks. The people of Burma have become a subject people; its kings have passed forever out of the category of sovereign princes. Civilization has triumphed, to the satisfaction of all civilized men. Yet no satisfaction can divest such changes of their tragic character. tribes which wandered down the many small The most callous heart cannot regard the tributary streams of the Upper Irrawaddy, fall of a nation without some sentiment of finally to coalesce in the valley of the great sorrow, or the final extinction of a picturriver. Their kindred with a lesser heritage esque court and of ancient institutions without inextinguishable regret. "Burma," Thus, the river flowing oceanward, ever observes the royal chronicler of China-"Burma, from the Han dynasty until our obliterated in the twinkling of an eye."

Not the least of its many fascinations is

Confluence, where its two main sources near approach of the throbbing paddles. unite. It has not yet been given to any man to say whence they come. The secret of its birth is still wrapped in the vast terra incognita of mountains which spreads away to the north and west. Yet it is being slowly but surely wrested from its keepers. One by one the many erroneous theories that have been hazarded by investigators since the dawn of the nineteenth century are being disposed of; one by one the wild frontier tribes are being reduced to civilization, as the growing peace of Burma frees the government for exploration and extension in the north. Each winter sees a movement of British columns a little farther north. It cannot be long now before its mystery is pierced.

Thirty miles below the Confluence the new settlement of Myitkina is laid out on the high right bank of the river. No change can be more significant than the change which the last few years have wrought in the character of Myitkina. Half a dozen years ago it was the Ultima Thule of Burma, a military outpost in the heart of the enemy's country. For six months each year it was cut off from nearly all communication. The only approach to it lay by the river, and the river, as we shall presently see, is no highway at that season. The outpost of Myitkina had to look out for itself, feed itself, and, if necessary, fight for its life. One winter it was burned down by the caterans of the hills over the heads of its garrison. Myitkina is still the frontier town, it is still liable to have to fight for its life; but it is no longer cut off from succor. It is easily reached by railway at all seasons of the year, and is becoming a popular stopping-place for the tourist hurrying round the globe. It has all the freshness and charm of a new settlement, and though on the borders of savagery, it is full of life and action and hope.

From Myitkina to near its junction with the Mogaung, the river flows in a broad, clear stream over a pebbled bed. Steaming down-stream in the last days of December, we could see the coarse sand churned up from amid the pebbles by the eddying current, and glistening like gold in the sunlit waters. The simile is not altogether fanciful, for the gold-washers may be seen at work on the river slopes below Myitkina. Nearer the shallows which the steamers skirt in their course, distinct glimpses can be had into the life of the river, and great fish may the greatest misfortune that could overtake be seen scuttling away in agitation at the a Burman official in disgrace under the old

The river, though broad and majestic to the eye, is comparatively shallow in its northern reaches, and the navigable channel is narrow. This is made obvious to the inexperienced eye when a great bank of yellow pebbles tilts its glistening back half-way across the stream, or a reef of gray rocks stretches in saw-like outline across the ship's course, narrowing the channel to a stream of deep water under the shelter of the opposite bank. Behind Myitkina, now fading into the blue distance, there tower up, like "Breasts of Sheba," the twin peaks of Loi Lem and Loi Law, and behind these, again, there fade away into the empyrean the unexplored mountains of the north, upon some of which there is a white gleam of snow. It is one of the most beautiful and most satisfying voyages in the world, this swift descent down the upper waters of the Irrawaddy. The keen ozone of a perfect air, the broad winter sunlight flooding a landscape of romantic beauty, the sense of encompassing infinity, fill the blood with a supreme vitality, and lift the soul into regions of exquisite peace. The great river, free, for the present, to go where it lists, flows on in serene, untroubled beauty, the central chord in a grand harmony of nature. Overhead there is a flawless sky, and on every hand the mountains stretch away to the uttermost horizon in shades of color, from tints so faint that they are scarcely to be known from the ether beyond, to the rich purples of near peaks, and the deep bluegreens of heavenly wooded spurs which reach down to the water's edge, laving their uncovered foundations in the pellucid stream. At points like these in its course, where the dense shadows fall on the seemingly motionless waters, the river presents some of its most characteristic and beautiful aspects, resembling some still mountain lake, and recalling, by strange analogy, far-off Como and Lucerne.

Sixty-five miles below Myitkina the Mogaung, emerging from between low, flat banks clothed in giant grass, pours its tributary waters into the Irrawaddy. It flows through a district fruitful in serpentine and amber and india-rubber, inhabited by a medley of hill tribes of kindred origin, whose truculence and savagery long prevented its being opened up. The town of Mogaung has earned an unenviable notoriety as a penal settlement. Banishment to Mogaung was régime. Near it is the Endaugyi Lake, from which the Mogaung derives a portion of its waters, and a legend of the country tells of an ancient city at its bottom, suddenly engulfed. Soon after the union of the Mogaung and the Irrawaddy a new range comes prominently into view, broadening out into a beautiful amphitheater of blue hills, at the feet of which the united stream must seemingly come to eternal pause. But the river makes a grand southwesterly sweep, and there presently becomes visible, in the vicinity of the Shan-Talok village of Senbo, the great gorge through which it must pass, known in the nomenclature of the river as

THE FIRST DEFILE.

HERE, in the shadow of the hills, spreads a vast receiving-basin, in which its waters must perforce stay their course, since the narrow and circuitous defile is all too small for the broad stream demanding imperious admission. At this, the winter season, the river threads its way far down amid the sands which in flood-time form the bottom of a great seething lake. There can, indeed, be few more magnificent episodes in the life of a river than this. For when, swollen with melting snow and heavy rain, it rushes turbulently seaward in obedience to the first law of its being, it is here suddenly checked in its course by the iron hand of the mountains. Signs of its terrible recoil are evident on every side. The spectator standing under the barbed frieze of the Goorkha outpost near Senbo, and looking down, first on the now quiet river, and then across a yawning interval to the opposite heights, realizes something of its greater life. Far above the present limit of its waters, to a height of eighty feet, marking the woods with an even line in testimony to its domination, the river climbs in its session of wrath. In a single night it rises fifty feet, as though it sought to sweep the mountains before it, and at such times the defile within is a raging inferno of waters in which no boat can live.

For thirty-five miles the river flows through the mountains of the First Defile, the rocky sides of which, torn and lacerated. lie bare in winter, the embodiment of savagery. This is more especially the case at one point, the most dangerous in the entire defile, where the black rocks rise sheer out of the river's bed, threatening destruction. Through them there has been cut a passage, now high above water-level, for the as they surge down in cataracts, bringing slow country boats which formerly performed with them, in helpless chaos, boulders and

the perilous duty of carrying the mails in the flood season. From May to October the defile is entirely closed to steamers, and even for country boats the service is one of some danger. The journey up-stream is then sometimes of three weeks' duration; the descent is a matter of hours, so fierce is the current. A traveler who made both journeys at a comparatively quiet season has left of the journey up-stream the following account: "The scenery throughout this defile is sublimely grand and picturesque, but in places awful to contemplate as one stands watching the trackers encouraging one another by fiendish vells that echo through the woods, and straining every muscle to gain ground as the boat sluggishly quivers through the fierce rapids now running flush with the boat's gunwale. All now depends on the trueness of the towing-line: that gone and we are lost, for the best and strongest swimmer could not live in such places." Returning in March, three months later, the journey was even more fruitful in excitement. "The danger of the defile had in no way been exaggerated. Indeed, as we shot down the impetuous stream, every moment seemed to be our last. It was with difficulty the helmsmen kept the boats from being carried round by the violent eddies and whirlpools, and the boatmen rowed their strongest against stream to reduce the terrific pace at which we were being borne by the fierce rapids. Our position was too critical to admit of accurate observation."

These are fearful joys to which the present-day traveler is not subjected; yet, for the seeker after it, the swift delirium of a race down the river in its turbulent season is a quite attainable joy any time between May and October. The river, restricted in this portion of its course to a narrow rocky channel, assumes again, though in a less transparent degree, the pure green tint which characterizes it at Myitkina. On each hand the nobly wooded hills run down in echelon to the river's edge, and there is at all times that play of color characteristic of hills piled behind one another in receding distances.

At frequent intervals the hills send down their tribute to the river in streamlets that babble over great polished boulders and gleam and sparkle in the sunlight. This is their season of security and charm. In the rains their music swells to a deafening roar



VIEW NEAR THIHADAW, THIRD DEFILE—VIEW IN THE SECOND DEFILE—A RIVER VIEW—THE RIVER AT SAGAING, NEAR MANDALAY.

trees and sand. Near the lower end of the ous course through the rocks known as the Elephant, Cow, and Granary, enters on one fancifully so named, stretch across in a broken line from shore to shore. For half the year they are covered, but in winter they lie exposed, glistening in the sun, and revealing the true width of the channel, here scarcely more than eighty yards across, but of great depth. Their sheer bare sides, of a polished gray-green hue, afford no footing for life; but on their rugged summits the receding river leaves a thin deposit of rich silt, in which beautiful tussocks of vivid grass find a home, its lively beauty enhanced by the grim setting. In the days soon after the war, when the channel was less known, a small steamer came to a violent end amid these dangerous reefs, which, in the flawless calm of a winter afternoon, present an aspect of placid beauty. Dashing against a rock, she was flung back, sight in the deep, resistless understream.

Below the Elephant and Cow the little hamlet of Tamangyi peeps out from the leafy hillside, and the river, freed from its iron fetters, lengthens out into a long, dreamy reach in which the varied hills and woods and the opalescent clouds that trail like the pinions of another world across the blue sunlit ether attain redoubled beauty. A moment, and the dream sweeps by; the great curtain of the hills folds swiftly back, revealing a distant glimpse of the Shan Mountains; and the waters, sparkling in the broad sunlight, seem visibly to rejoice at the termination of their long and arduous passage through the territories of the First Defile.

Few signs of life greet the traveler between Senbo and Tamangyi. An occasional boat or dugout; a thatched hut high up on the steep declivities; at the lower end some blue-coated Chinese Shans quarrying for stone; a rare pagoda-such are the faint symptoms of man's dominion. For the rest, a startled otter on the glistening rocks; a whiteheaded fish-eagle with keen gaze intent on his prey; a cormorant poised on a stake, and, with obtrusive philosophy, drying his dripping wings; perhaps a panther swimming hurriedly for life across the fast-flowing river; the short, quick call of barking deer, or the sullen roar of a tiger making off up one of the leafy watercourses. All else is

Leaving the hills, the river spreads out to defile the river, winding a narrow and sinu- ambitious dimensions, and flowing past the site of ancient Sampenago, receives, before it reaches Bhamo, the tributary waters of of its most exquisite passages. The rocks, the Taping. The town of Bhamo, like the river on which it rests, lives a double life. In the rains its low grounds and pasturelands lie flooded by the encroaching river. Its tenements on the river face exist on sufferance, in imminent danger of being flooded and swept away. Its streets are moribund and of squalid appearance. One looks in vain for the famous trading-town on the border, the southern gateway of China, the traditional meeting-place of Chino-Burmese commerce. One looks in vain, because the road to China, on which so many embassies have traveled, is impassable for caravans in the rains, and Bhamo has perforce relapsed into a small and un-

important Burmese town.

But the approach of winter heralds a great change. Over the wild border-land, through which winds the ambassador's road, and sank almost instantly, and was lost to roughest of international highways, come the long caravans from China-thousands of hardy mules, hundreds of blue-clad laborers, and numerous portly merchants filled out to abnormal size by dint of many satin coats and furs, astride small ponies, which amble hardily along. From the Shan States, north and east, come picturesque crowds of varied nationality, a permutation of Chinese, Burmese, and many-tribed Shans. And from the border highlands descend the cateran Kachins, to whom the British government now pays a fixed toll, in lieu of the income they formerly derived, by robbery, murder, and blackmail, from the traders making their way along this dubious highway. Bhamo now breaks out into life and color, exchanging its moribund isolation for the concourse of many visitors, like any tourist resort in the season. The streets bustle with animation, and the market-place of a morning is a picturesque rendezvous. The country folk come in with supplies of vegetables and greens, and business is brisk in the early hours of the morning. There is a genial hum of voices and laughter in the air, and the play of color and gesture is full of absorbing interest. Along the stony highway the trader from Yun-nan rides by in a fast amble, seated far back on his shaggy steed. An almond-eyed coolie, a man of thews and sinews, struggles slowly behind him, stooping under a heavy load. He might have stepped out from a Chinese vase. Following him, one is presently in China street,

of Yun-nan Chinese, whose long pigtails, woven at the end into a tassel of red silk, are crowned by a slight dome-shaped cap of black satin. China street is a busy thoroughfare, and there is little leisure to loiter. A loud clatter of hoofs on the stone pavement behind interrupts one's reflections, and a trio of worthy traders amble rapidly past, one of them to dismount a few yards ahead at a more pretentious shop. A small lad leads off his stout nag, with its paraphernalia of tasseled trappings swaving about it. through an impossible-looking passage to a stable hidden away in some presumptive back yard, while the man of trade, stretching his legs, cramped in the short, high stirrups of his people, yields himself up to the attentions of his wife, on whose round Celestial face there is spread an affectionate smile. A small crowd of his friends presently gather round him to hear the news. and there, seated cross-legged on the floor of his counting-house, smoking the long pipe of ease, we may leave him, to observe a group of approaching Shans. Clad in dark, broad, silk trousers and vast red-tasseled hats of straw, they are sufficiently picturesque. The Shans move on, and are presently followed by a Kachin, with an embroidered bag slung under one arm and a broad dah across his back, its under side naked, its outer face sheathed in a wooden scabbard. He and his fellows come down from their hills with vegetables and fruits, and such sundries as a tiger-skin, some gold-dust, or a spinel picked up in a watercourse, and barter these in Bhamo for the civilized commodities they desire. On the outskirts of the town, facing the highway, stands the Kachin waing, or caravansary. It is not the place of entertainment in which Harun-al-Rashid might have sojourned, for it consists merely of three open sheds inclosed by a bamboo fence. Yet it is possessed of a primitive interest. The Kachin, who carries his few necessaries with him, is content with such shelter as a bare roof may afford, and it is here in the waing that he sleeps and feeds during his visits to the town. If you go out there in the early morning, while the river mists still lie brooding over the low pasture-lands of Bhamo, you will see him making ready his breakfast. A small black earthen pot is perched over a fire of slender twigs, and seated before it, surrounded by the baskets of fruit and vegetables he has brought down to sell, he leisurely peels a pile of onions,

flanked by roomy shops tenanted by groups dropping them one by one into the simmering pot, in which a handful of small fry are already stewing. Hard by, his fellow pares small fagots, with dexterous dah strokes, for the fire. From the basket of necessaries neat bamboo cylinders are drawn forth in succession, and little clouds of salt or a shower of red chilli-dust is added to the fish now nearly ready. Finally a stouter cylinder of bamboo, which contains drinking-water filled the previous day at a mountain stream, is placed close by, and then, taking off the soot-incrusted pot, the meal is served with a savagely phlegmatic indifference to observation. The same process is going on throughout the waing, and one presently passes out by the small mat cottage at the gate, in which a spruce clerk is seated, compiling trade statistics, with a sense of emerging from a primitive exis-

In another quarter of the town is the Shan waing, so called, even more primitive in its hospitality than the Kachin shelter, for the Shans and Panthays who frequent the spot are all encamped out on the open plain. Yellow masses of straw lying scattered about contrast with the blue clothes of the mule-drivers hard at work packing innumerable sacks with dried fish and with salt taken from snowy heaps of that commodity. You will see them seated out there in the open, chatting and laughing hoarsely. far into the night, in groups collected round blazing fires. Out of the dusk there looms an indefinite suggestion of pack-saddles piled in heaps and pack-animals herding close together from instinct. Overhead the stars gleam brightly in the clear winter sky, and a few paces away the river flows darkly past, with a hurtling murmur against the high mud cliffs.

THE SECOND DEFILE.

A FEW miles below Bhamo the Irrawaddy, leaving behind it a great mass of mountains the loftiest peaks of which are the possession of China, glides into the gorge known as the "Second Defile." There are no signs here of a vast accumulation of waters similar to that at the mouth of the defile above. The channel, broader and less obstructed, offers a more adequate highway, and the river is less turbulent in its entry. Yet on all sides there is grim testimony to its power in the pedestals of the surrounding hills, torn, contorted in the most fantastic patterns, and swept bare of every vestige of life to a height of thirty feet. It is this

sense of conflict between vast elemental forces of nature, of eternal battle between mountains and river, which, felt intensely here, makes the Second Defile, briefer than the others, a great spectacle of the world. Near the northern entrance a mighty cliff, which turns its worn, precipitous face to the river, speaks with convincing eloquence of the conflict. It rises sheer into the sky from the water's edge, eight hundred feet from its massive foundations, made smooth by the constant friction of the speeding river. to the delicate clustering bamboos on its summit. Round its base graceful creepers grow and climb, hanging in festoons amid the branches of noble trees. A pagoda in miniature, one of the smallest of the myriads which taper heavenward in this land of religion, crowns the top of a small rock at its feet. Its diminutive size throws into wonderful relief the great rock, seared with the stress of centuries, which towers in colossal majesty behind it. An instinctive hush settles down on the ship as we race under its shadow, and there is deep silence in the gorge, broken only by the steady paddlethrobs, which echo like mysterious heartbeats through the glen. In this battlechamber of nature, stamped with the records of a long, unceasing strife, the human soul shrinks into itself, finding no vent in the commonplace.

There is a legend attached to the great rock that is not unworthy of its tragic grandeur and beauty. It is a tale of the first king and queen of Sampenago, who were driven in a far-away day from their kingdom by Kuttha, the king's brother. The king, with a truly Buddhist philosophy, when he heard of his brother's advance, forbade any resistance. To take life would be wrong, and the issue must turn on the extent of his accumulated merit through all past existences. If this were great, the threatened evil could not befall him; were it small, it could not be averted. So while the king turned to prayer and good works, his princes and generals stayed their measures for defense until the usurper swept in on the tide of destiny and seized the kingdom. The king fled, but was pursued, overtaken, and cast into prison. The queen escaped to the enchanted mountain Wela, where a son was born to her in her sorrow. When the little Prince Welatha ("son of Wela") was six years old, he saw his mother in tears, and by questioning her learned that he was a prince and his father a captive. When he

tunity, and sent him with her royal ornaments to visit his father. On approaching Sampenago, he met his father being led out to execution. The brave boy stopped the procession and revealed himself, offering to die instead of his father. The King Kuttha thereupon ordered him to be thrown into the Irrawaddy. But the river rose in tremendous waves, the earth shook, and the executioners could not for terror obey the royal order. This being reported to Kuttha. he ordered that the prince should be trodden to death by wild elephants; but the beasts could not be goaded to attack him. A deep pit was then dug and filled with burning fuel, into which the prince was cast; but the flames came on him like cool water, and the burning fagots became lilies. When Kuttha heard this he grew furious in his rage, and had the young prince taken down to the spirit-haunted mountain and cast from the great precipice into the river; but he was caught up by a Naga and carried away to the Naga country. The earth quaked, many thunderbolts fell, the Irrawaddy rolled up its waves and broke down its banks. Kuttha was seized with terror, and, as he fled forth from the city gate, the earth opened and swallowed him up.

It is not the least interesting feature of many legends in Burma that they enshrine the traditional knowledge of some ancient historical or geological fact, and it may be that in this pretty tale we have a record of some convulsion of nature, an episode in the ceaseless conflict between the great river and its encompassing hills.

This, the place of the Great Cliff, is the finest portion of the Second Defile. Soon after leaving it, the river sweeps round in more than a semicircle, to emerge once more in untrammeled splendor at the foot of a gently rounded hill tinted with reddening heather, like the broad-backed English downs which Tennyson loved, which keep sentinel by the sea near his sheltered home.

Where, far from noise and smoke of town, He watched the twilight falling brown, All round a careless-ordered garden Close to the ridge of a noble down.

Below the defile lie the island and village of Shwegu, through the tree-tops of which gleam the golden spires of many pagodas, the center of a great annual festival attended by many thousands of pilgrims. An island of green and gold set in the folds of the sunlit was seven his mother yielded to his impor- river, which fades away to steel-blue mist summits of which an army of opalescent clouds is enthroned, Shwegu is thrice lovely.

Henceforth, till it reaches the Third Defile, the river's course is uneventful, save where, encircling many islands, it receives from China the many-mouthed homage of the Shweli, one of its principal tributaries. Yet it never ceases to be beautiful. At evening the sun sinks to rest behind the clear-cut amethyst hills in a blaze of golden light, and the beautiful hues of sunset pervade the still reaches, slowly changing like chords of divine music till they pass imperceptibly away into the gray dusk of twilight. Later the stars shine out in the clear winter sky, and their light, like quivering spearpoints, plays on the dark face of the waters, hastening untired to their union with the The beautiful constellation of the Great Bear, climbing the heavens, points coldly northward, where imagination pictures the snows of æons lying on the summits of mountains on which man has left no footprint. Near by, the lights of a small village die out one by one, and the hush of sleep broods over hillside and plain. The silent ship, like a tired bird, sways gently on the bosom of the calm, eternal river. It is midnight on the Irrawaddy.

THE THIRD DEFILE.

BELOW the picturesque village of Male, inclosed in a red-thorn stockade, the river, for the third time in its course between the Confluence and the sea, forces a right of way through hilly country. Male was once the resting-place of a fugitive queen, and for a short time served as a royal capital. In later days it was the Burmese customsstation on the upper river, and in the last days of 1885, when the kingdom of Burma was hastening to its dissolution, a fleet of the king's war-boats and steamers lay at anchor at Male, in wild hopes of a French advent across the frontiers of Tonquin. But the French never came, and the last of the house of Alompra was already on his way into exile, followed by his weeping wife and a stricken court, before his Majesty's itinerant ambassadors in Europe had concluded their wanderings in search of an alliance. Leaving Male, the river, confined between low hills, flows in tranquil splendor under the shadow of the Shwe-u-daung, the bare, serrated peak and sharp declivities of which rise majestically into the sky, like the Spanish hills beyond Gibraltar. The Shwe-u-daung, six into the fence of wood and stone built in an

at the threshold of the mountains, on the thousand feet in height, is the outer citadel of that fortress of magnificent mountains in the chambers of which are treasured the finest rubies of the world. Sixty miles inland, in the beautiful Mogok valley, are the famous ruby-mines of Burma. The road is rough and steep, and for five months each year impracticable for wheeled traffic. At best, it is hard going for the long trains of bullock-carts which creak and toil along its ruts, laden with machinery for the mines and all the requirements of a colony of Englishmen planted in a secluded valley sixty miles from a highway of communication. The traveler on horseback, lightly equipped, can make the journey in two days. Preliminary difficulties overcome, the journey through the wild and uncivilized mountains, till quite recently the haunt of numerous banditti, is one that well repays him.

> Mogok itself, surrounded by magnificent peaks like the Pinkudaung, seven thousand feet in height, and apt to be transfigured at sunset in a glow of red fire, suggestive of their priceless contents, is unique in its seclusion and its world-known fame.

> Below the village of Thabeitkin—the port of Mogok, on the Irrawaddy-there is a charming island pagoda and monastery. Once, and it is not many years ago, the monastery was tenanted by an abbot and his monks and acolytes. Every year, at a great annual festival, the country-side came over in long boats and dugouts, and the pagoda platform was gay with the brilliance of a Burmese festival. Monastery spires and columns, the chapels of the Buddha, and the slopes of the island pagoda were renovated and gilded with the lavish gold of Burmese Buddhism. In the still waters of the river between the island and the near shore dogfish, tame and gentle from years of immunity, came each day to be fed by the monks, and at the year's festival to be decorated with leaves of gold by the followers of a religion the highest attribute of which is its tenderness for all created life. To the traveler the pagoda of Thihadaw, with its singular appanage, was one of the most interesting spectacles to be met with on the upper river. But a few years have wrought a change, which is not without its symbol-The island pagoda, set in the heart of the Third Defile, is still beautiful; but the fingers of decay are busy with its monastery roofs and spires. Their halls and closets lie empty and deserted. The waters of the river are slowly but certainly eating

earlier decade to protect the island, and time will bring destruction. The monastery fish, no longer fed by its tenants, no longer protected by their presence from secular attack, have grown wild and timid, and no artifice will now induce them to come when summoned by the familiar call. It is believed that the island, consecrated to religion, can never be flooded, however high the river may rise. The pagoda is still firm on its base, its buildings still habitable; and yet it is silent and untenanted. No one will say why. The old monks at Thabeitkin shake their heads and mutter impossible reasons: the fishermen of Thihadaw village say it is because their village has become small. An evil legend, which broods sadly over the deserted fane, attributes it to another and a harsher cause. But whatsoever the cause. the result is there, and, in a sense, it is symbolic of an inevitable decadence. Fewer monasteries are built now than in years gone by; fewer scholars chant their lessons is a loosening of the bonds of a great reother in the world.

At Thihadaw the defile grows to greater beauty. The single line of hills which has confined the river on each bank rises in height and breaks up into a greater variety of groups, through which the river wanders in long reaches and curves, as placid and calm as untroubled slumber. At Kabwet village, where an enterprising German works the coal-mines of the neighborhood, the river emerges in a great curve from the midst of the higher hills, and widens out, though still restrained for many a mile by low, undulating country, beautiful in December with warm autumn hues, till, at Kyaukmyaung, the Third Defile quietly ends. The view, hitherto confined, now broadens out, and far ahead on the river's horizon loom successive spurs of the Shan Mountains, towering in stately beauty above the distant city of Mandalay.

Here the great defiles of the Irrawaddy end. The river, leaving its infancy and hot, strenuous youth behind it, settles down to maturer life, till at the delta, still many hundred miles distant, its power is broken and ultimately lost in the ocean.

The present-day traveler in Burma is borne along the great highway under conditions that favorably compare with those of Europe. For nine hundred miles the Irrawaddy is navigated by the steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, most of is made more so by time. Moung Bah's wish

which are handsomely equipped with all the resources of civilization. For purposes of rapid travel the fast mail-steamers are the more suitable; but for interest and local color, and for the unique insight they offer into the life of the people, the great cargo-boats of the Irrawaddy are much to be preferred. To the gay, light-hearted Burman, whose philosophy is perfect indolence, and to whom time is infinite in its opportunities for doing nothing, the speed of the express-steamer is no attraction. A Burmese village, which treats the arrival of the mail-packet with calm indifference, is plunged into sudden excitement when the hoarse whistle of its slower fellow is borne up the river. On such occasions, Sleepy Hollows, where no one appears to have anything to do but doze in a comfortable corner or bathe in the cool river, attain to quite ridiculous energy. For to every little village secluded from the great world beyond it. save in so far as it rests on the shores of in the monastic schools; everywhere there the noblest of highways, the cargo-boats, with huge flats in tow, mean the advent of ligious organization, equaled only by one news, of gossip, and of trade, things especially dear to the Burman woman's heart. Each week they leave Mandalay, the center of all things to the upper Burman mind, for the long voyage up the river to Bhamo, and they bring with them all that a Burman heart can desire, all that a Burman village cannot furnish, from tinned Swiss milk and potted salmon to silk and pearls. The process is eminently simple. The cargo-boat and at least one of her flats are partitioned out into stalls which are let for the entire voyage, a matter of nearly a fortnight, from Mandalay to Bhamo and back. But the stallholders are wisely conservative, and frequently retain their stalls for years. In this way they build up a business connection, and are well known in all the towns and villages along the river. Thus, if the head man Moung Bah of Moda village wishes for a new silk putsoe of the fashionable zigzag pattern, or his wife a tamein of the new apple-green and pink tartan, or Mahla, the village belle, a necklace of Birmingham pearls, they go down to the steamer landing, and with much detail describe their requirements to Ah Tun, the Chinaman, or Sheik Ibrahim, the Mohammedan trader, whose long gray beard contrasts strikingly with the hairless faces about him, and, in the fullness of time, the "fire-boat," trumpeting its advent, brings to each of them his heart's desire. The transaction, gratifying in itself,

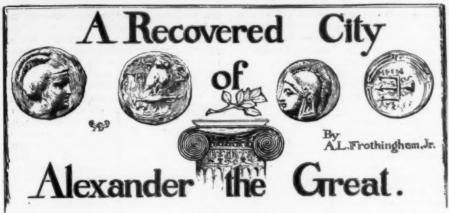
dealer, or a glimpse of a Mandalay dandy, when the last boat passed through. A week's deep reflection, eked out by clouds of green tobacco and the enthusiastic advice of his neighbors; a calculation of ways and means, based on the length and breadth of his credit with the dealer, have brought him to a pleasant decision before the boat's return down-stream; and then, the order given, there follows a period of blissful anticipation. If you are traveling up in the boat next voyage, you will see Moung Bah sitting on his haunches on the high foreshore of Moda village, chewing betel-nut with apparent calm; and when the boat is run alongside, and the lascars plunge overboard into the river with a rope to make her fast, and the gangway-planks are laid, Moung Bah will walk up gravely to the upper deck and enter into possession of his long-expected purchase. A period of further excitement will follow on his return home, when the fashionable garment will run the fire of domestic criticism and the loud praise of the village cronies. Business transacted under such conditions, however unsatisfactory it may appear to a feverish Western observer, is laden with subtle charms for the more placid Oriental. Time, the mere element of hours and minutes, is a thing of no account in a bountiful land where there are no paupers and no poor law, in a smiling land where it is always afternoon.

The deck of a cargo-boat is itself a delightful microcosm of Burmese life. Down the center there is the long double line of stalls, back to back, each stall separated from its neighbor by a row of bales or boxes; and in the small square spaces between, the stall-holders have their habitation. Here, at all hours, you will see them seated on gay carpets, reclining on soft quilts, slumbering under silk tartans of beautiful composition, flirting, gossiping, smoking contentedly, or playing animated chess. A Burmese game of chess is a unique enter- years, and in some cases a lifetime.

for a fashionable garment was probably in- tainment, and one which can generally be spired by an eloquent hint from the silk- seen played to perfection on a big cargosteamer. Everything appertaining to it is of massive proportions. The chess-board is of solid wood nearly two feet square; the squares look gigantic; the pieces, rudely carved, are made to stand hard usage, for the Burman throws a curious vigor into his play, each piece being brought down on the board with a sounding whack. In addition to the players, there is always a group of friends and self-constituted advisers round the chess-board. Each of these takes a keen interest in the game, and pours forth advice with great eagerness. The player, with an amiable, superior smile, plays his own game, and when this is at variance with proffered advice, each move is followed by long-drawn sounds of pessimistic regret and much resolute head-shaking. One or two spectators, who do not fully understand the game, look on in silence, smoking their long green cheroots in a manner suggestive of deep and concentrated thought. The game, in short, is interesting, because there is so much human interest in it.

The flats in tow of a cargo-steamer are occupied, as a rule, by a poorer class of stall-holders than those in the steamer itself. Silks, cotton goods, fur coats, socks, linen, china, pottery, ironware, and the gewgaws of vanity here give way to the necessities of life-to salt and onions, piles of imported flour, molasses in little rhomboids like taffy. sugar in great crystalline heaps, baskets of potatoes, red and vellow chillies, and raw produce of the most bewildering variety. Most of the stall-holders here are women. The atmosphere is wholly different from that on the adjoining steamer. The curtains are let down, and a soft half-light pervades the flat. In the dim vista, broken here and there by bars of light in which the myriad motes riot, women lie asleep, resting against soft flour-bags, or sit chatting in undertones in small groups. In this way the hours and weeks pass by, till they grow to





merely as a memorial of Alexander's Panfinancial assistance, and his name remains inscribed as its dedicator upon the walls of the temple of its patron goddess, Athena, famous even in antiquity for its beauty, and still remaining, though in ruins, without a rival, except the Erechtheum in interesting marble statue of Alexander has even been found in one of its earlier houses. and the assurance of the likeness adds to the probability that it is one of the few contemporary portraits of the conqueror.

Priene was built near one end of the former Gulf of Latmos, on the coast of Asia Minor. On a day not far distant from 1000 B.C., when the tide of Ionian migration was setting strongly toward this coast, Greek legends say that Æpytus, son of Neleus, led seems natural, for at this point Mount Myof the rock. Below, toward its base, the in the fresh green of the sprouting crops,

EADERS of THE CENTURY who have rock falls away in a series of widening ter-Readers of the Century who have reces, more and more gently sloping until Great, poetic king of adventurers and they melt into the broad alluvial plain at its dreamer among conquerors, may be sur- feet. It has been aptly said that, looked at prised to learn that a Greek city of his time, from either side, this solitary rock stands complete in all its parts and almost un- out upon the plain like the prow of some touched since it was built, has recently gigantic ship coming into port from the been unearthed in Asia Minor. It arose not north, and throwing up line upon line of waves, that die upon the shore. In modern hellenic triumph, but with his political and times the sea is in the distance, gradually pushed back by the alluvial deposits of the Mæander, and rich crops, waving in the winds and deeply colored by the sun shining through the mists of the wet and pestilential plain, take the place of the waves that in olden times raced nearly to the city gates. Athens, for the perfect proportions and In those days the headland of the bay exquisite finish of its Ionic architecture. An curved so as to give the city a snug harbor, though not so large as those of some of its neighbors.

With such a harbor, with an inaccessible acropolis and an adjoining territory of unrivaled fertility, the site of ancient Priene must have appealed to the practical instincts of the early settlers; but it must also have satisfied all the poetry latent in the breasts of those primitive Ionians. Even now, when, by long centuries of patient accretions, the river has pushed forward the coast-line and a colony of Ionians to this site. Its selection obliterated the gulf, the view from the acropolis rock is one that cannot be forcale, a solitary giant peak rising at the end of gotten. A vivid description is given by one the Carian mountain-range, shot out into the of the explorers: "Looking toward the sea, a rugged spur, held to it by a narrow mountain, the marble rock of the acropolis ridge. On the south side of this spur, over shines silver-gray against the sky, and a thousand feet above the sea-level, was a around and above it circle the eagles whose plateau large enough for the primitive city, aeries are among the rocks. Southward is the and accessible from below only by narrow vast plain traversed by the serpentine line steps cut in the almost perpendicular face of a branch of the Mæander, and clad now fields, now in the golden brown of the with-ering vegetation. The horizon is bounded by the long chain of the Carian mountains, and everything is dominated by the gable-shaped Latmos, with its jagged summit, quite barren, but resplendent with the magic of

Southern color, violet-blue in the morning light, at midday veiled in soft mist, and in the evening wrapped in purple

glow.'

Opposite Priene is the island of Samos, with other islands dotting the sea as far as distant Patmos, while along the curve of the former Gulf of Latmos, at one horn which Priene stood, are the sites of other old Ionian cities-Myus, Heraclea, Pyrrha, Didymi on its plateau, and at its opposite end, twelve miles

the Mæander in earlier times passed into the sea. Some of these sites have been studied or excavated, but none promise so rich a harvest as Priene has already yielded.

In the congress of Ionian cities Priene did not attain to such importance as Ephesus, Sardis, and others; but its antiquity, the fertility of its small territory, and the fact that the meetings of the Panionic congress, at the temple of the national god Poseidon Heliconius, took place within its boundaries, gave it an importance far beyond its size. It was often obliged to defend itself not only against the barbarian Lydians and Carians, and later against the Persians, but also from the continual encroachments of brother Ionians, especially of Samos and Miletus. All the Ionian cities were turbulent and contentious, with intense local pride and ambition, forever bickering among themselves over disputed borders, and yet, with characteristic Greek love of law and form, ready to submit their distimes of danger as the struggle with Persia,

now in the reddish yellow of the ripening the monumental series that covered the walls of the public porticos around the market-place in Priene are those which relate the appeals to arbitration, the decisions of the arbitrators, and the votes of thanks and gifts awarded them.

The city appears to have enjoyed its most

flourishing days in its most famous citi-Greece, is said to

the early history of the Ionian League, and its decadence began in the early part of the sixth century, when it was first captured by the Lydians, then further weakened by a disastrous conflict with Samos, in which zen, Bias, one of the seven sages of have acted as mediator and pacifier. After these misfortunes the Persian leader Mazares had but little difficulty in capturing the city (circa 540 B.C.) and

away, the flourishing Miletus, near which in giving it a deadly blow by selling its inhabitants into slavery. Although Priene took part in subsequent revolts against Persia and placed itself under the Athenian banner, it never regained its power. The very small contingent of twelve ships which it furnished for the great sea-fight of Lade proves its population to have been small, for of its zeal

there can be no doubt.

With this old score of injuries, Priene must have been among the first to hail Alexander's triumphant crusade against Persia, to avenge even at this late day the oppression of two centuries. As soon as the Persian defeat had freed the Prienians from the old fear, it seems as if they must at once have decided to rebuild their city more sumptuously and to woo once more with their commercial enterprise the fast-receding sea. No longer hugging for safety the steep rock of the acropolis, they embraced within the new walls all the rocky terraces that undulated from its base toward the plain and harbor; but in case of any sudden peril, all could putes to arbitration, and ready, also, in such still seek refuge in the old acropolis by the winding line of narrow, rock-cut steps. In to sink them altogether in national issues. this reconstruction Alexander himself took The most interesting inscriptions among part. He appears to have decided in favor



and to have enforced harmony among the Ionian neighbors. He remitted the tribute, granted the privilege of a mint, and may even have contributed from the spoils of Persia toward the building, if not of the city in general, at least of its most beautiful monument, the temple of Athena. A monumental inscription carved on an anta found lying at the south end of the temple and brought to the British Museum states very simply that Alexander dedicated the building.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΣ ΑΝΕΘΗΚΕ ΤΟΝ ΝΑΟΝ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΗΙΓΟΛΙΑΔΙ

(King Alexander dedicated this temple to Athena Polias.)

The beauty of this temple fascinated even the ancients. Its architect was Pythios, said

also to have been author of the the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus. one of the seven wonders of the world. This architect's ideals were embodied in his architectural "Commentaries." one of the books from which Vitruvius gleaned most of what he tells us of Greek architecture in his famous manual written early in the reign Augustus.

A study of his masterpiece, in ruins, will be the best introduction to the city itself. for there is good reason to suspect that Pythios built several of its other public buildings, especially the temple of Æsculapius, and even planned the entire city. At all events, the temple of Athena was the quintessence of the architectural style expressed, though less exquisitely, throughout the city. It stood near its upper west end, on a long, narrow, rocky terrace overlooking most of the streets. There it remained after the city had been abandoned in Byzantine times, untouched except by fire or earthquake, and unknown to lovers of antiquity until it was visited in 1765 by Chandler and Revett in the

of Priene the territorial dispute with Samos, lands on behalf of the Society of Dilettanti. Although their careful drawings established the temple's reputation in the world of art, for more than a century afterward the temple and Priene remained unsought except by a few transient visitors, until the same venerable Society of Dilettanti decided to supplement its former work by sending Mr. Pullan to Priene, in 1868, to clear and excavate the temple. The results of his successful labors are given in Volume IV of the "Ionian Antiquities." Under the imposing masses of debris Mr. Pullan found the columns and walls still standing to an average height of over six feet, while lying about were all the necessary elements for a reconstruction of the upper part. The British Museum was made the richer by architectural details of great beauty.

The temple was not large (one hundred and twenty-one by sixty-four feet), but its

proportions were so perfect and its surroundings and approaches arranged with such a knowledge of perspective and composition as to give it greater apparent size. It stood on the narrow west end of its conspicuous rocky platform, which ended. back of it, in jagged rocks. Fifteen feet separated it from the line of precipitous rock ris-

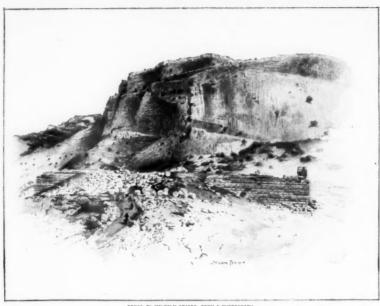


ROCK-CUT STAIRWAY TO THE ACROPOLIS.

ing to the acropolis at the north, and sixty feet from the retaining-wall on the south. where a beautiful Doric colonnade afforded a promenade along the edge that overlooked the city. East of the temple was a square area of about one hundred and twenty-five feet, widening toward a monumental entrance from the city at the east end. The ascent was beautifully graded. Two steps led to the main platform, five easier steps to the square portico, or pronaos, and three more to the threshold of the sanctuary. The view to the south embraced the busy marketplace in the foreground, with its surrounding streets, and beyond it the stadium.

The dedication by Alexander shows that course of an extended tour through Greek the construction of the temple was under

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DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS AND CITY, WITH THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EXCAVATIONS.

Asia Minor in 334 and his death in 323. As to which even an approximate date can be attached, and as, in fact, most of the ruins date from the period of Roman dominion, this makes the temple of Athena historically invaluable. The material was a bluish marble of fine grain and susceptible of a high polish. quarried from the neighboring mountain, though certain details, such as the capitals of the antæ, were of fine white marble. The masonry is so fine that the joints are almost invisible, put together with iron cramps, except for the bases and frusta of the columns, which are held together by copper dowels, as in the Mausoleum. The columns, six on the ends and eleven on the sides, differed in their proportions from the Ionic columns of Attic buildings in having the swelling in the upper instead of the lower half of their shafts. Another and far more important peculiarity is that there was no frieze, the cornice being set directly upon the architrave. This absence of the frieze, though shown by Mr. Pullan's excavations, was not thought possible until the German explorers found the same fact repeated in the temple of Æsculapius, which they have recently excavated along the edge of the market-place. These two temples are the only instances thus far known of the omis-

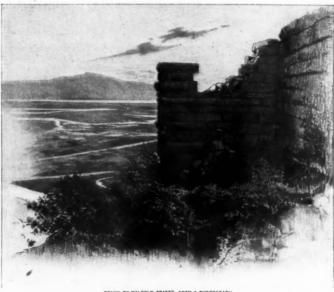
way between the time of his march through sion of the frieze in the Ionic style, and they become all the more important in the histhere are few Greek temples in Asia Minor tory of the order. Probably the lost "Commentaries" of Pythios would have informed us why he introduced these two novelties, for they may be part of his peculiar style, and one of the reasons for his wide reputation. The details in the ornamental work of the temple retain all that fourth-century delicacy that was to evaporate very soon after its close with the growing carelessness of workmanship that led to the sacrifice of details in favor of striking general effects. The choicest and richest carving is on the cornice, crowned by a delicate honeysuckle ornament in sharp relief, interrupted at intervals by very decorative heads of lions.

> The history of the temple since its construction is almost a blank. Its approaches were somewhat changed in Roman times, and this is shown, by an inscription on the upper step leading from the inclosure, to have been done under Augustus. In it these steps are dedicated to Athena Polias and Augustus by Marcus Antonius Rusticus. However, the ruins illustrate one interesting episode in the history of the city and the temple, connected also with the history of Asia Minor, just before the Roman conquest. It was known that toward the middle of the second century B.C. Orophernes, for a time King of Cappadocia, had deposited the regal sum of

four hundred talents with the Prienians, who placed it for safe-keeping in the treasury of Cappadocia soon after into the hands of pressure of danger, and the temple has unexpectedly yielded indirect proof of this incident and of Orophernes's gratitude. It appears that, after the clearing of the temple site by Mr. Pullan in 1868, the peasants of the nearest villages proceeded to act on the common foolish notion of the natives that the Europeans were excavating for treasure. and lost no time in ransacking the ruins and using the stones for building-material after displacing them. So that when, less than a year after Mr. Pullan's departure, Mr. Clarke, then living in Asia Minor, brought his wife and niece to see the ruins, he found native masons busy pulling to pieces the heavy stone pedestal in the temple cella on which the cult statue of the goddess must originally have stood. They had already removed its upper courses, leaving only the four central stones at the bottom. While poking in the dirt among the upturned stones the visitors found a silver coin, which proved to be fresh from the mint and to bear the name

pected that others might be found under the lower stones still in place, and ordered the the temple. The vicissitudes of fortune gave masons to turn them over with their crowbars. Under the first was a similar coin; Ariarathes, a rival prince, and he claimed under the second another; while the third the deposit, probably on the plea that it be- yielded part of a ring and crumbs of gold, longed to the public funds. The Prienians and the fourth, best of all, a gold oliverefused to betray their trust even under wreath, a terra-cotta seal, and a gold crown. In the scramble that followed this exciting discovery the men found two more similar coins and some gold olive-leaves. All these objects had been placed safely in indentations hollowed out in each stone block before it was placed, and the effigy and name of Orophernes on all the coins make it clear that the offering was by him, and that it must have been the statue of Athena, with its base, probably a thank-offering for the city's faithful custody of his treasure. In the late excavations of the market-place some monumental inscriptions originally on the walls of its portico tell us of the relations of the city to both princes, Orophernes and Ariarathes.

Pleasure in this discovery is quite overshadowed by its sad consequences, almost fatal to the remains of the temple. For the greedy natives, confirmed in their conviction that untold treasure lay buried in the ruins. tore out every bit of the temple that remained in situ-the columns, walls of the cella, steps, and even the entire pavement and effigy of Orophernes. Mr. Clarke sus-down to the foundations. To those who have



YN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

UPPER CORNER OF THE CITY WALLS, AND VIEW OF THE PLAIN.

lately seen the ruins this is one of the most was obtained; a cottage for the staff was mournful instances of the disastrous effects erected on the mountain, above the level of of modern research upon ancient sites that the miasmas; and then, in the autumn of

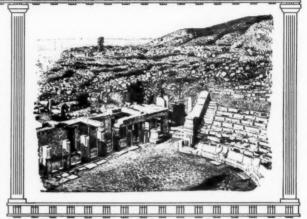
1895, work was begun, with great enthusiasm, under Humann's direction, according to a plan elaborated by Kekulé and himself. After Humann's death in 1896 the work was carried on unceasingly by his colleagues and successors. Wiegand, Wilberg, Schrader, Hevne, Kummer, and others, and has recently been concluded. In the absence of full reports,

PROSCENIUM OF THE THEATER. WEST END.

are too far from civilization for adequate protection.

While the temple had been attaining both fame and final ruin, what of the city? In 1765 Chandler and Revett were quite aware that its ruins lav all about the temple, and later visitors, such as Gell, Leake, and Fellows, also saw them; but Mr. Pullan, in 1868, appears not to have realized their importance, though Thomas, in a beautifully illustrated work on the Gulf of Latmos, better known in its archæo-

logical features. Near it, Miletus and Didymi which will not be made for some time, it were even more carefully explored. It was in 1894, after the Berlin Museum had closed its excavations at Magnesia, that the wellknown German archæologists Humann and Kekulé stopped at Priene on their return from an excursion to Miletus and Didymi. They were not only entranced at the exquisite style of the architecture of the ruins, but amazed at the evidences of the existence of an entire Greek city buried under its own debris, and apparently without that overlay of Roman or Byzantine work that has smoth-



made the entire region general view of the theater, and of the southwest part of the city.

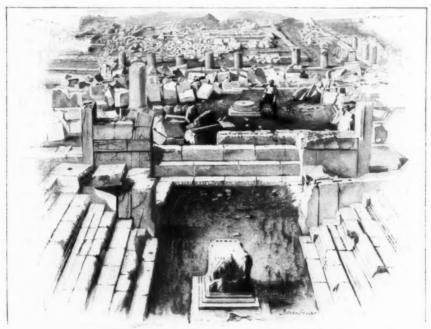
is through the kindness of Professor Kekulé, who has kept the general management of the excavations, that THE CENTURY is able to publish some of the photographs taken by the expedition, and to embody some features of the preliminary statements in the Jahrbuch.

Of the older Priene, built above the ruins of the present city, directly under the acropolis and within it, the exploration has disclosed nothing. The rebuilding at the close of the fourth century extended to a reconstruction even of the walls of the acropolis. ered most Greek monuments in the cities of It must have been as the dying-swan song of Asia Minor. Their admiration at once took the city, for, even though Priene itself had practical shape, and it was decided to exca- never been a seaport, the harbor had grown vate the city on behalf of the Berlin Museum. small and more distant as the entire coast The permission of the Turkish government receded. Even in the time of Herodotus the

that it came to be compared to the valleys of the Nile and of the Tigris and the Euphrates. When Strabo wrote, much later, Priene was already five miles from the sea: since his time this distance has been doubled. and nowall the ancient sites along the former Gulf of Latmos, originally seaports, have become inland cities, and the entire gulf a plain, rich in harvests, but so pestilential as to be uninhabitable.

No wonder that after an uneventful existence under the Roman emperors a deadly silence fell on Priene in early Byzantine times. The inhabitants, after first seeking refuge on the healthier and protecting rock of the acropolis, finally left entirely. We must imagine them as abandoning their houses in the city, carrying with them all portable property. Since then the only damage has been by earthquake, for the site was too distant from medieval or modern towns to serve as a stone-quarry. The difference

river Mæander was famous for the amount sudden destruction to prevent the carrying of its alluvial deposits and the extent of the away of all those house furnishings and orartificial plain thus formed at its mouth, so naments and personal paraphernalia that are so precious in reconstructing the intimate details of human life. Although this is true as a rule, there are, fortunately for us, if unfortunately for the ancient inhabitants, a number of exceptions. Priene had numerous local fires that injured or destroyed certain houses, and in such cases it sometimes happened that the injured house was not repaired, but its ruin was completed, and it was used as a foundation for a new construction. In the course of the present excavations it has been in these houses that were already ruined in Greco-Roman times that the decoration and furniture have been found that supply the most detailed information as to the life of the Prienians in the time of Alexander. They also prove more than this. It has long been conjectured that, in the decorative scheme prevalent at Pompeii in its various phases, the earliest style, belonging to the last century of the republic, was derived from Greek originals of the between this Greek Pompeii and that of Alexandrian age. Priene now supplies com-Italy is mainly that at Priene there has been plete proof of this indebtedness of Italy to no volcanic flood to preserve decorative de- Greece in its decorative wall-paintings, stuctails from atmospheric corrosion, and no cos, carvings, marble tables and pedestals,



INTERIOR OF THE ASSEMBLY HALL, WITH VIEW OF THE MARKET-PLACE, OR AGORA.

dently the fashion that ruled in two such remote regions, at a distance of between two and three centuries, must have been one that prevailed wherever Greek culture penetrated under Alexander and his successors, as well as with the more peaceful invaders who conquered with their arts their Roman con-

querors.

The plan of the city is already perfectly clear. It is evidently the work of one mind. carried out consecutively and unimpeded by previous structures. No enlargement or reconstruction has since taken place radically to affect it. The excavations have slowly disclosed it as it came from its designer's brain. It consisted of about seventy blocks divided by a network of main and side streets cut at right angles, the main streets all running east and west, and the side streets north and south. The reason is evident, for the steepness of the ascent from south to north toward the acropolis made thoroughfares in this direction impossible: no vehicles could pass this way for any distance, and at certain points the ascent was so steep as to make it necessary to cut flights of steps in the rock. The scheme was, first, to follow the lines of streets, and, after clearing them, to attack the city block by block. As work progressed and the military precision of the alinement of the streets and the exactness of each block became evident. their contrast with the natural picturesqueness of the site became most striking. Evidently the man who planned Priene was trained in the architecture of the plains and carried out its type regardless of circumstances. To have followed the lines of the natural terraces, merely accentuating or correcting their lines, would have given winding streets and irregular blocks, as in so many of the mountain cities of early times in Greek and Italian lands. But, like other architects of his time, like Dinocrates, who promised Alexander that he would turn Mount Athos into a giant carrying in his hand the model of a city, the architect of Priene loved to perform tours de force in torturing nature instead of making use of its natural beauties. It is true that in his time cities laid out in regular blocks with streets at right angles were no novelty, for they were known since the Piræus was built a century before; but no earlier Greek architect would have committed the artistic solecism of using this regular plan on such a mountain site. The art of Alexander and his successors was less flexible and applied certain ironclad rules. and structure of the Greek private houses,

vases, and other house ornaments. Evi- When Priene was built, the school retained something of earlier Hellenic simplicity, and it is only in the later schools of Pergamon and Rhodes, and in the cities of Syria, that the Oriental ideals of size and richness obtained complete sway. In default of the lost gorgeousness of Antioch itself, the ruins of Palmyra, Baalbec, and a dozen other Syrian cities, as well as the group at Pergamon, illustrate the climax of the style, and are interesting to compare with the earlier and

simpler scheme at Priene.

In the arrangement of the Prienian streets there is one governing custom beautifully illustrating the difference between Roman private life and that of Greece and the Orient. The houses never open on the main thoroughfares, but on narrow cross-streets, which would be used only by residents. The boast of a Roman that all the world could see what went on in his house would have seemed almost sacrilegious to Greeks and Orientals. The circle of private life was sacred. At present the same ideal continues to rule in some parts of the East: the bare exteriors of the houses give no clue to what lies behind. Sordid exteriors may or may not

conceal sumptuous interiors.

At Rome and Pompeii, as in all Roman cities, the entrances were on the main streets and led straight to the court beyond, and when the curtains were drawn aside the public gaze could penetrate along corridors and across courts and halls to the very end of the residence. There were windows and shop-fronts on the street which gave a gay and varied air to the façade. At Priene the thoroughfares were bounded by two plain high walls unbroken by any doors or windows, and apparently without decoration. There was nothing to distract the gaze from the architectural beauties of the public monuments, such as the market-place with its colonnades, the theater, the esplanade, and the temple of Athena. This simplicity seemed a defect to the succeeding generations, and Hellenistic architecture then adopted what remained the great decorative feature of Oriental cities to the end of Roman rule: I mean the colossal colonnaded thoroughfares, with triumphal arches at the intersections and with decoration of statuary. At Gerasa, Petra, Palmyra, and a dozen other ancient sites, these long lines of lofty shafts are the most characteristic and effective of their ruins. But Priene gives what neither these nor any other Greek sites have thus far given at all fully, the ground-plan

their grouping in blocks and quarters, the arrangement and grouping of main and side streets, the systems of water-supply and drainage, the relation of private residences to public structures, and the many details that show how both public and private build-

ings were used and managed.

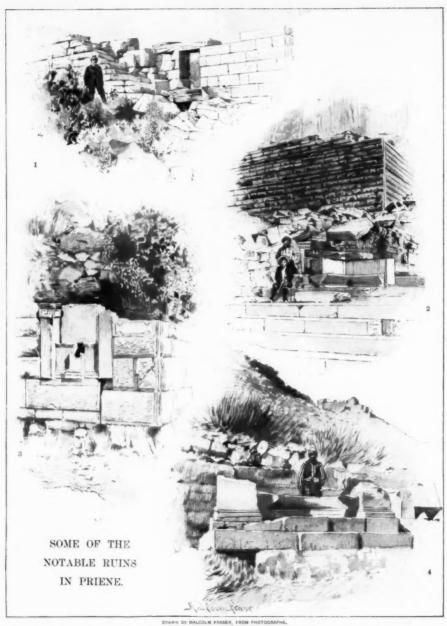
We will enter the city in the wake of the explorers, beginning at the west gate, where excavations were begun. From it proceeded the street that must have been the main artery of the city, leading across to the east gate and forming part of the main road from Magnesia, in the interior, to the cities along the coast. These are the two principal gates of the city; a third small gate on the southeast side seems to have been built to give access to a large spring immediately in front of it. Passing through the west gate, we meet the edge of a ridge, at the farther and wider end of which stands the temple of Athena. Parallel with its base runs the main street, which leads to the market-place in the center of the city. This and the other thoroughfares are from six to seven meters wide, while the steep side streets usually measure only four meters. All these streets are carefully paved with blocks of breccia, and through their middle runs a large conduit by which water was carried to each house in terra-cotta pipes, and fountains were fed at the street-corners.

The city blocks have a uniform frontage of thirty-five meters (one hundred and twenty feet), with a depth of forty-seven meters (one hundred and sixty feet). Each of these rectangles is divided into four houses, one occupying each corner, with entrances on the side streets. The customary size of a private house in Priene was therefore sixty by eighty feet, which is about equal to the average Pompeian house, though squarer in its proportions. The blocks next to the public buildings were sometimes affected suggest. by them and their size reduced. Their exstonework, reminding the excavators of the typical Florentine palace, though in the later houses the stones were dressed smooth. Evidently the plans of each house are made to conform as far as possible to a general Hellenistic type of a rectangular columnar court around the four sides of which the rooms are grouped. But it was seldom possible for the architect to carry out this scheme, on account of the abrupt falling away of the cases even the limited space of the single the fact that the orchestra level was found

block was not sufficient to allow of rooms on one level around all four sides of the courts of its four houses. On one out of the four sides the line of rooms had almost always to be given up. In fact, as far as possible the arrangement was to place the main apartment toward the south, opening on the court through an anteroom, and with smaller communicating rooms on each side.

The interiors of these houses were decorated in a style similar to that of the first period at Pompeii, when it was still entirely under Greek influence, before the arrival of Sulla's colonists. A greater simplicity and a freer use of architectural decoration and of stucco indicate an earlier form of the style. It was quite natural also that, while the Doric order should have been favored at Pompeii, it was the Ionic that was used at Priene. There were engaged columns supporting friezes and cornices, marble tables with lions' feet, large flat marble basins on high feet, candelabra, small marble and terra-cotta decorative statuettes, and a quantity of the delicious terra-cotta figurines and groups, representing mythological or genre subjects, which may have been fastened to the walls, hung from the ceiling, or placed on the tooth-molded cornices, as is suggested by one of the excavators. Not all the public structures make public display: some are as carefully protected from the public gaze as the private residences, and, like them, are entered from the side streets. Near the west gate, for example, is an inclosure devoted to the worship of Cybele, the Great Mother, with a place for sacrifice. but no temple; and from the second side street one enters a court, at the end of which is a hall supported in the middle by three columns and with a platform at the east end -perhaps a meeting-place for the priests of the city, as an inscribed list of priests would

The theater was built in the upper and teriors were usually of heavy bossed rustic steeper part of the city, facing the main street leading from the east gate and backing against the rocky declivity. It overlooks the market-place and is on a higher level than even the temple of Athena. Before the excavations, the theater was so covered up with rubbish that its existence was unknown. Only the well-trained eye of Dr. Wiegand would have suspected that the peculiar angle of a bit of masonry that emerged indicated the corner of the enground from the north to the other three trance passage to a theater. The amount of points of the compass. In the majority of accumulated rubbish may be imagined from



1. WALL OF THE ACROPOLIS, WITH STAIRWAY AND GATE. 2 STAIRWAY ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE MARKET-PLACE, OR AGORA, WITH SEAT AND SUBSTRUCTURES OF THE TEMPLE OF ATHENA. 3. FOUNTAIN AT THE CORNER OF A STREET. 4. HORSESHOE EXEDRA, OR BENCH, IN THE AGORA.

The rear was found to rest on the natural rock, but the sides were supported by retaining-walls which did not follow the curve of the seats, but the rectangular outline of the city blocks. As excavations proceeded, it became evident that no Greek theater had ever been found in which the stage was in such perfect preservation, and few Greek structures of any kind are standing to so great a height. At the west end of the proscenium the entire superstructure stood upon its columns, and even the stone crossbeams remained on the walls of the stage. There even remained extensive traces of red-and-blue color decoration. The orchestra has a radius of seven and a half meters. and is bounded by a semicircular marble bench broken up by five heavy marble thrones reserved for leading magistrates or priests. The altar-never before found in a Greek theater-was placed, not in the center of the orchestra, but against the marble bench, so as to leave room for the chorus. On this altar the traditional gifts to Dionysus were poured out before the beginning of each performance.

This proscenium-if we date it early in the third century-is the earliest known stone proscenium, and is very precious for the history and character of acting among the Greeks, in view of the active controversy still raging on this point. The arrangements of this stage at Priene make it perfectly clear that the main part of the dramas was originally performed not on, but in front of, the stage. According to the excavators, the actors emerged from the stage by three doors, which are still in good preservation, between the columns supporting the proscenium, in front of the decorated walls of which they performed. It was not until Roman times that these arrangements were changed. Then a deep stage was put up, the upper part of the façade of the old stage was torn down, a new stage wall was erected farther in the rear, and the chambers under the stage had then to be strengthened by the addition of heavy tunnel-vaults.

After visiting the seats of religion and amusement, we will pass to the market-place, or Agora, the center of Prienian civic life, where discoveries have been particularly rich and novel. No similar group of buildings has been found in such completeness in any Greek city. The square is reached by a steep ascent along the main street from the west gate. It occupied a central position in the city, and the architect secured a fair level

fully five meters below the present surface. for it, of somewhat over the size of two city blocks, by cutting down the rock on the north side and terracing up at the base. On three sides, uninterrupted by any streets, -on the east, south, and west, -the square is surrounded by connected columnar halls, and this decorative feature is carried eastward of the square for one block around the outside of a sanctuary of Æsculapius, an Ionic prostyle of elegant proportions and beautiful details, resembling those of the temple of Athena, which occupies the entire east end of the square. These halls were divided into many chambers, which served as bazaars or shops. In the center of the square stood the great altar of the city, and here took place the popular festivals and sacrifices. Across the north end ran the main street, and above it came the most effective and monumental part of the square. Here the natural rise of the ground made it impossible to continue the low level of the market-place proper, so advantage was taken of this fact to run a line of seven monumental steps along the whole length of the north side of the square. On ascending them one reaches a promenade stretching on parallel lines above them, and beyond this a stately two-aisled hall devoted to the highest interests of the city, where no traffic such as went on below was allowed. It was a Hall of Fame, a public-record office, a chronicle of the past and present history of the city. Its walls were inscribed with honorary decrees and other documents. Here the chief magistrate, the stephanophorus, gave sometimes a public repast to all the citizens when he took office.

> Besides these architectural features of the market-place there were others that added picturesqueness to its simplicity. There were lines of marble benches placed in front of the columnar halls, along both sides of the main street, and at the top of the monumental staircase; and these seats were used as bases for honorary and other statues of bronze or marble, placed simply on the low backs of these seats used as pedestals. The bench in Scene 2 (page 112) stood at the upper west corner of the steps north of the market-place; on the back of another bench, of horseshoe shape (Scene 4), is an epigram in honor of a victor in the Epidaurian games, whose statue stood, with others, upon the seat's back; in the background is the retaining-wall of the temple of Athena, whence the goddess extended protecting arms over the place where the people met.

Finally we will pass into the inner pre-

cincts of the civic life of Priene in the structures that open into the long two-aisled hall at the head of the north staircase. At the east end a large door leads into a court with rooms on three sides; it has the plan of a house, though it is no private dwelling, but its prototype, "the prytaneum, where the hearth of the city stood, where the prytanes ate in common, with their guests of honor; the house that represented all other houses in their relation to the gods." This city hearth, where a fire was kept perpetually burning, has been identified in an altar-like structure of quarried stone found in one of these rooms. In the court was a marble

table supported by four hermæ.

Immediately west of the prytaneum was a rectangular hall in splendid preservation. and apparently unique. It is the ecclesia, or popular meeting-house of the city, in which we have for the first time made known to us the real aspect of a Greek hall for seated assemblies. Though rectangular, it strongly resembles a Greek theater. At one end of this hall, around a small square space with an altar in its center, there rise on three sides rows of marble seats, while the fourth side, where the proscenium and stage would be in a theater, is merely an end wall with a central niche, five meters wide, used as an immense window to light the entire hall. During the latter days of the city this building, like many others, was ruined by fire; the roof collapsed, carrying with it parts of the upper structure, and thus filling the hall with debris, which preserved everything as it was. This has never until now been disturbed. In Byzantine times a chapel was even built on top of the rubbish, and burials were made in its upper stratum. So perfect is the preservation of every detail that we can reconstruct with perfect ease the scenes that took place in the hall. The general audience entered the hall at the north or upper end by two doors that opened on Propylæa street below the temple, or from the west side street by a third door. On entering, the audience found itself in an encircling gallery, supported by plain square piers, extending round the three sides of lished; but one thing seems already certain,

the hall above the lines of seats reached by narrow flights of steps at the four corners. The notables probably came in by the two stage entrances from the Hallof Columns, to take the front seats

were seats for about six hundred people, and the arrangement, while simple, is perfect for accessibility. In the window-niche, facing the audience, is a long marble bench, with a step in front of it; then, at a slightly lower level, two more marble benches, facing each other, at each end of the higher bench, and at right angles to it. Here sat the presiding officer, with his associates and secretaries. Between them and the audience, in the center of the space corresponding to the orchestra, is an altar where an offering was doubtless made before the beginning of each meeting, and by the side of which each orator probably stood when addressing the audience. The entire hall is of white marble.

I must not forget to mention a remarkable architectural peculiarity of the hall. It is the large window lighting it at the south end and framed by a broad, round arch. It is a well-known fact that round arches were not used by the Greeks except occasionally in drains, underground passages, and similar hidden positions. If not ignorant of the form, they consistently avoided it except where it could be concealed. But here at Priene it is given the most prominent place in the open-another, and not the least startling, of the unique results of the excavations. It will confirm the feeling among art historians that Asia Minor was a favorite breeding-ground for forms of arched and vaulted architecture. That two architects from Asia Minor gave Santa Sophia to the world, and so set the type for the Byzantine style, was only the consummation of many an earlier and humbler effort throughout the Greek cities of this region.

During the closing weeks of the excavations the well-preserved temple of Demeter and Kore was uncovered, as well as part of the stadium below the town, with an adjoining gymnasium, interesting as a purely Greek The last days of (not Roman) structure. Priene were illustrated by the discovery of a Byzantine church above the theater.

It may be premature to predict the precise value of the discoveries at Priene until the results shall have been fully pub-

that they will be a source of keen delight to students of Greek civic life. The inscriptions now being deciphered appear to chronicle the principal events in the history of the city since 200 B.C.



and places of honor. There coin of PRIENE, THIRD CENTURY B.C.

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN CHINA.

BY FANNY CORBETT HAYS.



I is a terrible experience to fall into the hands of a Chinese mob. Inoffensive, goodnatured men are roused to frenzy by evil insinuations against foreigners, and, in-

toxicated with excitement, are capable of

most fiendish atrocities.

As a child of eight, I was taken by my father, an American missionary, into the interior of Shan-tung, to the district now occupied by the Germans. My mother had died a few months before, and my father, anxious to pursue promising work in the interior, took his three children (of whom I was the eldest) and a faithful Chinese nurse to a town four days' journey from Chi-fu. In this place he intended to spend the winter. To make the small mud-walled hut more comfortable for us, he covered the damp earthen floor with boards.

This was instantly resented by the suspicious Chinese. "Why should a man place boards over his floor unless there was something underneath which he wished to conceal?" The old story that the missionary had kidnapped and murdered Chinese children was again widely circulated. It was asserted that he had made a miraculous medicine of their hearts and eyes, with which he could bewitch the Chinese into believing his new religion. The children's dead bodies must therefore be concealed beneath that care-

fully laid wooden floor.

The increasing hostility was observed with great anxiety, and after being twice stoned in the market-place, my father concluded to flee to the county-seat, twelve miles distant, where he could claim protection as an American citizen. We started at midnight. It was impossible to procure animals to convey us; so a few native Christians took their lives in their hands and carried the little children on their backs over the dangerous road to partial safety. I remember distinctly our stealthy creeping through hostile villages, afraid that at any moment the barking dogs might bring our enemies upon us, and our crouching in the early dawn beneath the shelter of a clay bank, while a distant wheelbarrow creaked slowly out of hearing.

We managed to reach our destination in safety, and remained for a few hours in an obscure inn in the suburbs. With great difficulty a cart and two wretched animals were procured, and at the end of a week's travel over miserable roads we were home again. A slight realization of the danger we had escaped came into my childish mind when we were met outside the city wall by the foreign residents and native Christians of Chi-fu, who with streaming eyes praised God for our deliverance.

It was afterward learned that the next morning after our escape—only six hours after our departure—a furious mob of men came to our little house, tore up the wooden floor, looted our furniture, and would undoubtedly have killed us had we fallen into

their hands.

The following spring we children were brought to the United States for our education, and several years passed before I could revisit the now friendly district in the capacity of a full-fledged missionary, possessing a mother-in-law to give me dignity in the eyes of my Chinese friends. (In China the husband is a secondary consideration; the mother-in-law is all-important.)

My husband and I were stationed at Chifu, beautifully situated on the Gulf of Pechi-li. The Presbyterian mission buildings are upon Temple Hill, about a mile and a half distant from the foreign settlement upon the sea-shore, and separated from it by

the densely populated native city.

Crowning Temple Hill is the old Taoist temple, commonly called Li Hung-chang's temple, from the fact that that great statesman resided there while concluding an important foreign treaty. Beyond Temple Hill, covered with a beautiful grove of pine, the horizon is bounded by encircling ranges of high hills, magnificently tinted with the same rich and varied colors seen in the mountains of Colorado.

The latitude of Chi-fu is nearly that of Washington, D. C., and through the stormy winter, when all ports farther north are locked with ice, its harbor is always open. During the summer months the spacious hotels upon the sea-shore are filled with visitors from all parts of China, Korea, and

furious storm ends the rainy season. This is followed by nearly three months of most delightful weather, bright, cool, and bracing, in which the foreigner, white-faced and weakened by the intense summer heat, believes again that life is worth the living.

Early one autumn morning an archaic procession started from our home, bound for a six weeks' journey through the interior. It consisted of two shentzas, each resting upon two stalwart mules, and containing my husband and myself, our two little daughters, and their Chinese nurse; two packmules, loaded down with bedding, provisions. and kitchen utensils; a donkey for the native preacher's use; two muleteers, who watched most zealously over the welfare of their precious animals, and our cook, who was also manager and general factotum, on foot.

A day's journey ahead plodded our cow, called foreign because of the admixture of Australian with native blood, and indispensable for the welfare of the two little missionaries, in a land where fresh milk cannot be otherwise procured. We called this cow the Missionary, but she belied her name, for she was the fiercest animal that ever trod the earth in performance of duties of so gentle a nature.

Days had been spent in preparation for this journey. Fancy, if you can, a nation of four hundred million people doing business with no national system of weights and measures, without railroads or even good cartroads, without any national banking system or paper money, and, with one poor exception, without any legal tender in the shape of coin. The media of exchange are sycee, or raw silver, -cast in molds, or cut up into unsightly chunks, -and copper cash.

There is no recognized standard of weight for determining the value of silver. The Chi-fu ounce is different from the Shanghai ounce, and every community elects its own standard. The price of silver also varies. There may be a dearth of silver in one city, while it is a drug in the market in another.

A cash, rated in American gold, ranges in value all the way from half a mill to one mill. A dollar and a half, let us say, will buy three thousand copper cash. This is as much as a coolie can carry. The money for the journey must be packed on donkeys or mules; sufficient copper cash must be bought to provide for the caravan between one town where there is a market for silver and another, often a journey of three days. It is a very nice problem, therefore, to

Japan. About the middle of September a furnish a caravan with the necessary silver and cash, and to adjust the copper to the backs of the number of pack-mules hired. It was necessary to secure suitable animals and trustworthy muleteers, and to enter into binding agreements with them.

Knowing that little could be procured in the interior except eggs, inferior rice, millet, and sweet potatoes, we carried with us a limited supply of bread, cake, tea, coffee, sugar, ham, tinned butter, meats, and fruit.

Each mule and donkey in our caravan was decorated with bright scarlet tassels and a string of bells. A loose network of rope connected the two heavy bamboo poles. which, placed parallel, formed the framework of the shentza. A few corn-stalks were laid upon the rope netting, and upon these were placed a mattress and the pillows, which were to prop up the swaying frame of the traveler who should be so fortunate as to occupy this palace-car of North China.

Through a large piece of matting arched over the poles, one could look forward over the back of the lead mule, as through an immense old-fashioned sunbonnet. back of the shentza was covered with matting in which a little hole was torn, through which could be seen the bobbing head of the rear mule.

The projecting poles rested upon wooden saddles, which were fastened upon the backs of the mules, and when these animals were fairly warmed up to their work the motion of the shentza was anything but soothing.

When all was ready, the jangling of the bells, the shouts of the muleteers, the good wishes of our friends, and the happy laughter of the two little missionaries announced that our long-planned journey was fairly begun, and we gradually left the sparkling blue sea behind us.

For a little distance we followed the "great road" running through the province to the capital, Chi-nan-fu. This is the only cart-road in Shan-tung, and, compared with the miserable, narrow paths which take the place of roads through the interior, it may be called fairly good.

If one keeps sunny-tempered in China he must be able to use the discrimination in his comparisons employed by a friend struggling with his first Chinese pear. "Compared with an American pear, this fruit might be considered inferior," said he, heroically attacking the specimen before him; "but compared with an unripe pumpkin, this pear is truly delicious."

For the first few hours we met a contin-

men on foot, on donkeys, in carts, in shentzas-tall, stalwart men, with intelligent faces, very different from the puny specimens from southern provinces who are brides going home for the first visit after marriage; women seated on donkeys, with their children packed snugly into the pannier-baskets on each side; peddlers and food-

venders, hawking their wares.

All stared at us, good-naturedly commenting on the "foreign devils." This title never affected one, but through all her life in China a lady never becomes able to enjoy the name "devil's old wife"; this seems to place her yet a shade lower in the social scale. Our little three-year-old daughter, hearing the frequent "shao kwei" ("little devil"), as the Chinese caught sight of her rosy little face peeping through the ragged hole in the back of the shentza, could at last stand it no longer, and leaning out, shouted, "Devil yourself; you 're a devil yourself," in most fluent Chinese, to the horror of her mother, but the great amusement of the Chinese who heard her.

A few miles out of Chi-fu we passed the West Fort and caught a glimpse of a regiment of soldiers marching in great disorder into their barracks. No class in China is more despised and feared by the people than the soldiers, and the vicious character of those composing the army fully accounts for

this estimation.

Many of the soldiers in the Chi-fu barracks are rebels from Ho-nan, fierce and eager for insurrection; many criminals are forgiven a death-sentence on condition that they become soldiers. The army is systematically padded from the farmer and coolie classessham soldiers, who are occasionally called in from their farms by the county magistrate to don the shabby uniform and shoulder the gun and strut valiantly under the careless inspection of a higher visiting official. These men are all in sympathy with, or belong to, the Boxers. What wonder, then, that the Chinese army is no protection, but a continual menace at this troubled time?

We had planned to spend the first night of our journey in the home of a native Christian thirty miles from Chi-fu. Our cook was sent ahead to tell him of our coming and prepare accommodations for the night.

nightfall, we were met by the servant, who

uous stream of people coming to Chi-fu: ful remedies, without which we never traveled, we were obliged to hasten on, for the nearest village containing an inn was five miles distant.

It was late when our tired animals reached found in the United States; gaily dressed the wide doorway leading into the inn courtyard. The heavy doors were thrown wide open, and the landlord, more friendly than most, himself came to welcome us. He called loudly to his servants to assist in lifting down the shentzas. Several men came running from all quarters to the assistance of the muleteers, and bustled about, cheerfully preparing for our entertainment. This reception was in gratifying contrast with the grudging admission we sometimes received. The courtyard doors were at times slammed to and barred in our faces.

Our animals were led to their stalls, which lined the courtvard, inclosed on two sides by the guest-rooms and kitchens of the inn. The best guest-room was already filled with a motley crowd of muleteers and travelers, for it is a case of "first come, first served," in a Chinese inn. In this room at least thirty men were lying, closely packed, side by side on the wide brick bed or platform called the kang.

We considered ourselves very fortunate to get a little, filthy room in which a quantity of grain was stored in several huge baskets made of matting. Rude farming implements were piled in one corner on the earthen floor, leaving no room for other furniture than the brick bed, which was about two and a half feet high, six feet wide, and nine feet long. A small fireplace was built under the kang for heating it on extremely cold nights, and then the large bed would take the place of a furnace, bringing the temperature of the room up to comparative comfort. The matting covering the kang was torn and dirty, and the dust was inches high on the smoke-stained rafters overhead.

We hastened to light a couple of our foreign candles, and then extinguished the inn lamp, which consisted of a flaring wick, floating in a dirty saucer of bean-oil, which smoked atrociously. Our cook brought in the mattresses and made the beds upon the kang, protecting our clean bedding with oil-cloth brought for the purpose. After eating a hasty lunch our weary little ones were soon sound asleep, oblivious of their strange surroundings.

Hot water was brought almost immedi-But as we entered the little village at ately, for we dared not quench our thirst with unboiled water from questionable wells. told us our friend was very ill, perhaps dying. In this we but followed the custom of the with cholera. Leaving for him some power- Chinese themselves, who very rarely drink

paper from the small window at the side of the bed, to admit a little fresh air; the next morning we gave our landlord, wondering at the extravagance and general queerness of foreigners, enough cash to paper it anew. We were kept awake nearly all night by the animals in the courtyard, who shook their bells and crunched noisily at their feast of beans. Every two hours or so each muleteer arose to replenish the food-trough of his own animal. He claimed that it was better for his mule to eat gradually all night long than to eat all his beans at once early in the evening. The fact that a quantity of feed would probably be stolen by a rival muleteer is perhaps the basis of this opinion.

The next morning, after paying the landlord two hundred cash, or ten cents, for the use of the room, and a few cash for hot water (we had eaten our own food), we gladly

started on the road again. The next two nights we arranged to stop at fine, large inns where we were quite comfortable, and becoming accustomed to the invariable noises of the night, we slept well after long, sunny days in the open air. We learned also to adjust ourselves to the motion of the shentza, and as our joints ceased aching, we forgot to wish that we could draw ourselves up into a compact form like a telescope or a turtle.

To insure a quiet trip for the children and their mother, the route was arranged to avoid, as far as possible, large market-towns where it would be necessary to push one's way through dense crowds of men. Once or twice this was unavoidable, and as I looked out on that sea of curious faces, intently staring at the foreign devils, I saw with relief the lightening eyes, the friendly smiles, which instantly followed a glimpse of our little children; and if they overheard them saying "Mama," they were delighted, for their babies also call their mothers "ma-ma."

In the cool of the morning delightful walks were taken over long stretches of level road, bordered by well-tilled farms. The farmers, banded together for protection from thieves and robbers, made their homes in the little towns and villages thickly scattered through the country. The thin sandstone and yellow-clay soil yielded a scanty living in return for the farmer's ceaseless labor. Wheat, millet, beans, and a coarse kind of broom-corn were the principal crops, while in a large district sweet potatoes were raised almost exclusively.

cold water. Before we retired we tore the silver, lead, mica, and even gold have been found; but as long as the farmer owns only the surface of the soil, while all underneath is claimed by the emperor, mining will be vigorously suppressed, unless the permission of the local magistrate has been obtained through a judicious use of bribes. At noen we stopped for dinner and an hour's rest at village inns, and made friends with the women and children who crowded in to get their first sight of a foreign woman and her little ones. At times we could hear the mournful music which proclaimed either a wedding or a funeral procession. The Chinese claim that there is a difference in this music, that there is a "joyful lilt" in that furnished for a wedding, but it takes a trained ear to distinguish this.

If the funeral procession, bearing paper horses, servants, houses, money, etc., for burning at the new-made grave, includes a huge paper cow, one knows that the deceased was a woman dearly loved by her daughters. It is considered a sin to defile pure water. As the woman pollutes a great deal of water in performing her household duties, she is a greater sinner than her husband; she will also receive greater punishment, for she is condemned to drink in the next world all the water she has polluted in this life. The loving daughter, therefore, upon her mother's death, provides a paper cow, which in the spirit-world will perform this unpleasant duty, as her mother's substitute.

Only twice was one of our shentzas overturned, and neither time was any one injured. One morning we were riding along peacefully, my husband in the front of the shentza, and I half asleep among the cushions in the back, when I was startled by his sudden leaping from his seat and his hurried running toward the sharp turn in the road, where the shentza containing the children and their nurse had been overturned.

The muleteer had already pulled out the baby and placed the wee soft thing directly under the heels of the front mule, from which place she was hastily snatched by her father. The muleteer then tugged with all his might at a projecting arm, and finally succeeded in pulling from the overturned mass of bedding and bundles the nurse, who was holding faithfully within her other arm the elder little girl. The shentza was turned directly upside down; this often occurs, especially in making turns, but the occupants are seldom injured.

The muleteers straightened the shentza, Shan-tung is rich in mineral wealth. Coal, with many spiteful references to the despised memory of the mule's departed mother, and the opprobrious names of "crooked stick," "mud fence," and "rotten egg"; but no tears were shed, even by the children, who, however, rode the rest of the day in their mother's shentza. We were soon jogging

along as merrily as before.

Forty miles is considered a big day's journey on the great road, but on the smaller, unbeaten paths we could seldom make much more than thirty. At the end of four days' continuous travel we reached the neat little two-roomed house of gray brick which we expected to call home for the next four weeks. It was built adjoining the village chapel, in which was held a flourishing boys' school, situated on the outskirts of a little village where lived several Christian families. We found it perfectly safe to leave our children here in the care of their faithful nurse, while we made daily excursions to the surrounding villages, returning home for the night.

Occasionally, when the distance was not far, I rode upon a great white mule, while my husband tramped in patriarchal fashion at my side. I had a lofty seat: upon the mule was placed a rude wooden saddle; upon this was placed the saddle-bag, filled with thick quilts to make a more comfortable seat; and upon this I sat, so high up that my feet rested upon the neck of the mule. A Chinaman was once heard commenting on my appearance in this style: "Hai! yah! Do look at that woman's feet! Her shoes certainly can't fall off; look at the buttons on them!"

In my Chi-fu home I always wore our ordinary European dress, but on this inland trip, to avoid needless comment and curiosity, I wore over my black serge skirt a blue cotton garment, cut and made in Chinese fashion. I was glad I had done this, when I visited one morning a village where another lady missionary had preceded me by only a few days. She wore our tightly fitting English dress. I followed in my flowing Oriental garb. She could not speak the language, having been in China but a short time, while I could speak it understandingly, for I was born in China, and had spent several years in hard study after my return from the United States. After I had talked with a crowd of women for some time, I overheard one woman say to the rest: "Humph, this woman can talk! That woman who was here last week wore her dress so tight she could n't breathe out a Chinese word."

Our days were spent in visiting and examining schools, holding services with native overturned, and landed us Christians, and in talking to the crowds of fashion at our very door.

men and women who gathered to see us. My husband preached to the men in an outer apartment or upon the street, while the women and children were invited to enter the room where I sat, away back on the kang, making a place beside me for the friends of my hostess. Those who could find no sitting-room stood tightly packed together on the floor or looking in at the windows; the door was locked to keep the men from pressing

in to stare at the foreign woman.

It was a very easy matter to become acquainted with these kindly strangers. All I had to do for the first few minutes was to answer, as quickly as possible, the questions showered upon me from all sides of the room. "How old are you?" "Is your motherin-law living?" "Have you any children?" "Are they boys or girls?" "How much did your dress cost?" "Do you make your own shoes?" "Is your hair false?" Having answered all these questions good-humoredly (and truthfully), the women began to feel very well acquainted with me, -who would not?-and then, using as simple and clear a style as possible, I would gain a respectful hearing for my gospel message.

One afternoon's experience gave me an excellent commentary on the story of Mary and Martha. I was most warmly welcomed by my hostess, who wished to do something for my refreshment, so she decided she would poach me a couple of eggs. In vain I protested that I had but an hour before eaten my dinner, that I had only a short time to stay with her and could not visit her again, perhaps, for years, that to please me best she must sit down beside me for a quiet talk. No, she must show in her own way how much she appreciated the visit, so she started a fire in her little range, which immediately filled the room with smoke; she bustled about and poached the eggs, amid the loud advice and kindly criticism of her friends, who were too much distracted to listen to my remarks; and as I prepared to eat one of the eggs, to please the poor woman, a message came that the shentza was at the door, and I must leave at once.

The days, filled with happy work, with failures and some degree of success, passed rapidly away, until approaching winter warned us that we must return to Chi-fu.

Our trip homeward but repeated the experiences of our journey inland, except that one of the shentzas, ascending too sharply the little hill upon which our home was built, overturned, and landed us in unceremonious fashion at our very door.



D'RI AND

A Border Tale of 1812 Being the Memoirs of Colonel Ramon Bell By IRVING BACHELLER Author of "Eben Holden" "The Master of Silence" etc

NEXT morning the baroness went away in her glittering calèche with Louison. Each shining spoke and golden turret flashed the sunlight back at me as I looked after them at the edge of the wood. The baroness had asked me to go with her, but I

out and sat by me awhile as I lay in the hammock. She was all in white. A trifle taller and a bit more slender than her sister, I have sometimes thought her beauty was statelier, also, and more statuesque. The sight of her seemed to kindle in me the spirit of old chivalry. I would have fought and died for her with my best lance and plume. thought the journey too long. Louise came In all my life I had not seen a woman of in truth. I have met some of the best born of her sex.

She had callers presently—the Sieur Michel and his daughter. I went away, then, for a walk, and, after a time, strolled into the north trail. Crossing a mossy glade, in a circle of fragrant cedar, I sat down to rest. The sound of falling water came to my ear through thickets of hazel and shadberry. Suddenly I heard a sweet voice singing a love-song of Provence—the same voice, the same song, I had heard the day I came half fainting on my horse. Somebody was coming near. In a moment I saw Louise be-

"What, ma'm'selle!" I said; "alone in the woods!"

"Not so," said she. "I knew you were here -somewhere, and-and-well, I thought you might be lonely."

"You are a good angel," I said, "always

trying to make others happy."

"Eh bien," said she, sitting beside me, "I was lonely myself. I cannot read or study. I have neglected my lessons; I have insulted the tutor-threw my book at him, and walked away, for he sputtered at me. I do not know what is the matter. I know I am very wicked. Perhaps-ah me! perhaps it is the devil."

"Ma'm'selle, it is appalling!" I said. "You may have injured the poor man. You must be very bad. Let me see your palm."

I held her dainty fingers in mine, that were still hard and brown, peering into the pink hollow of her hand. She looked up curiously.

"A quick temper and a heart of gold," I said. "If the devil has it, he is lucky, and-well, I should like to be in his confidence."

"Ah, m'sieur," said she, seriously, a little tremor on her lips, "I have much troubleyou do not know. I have to fight with myself."

"You have, then, a formidable enemy," I answered.

"But I am not quarrelsome," said she, thoughtfully. "I am only weary of the life here. I should like to go away and be of some use in the world. I suppose it is wicked, for my papa wishes me to stay. And bah! it is a prison-a Hôpital de Salpêtrière!"

"Ma'm'selle," I exclaimed, "if you talk like that I shall take you on my horse and fly with you. I shall come as your knight, as your deliverer, some day."

"Alas!" said she, with a sigh, "you would

sweeter graces of speech and manner, and, find me very heavy. One has nothing to do here but grow lazy and -ciel!-fat.'

If my meeting with her sister had not made it impossible and absurd. I should have offered my heart to this fair young lady then and there. Now I could not make it seem the part of honor and decency. I could not help adoring her simplicity, her frankness, her beautiful form and face.

"It is no prison for me," I said. "I do not long for deliverance. I cannot tell you how happy I have been to stay-how unhappy I shall be to leave."

"Captain," she said quickly. "You are not strong; you are no soldier yet."

"Yes: I must be off to the wars."

"And that suggests an idea," said she, thoughtfully, her chin upon her hand.

"Which is?"

"That my wealth is ill fortune," she went on, with a sigh. "Men and women are fighting and toiling and bleeding and dying to make the world better, and I-I am just a lady, fussing, primping, peering into a looking-glass! I should like to do something, but they think I am too good-too holy."

"But it is a hard business—the labors and quarrels of the great world," I sug-

gested.

"Well-it is God's business," she continued. "And am I not one of his children. and 'wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' It was not too good for the man who said that.'

"But what would you do?"

"I do not know. I suppose I can do nothing because—alas! because my father has bought my obedience with a million francs. Do you not see I am in bondage?"

"Be patient; the life of a rich demoiselle

is not barren of opportunity.'

"To be gay-oh! one might as well be a peacock; to say pretty things, one might better be a well-trained parrot; to grace the court or the salon, I had as soon be a statue in the corner-it has more comfort, more security; to be admired, to hear fine compliments-well, you know that is the part of a pet poodle. I say, captain, to be happy one must be free to do."

I looked into her big eyes, that were full of their new discovery.

"I should like to be among the wounded soldiers," said she, her face brightening. "It did make me very happy to sit by your bedside and do for you."

There was a very tender look in her eyes

She started to rise. A brier, stirring in

the breeze, had fallen across her hair. She let me loose the thorns, and, doing so, I kissed her forehead-I could not help it.

"M'sieur!" she exclaimed in a whisper. Then she turned quickly away and stood

tearing a leaf in her fingers.

"Forgive me!" I pleaded, for I saw she was crying. "It was the impulse of a moment. Pray forgive me!'

She stood motionless, and made no answer. I never felt such a stir in me, for I had a fear, a terrible fear, that I had lost what

I might never have again.

"It was honorable admiration," I continued, rising to my full height beside her. "Tell me, ma'm'selle, have I hurt you?"

"No," said she, in a voice that trembled. "I am thinking-I am thinking of somebody

else."

The words, spoken so slowly, so sweetly, seemed, nevertheless, to fly at me. "Of somebody else"! Whom could she mean? Had her sister told her? Did she know of my meeting with Louison? I was about to confess how deeply, how tenderly I loved her. I had spoken the first word when this thought flashed upon me, and I halted. I

could not go on.

"Ma'm'selle," I said, "I-I-if it is I of whom you are thinking, give me only your pity, and I can be content. Sometime, perhaps, I may deserve more. If I can be of any service to you, send for me-command me. You shall see I am not ungrateful. Ah, ma'm'selle," I continued, as I stood to my full height, and felt a mighty uplift in my heart that seemed to toss the words out of me, "I have a strong arm and a good sword, and the love of honor and fair women."

She wiped her eyes, and turned and looked up at me. I was no longer a sick soldier.

"It is like a beautiful story," she said thoughtfully; "and you-you are like a knight of old. We must go home. It is long past luncheon-hour. We must hurry."

She gave me her arm up the hill, and we

walked without speaking.

"I am very well to-day," I remarked as we came to the road. "If you will wait here until I get to the big birch, I shall go around to see if I can beat you to the door.

"It is not necessary," said she, smiling, "and-and, m'sieur, I am not ashamed of

you or of what I have done."

The baroness and Louison had not vet returned. M. Pidgeon was at luncheon with us in the big dining-room, and had much to say of the mighty Napoleon and the coalition he was then fighting.

The great monsieur stayed through the afternoon, as the baroness had planned a big house-party for the night, in celebration of the count's return. My best clothes had come by messenger from the Harbor, and I could put myself in good fettle. The baroness and the count and Louison came early, and we sat long together under the trees.

The dinner was at seven. There were more than a dozen guests, among whom were a number I had seen at the château-Mr. David Parish of Ogdensburg, who arrived late in a big, two-wheeled cart drawn by four horses that came galloping to the door, and General Wilkinson, our new commander in the North, a stout, smooth-faced man, who came with Mr. Parish in citizen's

dress.

At dinner the count had much to say of scenes of excitement in Albany, where he had lately been. The baroness and her wards were resplendent in old lace and sparkling jewels. Great haunches of venison were served from a long sideboard; there was a free flow of old Madeira and Burgundy and champagne and cognac. Mr. Parish and the count and the general and Moss Kent and M. Pidgeon sat long at the table, with cigars and coffee, after the rest of us had gone to the parlors, and the big room rang with their laughter. The young Marquis de Gonvello and Mr. Marc Isambert Brunel of the Compagnie, who afterward founded the great machine-shops of the Royal Navy Yard at Portsmouth and became engineer of the Thames tunnel, and Pierre Chassinis, Jr., and I waltzed with the ladies. Presently I sat down near the baroness, who was talking in French with Thérèse Le Ray, the count's daughter.

"Pardon my using French," said the baroness, turning to me, "for I believe you do not use it, and, my friend, it is a misfortune, for you miss knowing what good company is

the Ma'm'selle Le Ray."

And I miss much pleasure and mayhap a duel with the marquis," I said, laughing; "but I beg you to proceed with your talk. I have learned many words since I came here, and I love the sound of it.'

"We saw British soldiers to-day," she continued to Ma'm'selle Le Ray, in French. "They crossed the road near us on their horses."

Louison came over and sat by them.

"They were not in uniform," the baroness continued, "but I knew they were English; you cannot mistake them.

"And what do you think?" said Louison,

eagerly. "One of them threatened to kiss To Captain Elias Wilkins, me.

"Indeed, that was terrible," said Ma'm'selle Le Ray, "You must have been afraid."

"Yes," said she, smiling, "afraid he would n't. They were a good-looking lot."

"I do not think he was speaking of you at all," said the baroness. "He was looking at me when-

"Ciel!" exclaimed Louison, laughing, "That is why they turned suddenly and fled into the fields."

I fled, too, -perhaps as suddenly as the Britishers, - to save myself the disgrace of

laughter.

The great clock in the hall above-stairs tolled the hour of two. The ladies had all gone to bed save the baroness. The butler had started up-stairs, a candelabrum in his hand. Following him were the count and Mr. Parish, supporting the general between them. The able soldier had overrated his capacity. All had risen to go to their rooms. Of a sudden we were startled by a loud rap on the front door. A servant opened it, and immediately I heard the familiar voice of D'ri.

"Is they anybody here by the name o'

Mister Bell?" he asked.

I ran to the door, and there stood D'ri, his clothes wet, his boots muddy, for it had been raining. Before he could speak I had my arms around him, and he sank to his knees in my embrace. He was breathing heavily.

"Tired out-thet 's whut 's the matter," he muttered, leaning over on one hand. "Come through the woods t' save yer life, I did, an' they was tight up t' me all the

"Poor fellow!" said the baroness, who stood at the door. "Help him in at once

and give him a sip of brandy."

"Tuk me prisoner over there 'n the woods thet day," said he, sinking into a chair and leaning forward, his head on his hands. "They tuk 'n' they toted me over t' Canady, an' I tuk 'n' got away, 'n' they efter me. Killed one on 'em thet was chasin' uv me over 'n the Beaver medders on the bog trail. Hoss got 't' wallerin' so he hed t' come down. Riz up out o' the grass 'n' ketched holt uv 'im 'fore he c'u'd pull a weepon. Tuk this out uv his pocket, an' I tried to git the hoss out o' the mire, but did n't hev time.'

He sat erect and proudly handed me a sheet of paper. I opened it, and read as

follows:

Royal Fusiliers. MY DEAR CAPTAIN: You will proceed at once across the river with a detail of five men mounted and three days' rations, and, if possible, capture the prisoner who escaped early this morning, making a thorough search of the woods in Jefferson County. He has information of value to the enemy, and I regard his death or capture of high and immediate importance. I am informed that the young desperado who murdered my Lord of Pickford in the forest below Clayton June 29, escaping, although badly wounded, is lying at the country-seat of the Baroness de Ferré, a Frenchwoman, at Leraysville, Jefferson County, New York. It would gratify me if you could accomplish one or both captures. With respect, I am, Your obedient servant,

R. SHEAFFER. General Commanding.

"They 'll be here," said D'ri. "They 'll be here jest es sure es God-'fore daylight, mebbe. But I can't fight er dew nothin' till I 've hed some vittles.

"You shall have supper," said the baroness, who, without delay, went to the kitchen herself with a servant to look after it. The butler brought a pair of slippers and a dry coat, while I drew off the boots of my good friend. Then I gave him my arm as he limped to the kitchen beside me. The baroness and I sat near him as he ate.

"Go up-stairs and call the gentlemen," said she to the butler. "Do not make any disturbance, but say I should like to speak

with them in the dining-room." "Is thet air hired man o' yours a Britisher?" D'ri inquired as soon as the butler was gone.

"He is-from Liverpool," said she.

"Thet 's the hole 'n the fence," said he. "Thet 's where the goose got away."

"The goose! The geese!" said the baroness, thoughtfully. "I do not understand you." Went 'n' blabbed, thet 's whut he done,

said D'ri. "Mebbe wrote 'em a letter, goldum his pictur'.

"Oh, I perceive! I understand," said she; "and I send him away to-morrow.

"Neck 's broke with hunger," said D'ri. "Never threw no vittles 'n my basket with sech a splendid taste tew 'em es these hev."

The baroness looked at him with some show of worry.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "did you say the neck of you was broken?'

I explained the idiom.

"Ain't hed nothin' t' eat since day 'fore yistiddy," said D'ri. "Judas Priest! I 'm all et up with hunger."

son and hot coffee he was rapidly reviving. "I'm wondering where I will hide you both," said the baroness, thoughtfully.

"Hed n't orter hev no rumpus here, 'n' go t' shootin' 'n' mebbe spile yer house 'n' furnicher," said D'ri. "'T ain't decent er 't ain't nice. We 'd better mek tracks an' put a mild er tew 'twixt us 'n' here 'fore we hev any trouble. 'T ain't a-goin' t' be no Sunday-school. Ef they can, they 're a-goin' t' tek us dead er 'live. Ef they ever tuk us we would n't be wuth shucks, nuther on us,

efter court martial."

"I shall not permit you to go," said the baroness. "They may be here now, about the house in the dark. They would shoot you, they would stab you, they would cause you to die as you went. No, I shall permit you not to go. There are four of them? Very well; we shall fight here, we shall conquer. We have a general, a count, a millionaire, a marquis, a lawyer, an astronomer, a scout, and," she added, patting me on the shoulder, "le brave capitaine! I have four guns and three pistols, and M'sieur Bell has arms also. We shall conquer. We shall make them to bite the dust."

"Guns, did ye say? Jerushy Jane! Le''s

hev 'em," said D'ri.

"What did he call me? Mon Dieu! Jerushy Jane! It is not I," said the baroness.

Again I explained the difficulty.

"Ain't very proper-spoke," said D'ri, cologetically. "Jest wan' t' say et them apologetically. air guns er likely t' come handy here 'most any minute. Give us guns, 'n' we 'll sock it to 'em."

"We shall sock it to them, we shall indeed," said she, hurrying out of the room. "We shall make them to run for their

lives."

They were all in the dining-room-the men of the party-save the general, who could not be awakened. Guns and pistols were loaded. I made a novel plan of defense that was unanimously approved. I posted a watch at every window. A little after dawn the baroness, from behind a curtain, saw a squad of horsemen coming through the

"Ici! they have come!" said she, in a loud whisper. "There are not four; there are

many.

I took my detail of six men above-stairs. Each had a strip of lumber we had found in the shop, and each carefully raised a window, waiting the signal. I knew my

With old Burgundy and biscuit and vening I had been wiser, possibly I should have an and hot coffee he was rapidly reviving. felt it the more. The horsemen promptly deployed, covering every side of the mansion. They stood close, mounted, pistol and saber ready. Suddenly I gave the signal. Then each of us thrust out the strip of lumber stealthily, prodding the big drab cones on every side. Hornets and wasps, a great swarm of them, sprang thick as seeds from the hand of a sower. It was my part to unhouse a colony of the long, white-faced hornets. Goaded by the ruin of their nests, they saw the nodding heads below them, and darted at man and horse like a flight of arrows. They put their hot spurs into flank and face and neck. I saw them strike and fall; they do hit hard, those big-winged Vespae. It was terrible, the swift charge of that winged battalion of the air. I heard howls of pain below me, and the thunder of rushing feet. The horses were rearing and plunging, the men striking with their hats.

I heard D'ri shouting and laughing at his

window.

"Give 'em hell, ye little blue devils!" he yelled; and there was all evidence that they understood him.

Then, again, every man of us opened his window and fired a volley at the scurrying

One horse, rearing and leaping on his hind legs, came down across the back of another, and the two fell heavily in a rolling, convulsive heap. One, as if blinded, bumped a tree, going over on his withers, all fours flashing in the air. Some tore off in the thickets, as unmanageable as the wild moose. More than half threw their riders. Not a man of them pulled a trigger: they were busy enough, God knows. Not one of them could have hit the sky with any certainty. I never saw such a torrent of horsehair and red caps.

"Whut! Been on the back o' one o' 'em hosses?" said D'ri, telling of it a long time after. "'D ruther o' been shet up 'n a barrel with a lot o' cats 'n' rolled downhill. Good deal better fer my health, an' I 'd 'a' luked more like a human bein' when I come out. Them fellers-they did n't luk fit t' 'sociate with nuthin' er nobody when we led 'em up t' the house-nut one on 'em."

Only one Britisher was brought down by our bullets, and he had been the mark of D'ri: with him a rifle was never a plaything. Five others lay writhing in the grass, bereft of horse, deserted by their comrades. The smudges were ready, and the nets. D'ri and I put on the latter and ran out, placing peril, but I was never so cool in my life. If a smudge row on every side of the Hermit-

age. The winged fighters were quickly the brook," said the baroness, in English, driven away. Of the helpless enemy one had staggered off in the brush; the others lay groaning, their faces lumpy and one-sided. A big sergeant had a nose of the look and diameter of a goose-egg; one carried a cheek as large and protuberant as the jowl of a porker's head; and one had ears that stuck out like a puffed bladder. They were helpless. We disarmed them and brought them in, doing all we could for their comfort with blue clay and bruised plantain. It was hard on them, I have often thought, but it saved an ugly fight among ladies, and, no doubt, many lives. I know, if they had taken us, D'ri and I would never have got back.

I have saved myself many a time by strategy, but chose the sword always if there were an even chance. And, God knows, if one had ever a look at our bare bodies, he would see no sign of shirking on either D'ri

X.

THE shooting and shouting and the tramp of horse and man had roused everybody in the big house. Even the general came down to know what was the matter. The young ladies came, pale and frightened, but in faultless attire. I put an armed guard by the prisoners at the door, under command of D'ri. Then I had them bare the feet of the four Britishers, knowing they could not run bootless in the brush. We organized a convoy, -the general and I, -and prepared to start for the garrison. We kept the smudges going, for now and then we could hear the small thunder of hornet-wings above us. There is a mighty menace in it, I can tell you, if they are angry.

"Jerushy Jane Pepper!" said D'ri, as he sat, a rifle on his knee, looking at his prisoners. "Never thought nobody c'u'd luk s' joemightyful cur'us. Does mek a man humly t' hev any trouble with them air willy-come-

bobs." He meant wasps.

I had had no opportunity for more than a word with the young ladies. I hoped it might come when I went in for a hasty breakfast with the baroness, the count, the general, and Mr. Parish. As we were eating, Louison came in hurriedly. She showed some agitation.

"What is the trouble, my dear?" said

the baroness, in French.

"Eh bien, only this," said she: "I have dropped my ring in the brook. It is my emerald. I cannot reach it."

turning to me.

"If she will have the kindness to take me there," I said to the hostess, rising as I spoke. "I shall try to get it for her."

"M'sieur le Capitaine, you are very obliging," said she. Then, turning to Louison, she added in French: "Go with him. He will recover it for you."

It pleased and flattered me, the strategy of this wonderful young creature. She led me, with dainty steps, through a dewy gar-

den walk into the trail.

"Parbleu!" she whispered, "is it not a shame to take you from your meat? But I could not help it. I had to see you; there is something I wish to say."

"A pretty girl is better than meat," I answered quickly. "I am indebted to you."

"My! but you have a ready tongue," said she. "It is with me a pleasure to listen. You are going away? You shall not return perhaps?

She was trying to look very gay and indifferent, but in her voice I could detect a note of trouble. The flame of passion, quenched for a little time by the return of peril and the smoke of gunpowder, flashed up in me.

"It is this," she went on: "I may wish you to do me a favor. May I have your

address?"

"And you may command me," I said as I

gave it to her.

"Have a care!" said she, laughing. "I may ask you to do desperate things-you may need all your valor. The count and the baroness-they may send us back to France." "Which will please you," I remarked.

"Perhaps," said she, quickly. "Mon Dieu! I do not know what I want; I am a fool. Take this. Wear it when you are gone. Not that I care-but-it will make you remember."

She held in her fingers a flashing emerald on a tiny circlet of gold. Before I could answer she had laid it in my hard palm and shut my hand upon it.

"Dieu!" she exclaimed, whispering, "I must return-I must hurry. Remember,

we did not find the ring."

I felt a great impulse to embrace her and confess my love. But I was not quick enough. Before I could speak she had turned away and was running. I called to her, but she did not turn or seem to hear me. She and my opportunity were gone.

We stowed the prisoners in the big coach "Too bad! She has dropped her ring in of the baroness, behind a lively team of four. Then my horse and one for D'ri were

brought up.

"Do not forget," said the baroness, holding my hand, "you are always welcome in my house. I hope, ma foi! that you will never find happiness until you return."

The young ladies came not to the step where we were, but stood by the count waving adieux. Louison had a merry smile and a pretty word of French for me; Louise only a sober look that made me sad, if it did not speak for the same feeling in her. The count was to remain at the Hermitage, having sent to the château for a squad of his armed retainers. They were to defend the house, if, by chance, the British should renew their attack. Mr. Parish and his footman and the general went with us, the former driving. D'ri and I rode on behind as the coach went off at a gallop.

He was a great whip, that man David Parish, who had built a big mansion at Ogdensburg and owned so much of the north country those days. He was a gentleman when the founders of the proud families of to-day were dickering in small merchandise. Indeed, one might look in vain for such an establishment as his north of Virginia. This side the Atlantic there was no stable of horses to be compared with that he had-splendid English thoroughbreds, the blood of which is now in every great family of American horses. And, my faith! he did love to put them over the road. He went tearing up hill and down at a swift gallop, and the roads were none too smooth in that early day. Before leaving home he had sent relays ahead to wait his coming every fifteen miles of the journey: he always did that if he had far to go. This time he had posted them clear to the Harbor. The teams were quickly shifted; then we were off again with a crack of the whip and a toot of the long horn. He held up in the swamps, but where footing was fair, the high-mettled horses had their heads and little need of urging. We halted at an inn for a sip of something and a bite to eat.

"Parish," said the general, rising on stiffened legs, "I like your company and I like your wine, but your driving is a punishment."

rest, but he had hung doggedly to his saddle. "How do you feel?" I asked him as we drew up on each side of the coach.

"Split t' the collar," said he, soberly, as he rested an elbow on his pommel.

We got to headquarters at five, and turned over the prisoners. We had never a warmer welcome than that of our colonel.

"I congratulate you both," he said as he brought the rum-bottle after we had made our report. "You 've got more fight in you than a wolverene. Down with your rum and off to your beds, and report here at reveille. I have a tough job for you to-morrow."

It was, indeed, tougher business than we had yet known-a dash into the enemy's country, where my poor head was in excellent demand. D'ri and I were to cross the lake with a band of raiders, a troop of forty, under my command. We were to rescue some prisoners in a lockup on the other side. They were to be shot in the morning. and our mission therefore admitted of no delay. Our horses had been put aboard a brig at midnight, and soon after the noon mess we dropped down the lake, going into a deep, wooded cove south of Grenadier Island. There we lay waiting for nightfall. A big wind was howling over the woods at sunset, and the dark came on its wings an hour ahead of time. The night was black and the lake noisy when we got under way. bound for a flatboat ferry. Our skipper, it turned out, had little knowledge of those waters. He had shortened sail, and said he was not afraid of the weather. The wind, out of the southeast, came harder as it drove us on. Before we knew it, the whole kit and boodle of us were in a devil of a shakeup there in the broad water. D'ri and I were down among the horses and near being trampled under in the roll. We tried to put about then, but the great gusts of wind made us lower sail and drop anchor in a hurry. Soon the horses were all in a tumble and one on top of the other. We had to jump from back to back to save ourselves. It was no pretty business, I can tell you, to get to the stairway. D'ri was stripped of a boot-leg, and I was cut in the chin by a front hoof, going ten feet or so to the upper deck. To the man who was never hit in the chin by a horse's hoof let me say there is no such remedy for a proud spirit. Bullets are much easier to put up with and keep a civil tongue in one's head. That lower deck was a kind D'ri was worn out with lack of sleep and of horses' hell. We had to let them alone. They got astraddle of one another's necks, and were cut from ear to fetlock-those that lived, for some of them, I could see, were being trampled to death. How many I never knew, for suddenly we hit a reef there in the storm and the black night. I knew we had drifted to the north shore, and as the sea

himself. The brig went up and down like a were cracking and caving. She keeled over suddenly, and was emptied of horse and man. A big wave flung me far among the floundering horses. My fingers caught in a wet mane; I clung desperately between crowding flanks. Then a big wave went over us. I hung on, coming up astride my capture. He swam vigorously, his nose high, blowing like a trumpet. I thought we were in for a time of it, and had very little hope for any landing, save in kingdom come. Every minute I was head under in the wash. and the roaring filled me with that mighty terror of the windfall. But, on my word. of hearing, but I was glad enough to lie still, for I had begun to know of my bruises. In a few minutes I took off my boots and emptied them, and wrung my blouse, and lay back, cursing my ill luck.

But that year of 1813 had the kick of ill fortune in it for every mother's son of us there in the north country. I have ever noticed that war goes in waves of success or failure. If we had had Brown or Scott to lead us that year, instead of Wilkinson, I believe it had had a better history. Here was I in the enemy's country. God knew where, or how, or when I should come out of it. I thought of D'ri and how it had gone with him in that hell of waters. I knew it would be hard to drown him. We were so near shore, if he had missed the rocks I felt sure he would come out safely. I thought of Louison and Louise, and wondered if ever I should see them again. Their faces shone upon me there in the windy darkness, and one as brightly as the other. Afterwhiles I drew my wet blouse over me and went asleep,

shivering.

began to wash over us it was every man for timber, thin and narrow, on the lake shore. Through the bushes I could see the masts of sledge-hammer, and at every blow her sides the brig slanting out of water some rods away. Beyond the timber was a field of corn, climbing a side-hill that sloped off to a level, grassy plain. Beyond the hilltop, reveille was still sounding. A military camp was near me, and although I made no move, my mind was up and busy as the drumsticks over the hill. I sat as quiet as a cat at a mouse-hole, looking down at my uniform, not, indeed, the most healthful sort of dress for that country. All at once I caught sight of a scarecrow in the corn. I laughed at the odd grotesquery of the thing-an old frockcoat and trousers of olive-green, faded and torn and fat with straw. A stake driven through there is no captain like a good horse in bad its collar into the earth, and crowned with water. Suddenly I felt him hit the bottom an ancient, tall hat of beaver, gave it a and go forward on his knees. Then he reared backbone. An idea came to me. I would up, and began to jump in the sand. A big rob the scarecrow and hide my uniform. I wave washed him down again. He fell on ran out and hauled it over, and pulled the his side in a shallow, but rose and ran wear- stuffing out of it. The coat and trousers ily over a soft beach. In the blackness were made for a stouter man. I drew on the around me I could see nothing. A branch latter, fattening my figure with straw to fill whipped me in the face, and I ducked. I was them. That done, I quickly donned the coat. not quick enough; it was like fencing in the Each sleeve-end fell to my finger-tips, and dark. A big bough hit me, raking the its girth would have circled a flour-barrel withers of my horse, and I rolled off headlong and buttoned with room to spare. But with in a lot of bushes. The horse went on, out my stuffing of straw it came around me as snug at the belt as the coat of a bear. I took alarm as I closed the buttons. For half a minute I had heard a drum-tap coming nearer. It was the measured tap! tap! tap-tap-tap! so familiar to me. Now I could hear the tread of feet coming with it back of the hill. How soon they would heave in sight I was unable to reckon, but I dared not run for cover. So I thrust my scabbard deep in the soft earth, pulled down the big beaver hat over my face, muffled my neck with straw, stuck the stake in front of me to steady myself, and stood stiff as any scarecrow in Canada. Before I was done a column, scarlet-coated, came out in the level beyond the hillside. Through a hole in the beaver I could see them clearly. They came on, rank after rank. They deployed, forming an open square, scarlet-sided, on the green turf, the gap toward me. Then came three, walking stiffly in black coats, a squad leading them. The thing I had taken for a white vizor was a blindfold. Their heads were bare. I could see, now, they were in shackles, their arms behind them. They A familiar sound woke me-that of the were coming to their death-some of my reveille. The sun was shining, the sky clear, unlucky comrades. God pity them! A spy the wind had gone down. A crow sat calling might as well make his peace with Heaven, in a tree above my head. I lay in a strip of if he were caught those days, and be done

with hope. Suspicion was enough to convict be coming to see the wreck. I got near the as if I were going down to my grave. The soldiers led them into the gap, standing them close together, backs to me. The squad drew off. The prisoners stood erect, their faces turning up a little, as if they were looking into the clear, blue sky. I could see them waver as they stood waiting. The sharp- members of my troop, shooters advanced, halting as they raised "Hello, there!" I ca their rifles. To my horror, I saw the prisoners were directly between me and them. Great God! was I also of that little company about to die? But I dared not move a step. I stood still, watching, trembling. An officer in a shining helmet was speaking to the riflemen. His helmet seemed to jump and quiver as he moved away. Those doomed figures began to reel and sway as they waited. The shiny barrels lifted a little, their muzzles pointing at them and at me. The corn seemed to duck and tremble as it waited the volley. A great black ball shot across the sky in a long curve, and began to fall. Then came the word, a flash of fire, a cloud of smoke, a roar of rifles that made me jump in my tracks. I heard bullets cuffing the corn, I felt the dirt fly up and scatter over me, but was unhurt, a rigid, motionless man of straw. I saw my countrymen reel, their legs go limp as rags, their bodies fall silently forward. The soldiers stood a moment, then a squad went after the dead with litters. Forming in fours, they marched away as they had come, their steps measured by that regular rap! rap! rap-rap-rap! of the drum. The last rank went out of sight. I moved a little and pulled the stake, and quickly stuck it again, for there were voices near. I stood waiting as stiff as a poker. Some men were running along the beach; two others were coming through the corn. They passed within a few feet of me on each side. I heard them talking with much animation. They spoke of the wreck. When they were well by me I faced about, watching them. They went away in the timber, down to a rocky point, where I knew the wreck was

They were no sooner out of sight than I pulled the stake and saber, and shoved the latter under my big coat. Then I lifted the beaver and looked about me. There was not a soul in sight. From that level plain the field ran far to a thick wood mounting over the hill. I moved cautiously that way, for I was in the path of people who would place in my body. The saber was working

on either side of the water that year. As edge of the distant wood, and, hearing a my feet sank deeper in the soft earth I felt noise, halted, and stuck my stake, and drew my hands back in the sleeves, and stood like a scarecrow, peering through my hat. Near me, in the woods, I could hear a cracking of sticks and a low voice. Shortly two Irishmen stuck their heads out of a bush. My heart gave a leap in me, for I saw they were

"Hello, there!" I called in a loud voice. It startled them. They turned their heads to see where the voice came from, and stood motionless. I pulled my stake and made for them on the run. I should have known better, for the sight of me would have tried the legs of the best trooper that ever sat in a saddle. As they told me afterward, it was

enough to make a lion yelp.

"Holy Mother!" said one, as they broke through the brush, running for their lives. I knew not their names, but I called them as loudly as I dared. They went on, never slacking pace. It was a bad go, for I was burning for news of D'ri and the rest of them. Now I could hear some heavy animal bounding in the brush as if their running had startled him. I went back to the corn for another stand. Suddenly a horse came up near me, cropping the brush. I saw he was one off the boat, for he had bridle and saddle, a rein hanging in two strings, and was badly cut. My friend! the sight of a horse did warm me to the toes. He got a taste of the tender corn presently, and came toward me as he ate. In a moment I jumped to the saddle, and he went away leaping like a wild deer. He could not have been more frightened if I had dropped on him out of the sky. I never saw such energy in flesh and blood before. He took a mighty fright as my hand went to his withers, but the other had a grip on the pommel, and I made the stirrups. I leaned for the strings of the rein, but his neck was long, and I could not reach them. Before I knew it we were tearing over the hill at a merry pace, I can tell you. I was never so put to it for the right thing to do, but I clung on. The big hat shook down upon my collar. In all my life I never saw a hat so big. Through the break in it I could see a farm-house. In a jiffy the horse had cleared a fence, and was running, with the feet of terror, in a dusty road. I grew angry at myself as we tore along-I knew not why. It was a rage of discomfort, I fancy, for, somehow, I never felt so bound and cluttered, so up in the air and out of

was rubbing my nose, the straw chafing my chin. I had something under my arm that would sway and whack the side of the horse every leap he made. I bore upon it hard, as if it were the jewel of my soul. I wondered why, and what it might be. In a moment the big hole of my hat came into conjunction with my right eye. On my word, it was the stake! How it came there I have never known, but, for some reason, I held to it. I looked neither to right nor left, but sat erect, one hand on the hilt of my saber, the other in the mane of my horse, knowing full well I was the most hideous-looking creature in the world. If I had come to the gate of heaven I believe St. Peter would have dropped his keys. The straw worked up, and a great wad of it hung under my chin like a bushy beard. I would have given anything for a sight of myself, and laughed to think of it, although facing a deadly peril, as I knew. But I was young and had no fear in me those days. Would that a man could have his youth to his death-bed! It was a leap in the dark, but I was ready to take my chances.

Evidently I was nearing a village. Groups of men were out in the shady thoroughfare; children thronged the dooryards. There was every sign of a holiday. As we neared them I caught my saber under my knee, and drew my hands into the long sleeves and waved them wildly, whooping like an Indian. They ran back to the fences with a start of fear. As I passed them they cheered loudly, waving their hats, and roaring with laughter. An old horse, standing before an inn, broke his halter, and crashed over a fence. A scared dog ran for his life in front of me, yelping as he leaped over a stone wall. Geese and turkeys flew in the air as I neared them. The people had seemed to take me for some village youth on a masquerade. We flashed into the open country before the sound of cheering had died away. On we went over a long strip of hard soil, between fields, and off in the shade of a thick forest. My horse began to tire. I tried to calm him by gentle words, but I could give him no confidence in me. He kept on, laboring hard and breathing heavily, as if I were a ton's weight. We came to another clearing and fields of corn. A little out of the woods, and near the road, was a log house white-washed from earth to eaves. By the gate my horse went down. I tumbled heavily in the road, and, turning, caught him by the bits. The big hat had shot off my head; the

loose and hammering my knee; the big hat straw had fallen away. A woman came runwas rubbing my nose, the straw chafing my ning out of the open door. She had bare chin. I had something under my arm that feet, a plump and cheery face.

"Tonnerre!" said she. "Qu'est ce que

"My countrywoman," said I, in French, feeling in my under-trousers for a bit of silver, and tossing it to her, "I am hungry."

"And I have no food to sell," said she, tossing it back. "You should know I am of France and not of England. Come, you shall have enough, and for no price but the eating. You have a tired horse. Take him to the stable, and I will make you a meal."

I led my horse to the stable, scraped him of lather and dirt, gave him a swallow of water, and took the same myself, for I had a mighty thirst in me. When I came in she had eggs and potatoes and bacon over the fire, and was filling the tea-kettle.

"On my soul," said she, frankly, "you are the oddest-looking man I ever saw. Tell me, why do you carry the long club?"

I looked down. There it was under my arm. It surprised me more than anything I ever found myself doing.

"Madame, it is because I am a fool," I said as I flung it out of the door.

"It is strange," said she. "Your clothes—they are not your own; they are as if they were hung up to dry. And you have a saber and spurs."

"Of that the less said the better," I answered, pulling out the saber. "Unless—unless, madame, you would like me to die young."

"Mon Dieu!" she whispered. "A Yankee soldier?"

"With good French blood in him," I added, "who was never so hungry in all his life."
I went out of the door as I spoke, and

shoved my saber under the house.

"I have a daughter on the other side of the lake," said she, "married to a Yankee, and her husband is fighting the British with the rest of you."

"God help him!" said I.

"Amen!" said she, bringing my food to the table. "The great Napoleon he will teach them a lesson."

She was a widow, as she told me, living there alone with two young daughters who were off at a picnic in the near town. We were talking quietly when a familiar voice brought me standing.

"Judas Priest!" it said. D'ri stood in the doorway, hatless and one boot missing—a sorry figure of a man.

"Hidin' over 'n th' woods yender," he

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went on as I took his hand. "See thet air said he, as he began to eat. "Hev t' light idee 't wus you 'n the saddle-sot s' kind o' easy. But them air joemightyful clo's! Jerushy Jane! would n't be fit t' skin a skunk in them clo's, would it?"

"Got 'em off a scarecrow," I said.

"'Nough t' mek a painter ketch 'is breath, they wus.'

The good woman bade him have a chair the door.

at the table, and brought more food. "Neck 's broke with hunger, 't is sartin," "They are coming!"

brown hoss go by. Knew 'im soon es I sot out o' here purty middlin' soon. 'T ain' no eyes on 'im—use' t' ride 'im myself. Hed an safe place t' be. 'T won' never dew fer us t' be ketched."

We ate hurriedly, and when we had finished, the good woman gave us each an outfit of apparel left by her dead husband. It was rather snug for D'ri, and gave him an odd look. She went out of doors while we were dressing. Suddenly she came back to

"Go into the cellar," she whispered.

(To be continued.)



POEMS.

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

ROSES.

THE red rose spoke: "I lay against Her lips; she pressed me there, With blushes warmer than mine own, Then twined me in her hair."

The white rose spoke: "I drooped against Her breast; they laid me there; 'T was whiter than mine own, meseemed, And oh, so cold and fair!"

AN OLD STORY.

THEY played the game of friendship, moths Who scorned the candle's danger .-Platonic love their only creed, This girl-and stranger.

The summer ends; with smiles they part; Who, think you, would infer It had been comedy to him And tragedy to her?

WORDS FOR THESE TIMES.

Son of the Puritans, can it be thou Harnessed for slaughter with bayonet and blade?-Weeds in thy furrows, rust on thy plow, Death for thy trade? Trust in Love's armies! though silent as heav'n, They are sworn to defend; Put up thy sword in its sheath! for behold, Thy foe is thy friend!

Fruitless the planting in War's black soil! What do the red-handed husbandmen reap?-Cripples that languish, children that toil, Widows who weep! Only a harvest of hatred can grow From a sowing of swords! Strife is the weapon of brutes and of men, But Peace is the Lord's!

A PATRIOT SENATOR.

(CUSHMAN K. DAVIS.)

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH.

tor induced a few misguided men who had no grievances of their own to participate in a railroad strike. Chicago became the storm-center of mob violence. A large part of the food-supplies of this country was cut off, and interstate traffic and the transportation of the United States mails were interrupted. The mob burned a thousand cars with their contents in a single night. There was no efficient exercise of authority, either State or municipal, and demagogues were using the occasion to sow the dragons' teeth of anarchy. Senator Kyle of South Dakota introduced in the Senate a resolution which provided that no warrant or other process, civil or criminal, should be issued by any United States commissioner, or by any federal court, against the mob, unless the mails were interrupted, and declared that the detachment of sleeping-cars from trains would not constitute an offense against the national laws. From many points agitators began to telegraph to senators and representatives, demanding their support of this measure. The Minnesota strikers telegraphed to the senior senator from that State, Senator Davis, asking him to vote for the resolution. His reply is worthy to become a classic in American political literature. He said:

N 1894 an American labor agita-

I have received your telegram. I will not support Senator Kyle's resolution. It is against your own real welfare. It is also a blow at the security, peace, and rights of millions of people who never harmed you or your associates. My duty to the Constitution and the law forbids me to sustain a resolution to legalize lawlessness. The same duty rests upon you and your associates. The power to regulate commerce among the several States is vested by the Constitution in Congress. Your associates have usurped that power by force at Hammond and other places, and have destroyed commerce between the States in these particular instances. You are rapidly approaching the overt act of levying war against the United States, and you will find the definition of that act in the Constitution. I trust that wiser thoughts will regain control. You might as well ask me to vote to dissolve the government.

The effect of this telegram was extraordinary. It rallied the drooping spirits of good men everywhere, and encouraged a general resolve that public order should be restored. Two days after this President Cleveland took charge of the situation, ignoring the bitter opposition of the governor of Illinois, and in time the operations of the law were reestablished.

Before this incident occurred Senator Davis was hardly known beyond the limits of Minnesota. He told me that he wrote the message in the Senate cloak-room, in an atmosphere that was hostile to its spirit. Atavism came up in him at the moment, and his Puritan ancestors spoke again through him. From that day he was a man of mark

in national politics.

Cushman Kellogg Davis was born at Henderson, New York, June 16, 1838. Robert Cushman, a financial agent of the Puritans, assisted in sending out the Mayflower with the Massachusetts Pilgrims. The last survivor of the Mayflower voyages was Mary Allerton, who married Thomas, the son of Robert Cushman. Senator Davis's mother, Clarissa Cushman, still living, is a direct descendant of that marriage. His greatgrandfather, Nathaniel Cushman, served three years in the Revolutionary War. His father, Horatio N. Davis, was a major in the Wisconsin Volunteers in the Civil War: and he himself was a lieutenant from the same State for two years. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1857; was admitted to the bar in 1859; was a member of the Minnesota legislature in 1867; was United States district attorney for Minnesota, 1868-73; governor of Minnesota, 1874-1876; regent of the University of Minnesota, 1882-98; United States senator, 1887-1900; chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, 1897-1900; and Peace Commissioner at Paris after the Spanish war of 1898. He died at St. Paul, November 27, 1900.

Senator Davis's course in many great public questions which came before the country differentiated him from the politicians, and distinguished him as a statesman and a patriot, and his name was frequently

of the Committee on Foreign Relations, it fell to him to write the report on "Affairs in Cuba," following the destruction of the Maine, and the intervention of this country was the immediate result of his cogent arraignment of Spain. He opposed the Nicaragua Canal Bill, which fastened a guaranty of one hundred million dollars upon the government, but favored internal improvements on a liberal scale. Early in his career in the Senate, while advocating a fair protective tariff, his judgment dictated the principle of reciprocity as the true policy for enlarging our markets. He perceived that a high tariff might become prohibitory, and on August 27, 1890, he made a speech advocating an expanded free list. He reaffirmed and interpreted the Monroe Doctrine in a speech of great erudition and power. One of the most important performances of his public career was his courageous stand for free trade with Porto Rico. In this he found himself opposing the views of the President and a majority of the Republicans in both houses, but he declared that a great tide of public opinion and dissent had set in against the very principle on which the bill was based, and that his course, if not right in a party sense, was "politically, morally, and economically right."

His independence of thought and action was well displayed in opposition to the Chinese Exclusion Act. In his speech on that

bill (April 22, 1892) he said:

It is a sword which cuts both ways; and the question may be asked, What is to become of our people in China in such a total dissolution of all relations, social, business, religious, and diplomatic? The Chinese are absolved from protecting anybody, great public feeling being excited there as here. Our people massacred the Chinese at Rock Springs. Can any better action be expected toward our people from those who do not possess one virtue in the world, according to my friend the senator from California [Mr. Felton], and yet who have preserved a state upon an immutable foundation for perhaps five thousand years?

Then, suddenly changing the topic to the memorial which had just been presented by Herr Cahensly, a member of the Prussian Diet, to establish foreign populations in the United States under their own national bishops, excluding the American language and customs, he spoke his deprecation with fierceness, and exclaimed: "How infinitely Confucius rises above Cahensly!

In his battles in the Senate the spirit of

mentioned for the Presidency. As chairman often arrayed him against the giants of both parties; but the record of these debates does not show that he was ever discomfited.

In politics he abhorred alike the corrupt millionaire who used his wealth to gain office, and the arrogant boss who kept the personnel of the civil service hopelessly patterned on his own ill-shapen measure. Thus, in one of the States where machine politics has long been at its worst, a name that was unfamiliar to the politicians was unexpectedly mentioned for the senatorship. Knowing the man well, Mr. Davis promptly telegraphed to him this boldly characteristic greeting: "Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to welcome you here as one of the patres conscripti. They say that one of the latest accessions is worth seventyfive millions. We need to offset him a man who is worth more than that in a better currency. What times you and I would have!"

He was one of the most interesting talkers that I ever met; humor, fancy, and sentiment played alternately on the flow of his discourse. One day, when the Senate was not in session, we sat in his library on the fourth floor of his residence, a room bare of everything but books, and faced each other through an atmosphere of cigar-smoke, while he talked on Napoleon for six hours almost without a break. It was an epic in colloquial prose. Not consecutively, and not as in a lecture, but sooner or later, in his shifting talk, every phase of that Iliad was revealed—the great campaigns, the Empire, Elba, Waterloo, and St. Helena. The affluence of his knowledge, his abundant humor, his versatility of thought, his range of language, his freedom from pedantry and dogmatism, made it a delight to hear him.

On another occasion his theme was Shakspere, and here, again, I found him a master. After some solicitation, he read to me his essay on Hamlet, printed in 1882. His fancy caught fire as he read, and his voice carried me through all the intricate plots of the play, until he came to the last three paragraphs. "This," said he, "is the best thing I have ever written." The confession disclosed the man above the statesman; here was a little piece of tender sentiment from the depths of his heart which he loved better than all the formal speeches of his political career.

That essay was written after the expiration of Mr. Davis's term as governor of Minnesota, when his ambition had suffered an leadership that forced him into the far front eclipse and he was virtually in retirement

in St. Paul. It was the fire of adversity, and insert a declaration for sound money in the it burned deep wisdom into his soul, as it has done for other men. For ten years he devoted himself to his law practice, giving to fight the currency battle to a finish. his nights to reading. He acquired a prorenewed his school acquaintance with the Latin authors. He also studied widely in his favorite field of international law, unconsciously equipping himself for the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations and for the Paris Peace Commission. After the Hamlet essay he wrote a larger work, "The Law in Shakspere" (1884), a unique and valuable book, in which he has examined every legal term used by the poet, and interpreted its relation to contemporary law a just and tranquil government. or custom. He also wrote an essay on Mme. Roland, with rich imagination, placing her in her melancholy situation amid the fire and smoke of the French Revolution, and eulogizing her as "the queenliest woman who ever lived and loved." Cromwell he studied and admired; he was a colossal man, he said, who spun out the liberties of England and untied many a tangled knot for posterity in the Gordian way. But he thought that the death of King Charles was one of the most sorrowful stories in English his-

He once expressed an interesting opinion on the relative value of political offices. The Senate, he told me, was "the finest place in the world," and the cabinet was "the grave-

yard of political ambitions."

At the time when the silver heresy was sweeping over the West, overwhelming the people of his own State with its glittering fallacies, and impelling the politicians everywhere to follow after false gods, I wrote to him and begged him to make a public declaration which would turn the unreasoning crowd into the right path. He replied that he would do so at the first opportunity in Congress. But as no such opportunity seemed to present itself, he accepted an invitation to come to Pittsburg in April, 1896, and there delivered, before the Americus Club, a speech in favor of the gold standard which caught the public ear. Thousands of Minnesota. He was one of the purest pamen applauded his bold stand, but it was a triots and one of the strongest intellectual question what the verdict would be in Minnesota. After reading the speech at my tion. He was such a man as every State home before it was spoken, I said to him: should seek out for her highest political dig-"They may repudiate you for this." He nities; for such men lead nations to safe laughed, and said: "I am not afraid." This destinies, while weak and corrupt men alike speech paved the way for halting leaders to sow the seeds of national decay.

Republican platform at St. Louis. It was the first challenge from an indomitable man

After his return from Paris Senator ficiency in French, Italian, and Spanish, and Davis told me that he believed that Cuba. under the unrelinquished sovereignty of the United States, would attract to her fair shore so many of our citizens and so large a portion of our capital that a common interest in her development would irresistibly lead the people of that island, within a few years, to vote for annexation. He also said that the burden of the Philippines he accepted reluctantly, but without fear, cherishing a firm faith in our duty to establish there

> He made numerous addresses on historical, political, patriotic, and educational occasions, and all sound the note of careful preparation. He read all the time. In preparing the essay on Mme. Roland he consulted seventy-four volumes. He once said:

> We cannot have too much knowledge. I believe in superfluous knowledge. It is knowledge that differentiates us. I have slight faith in what they call genius. I think that any young man can attain success, and great success, by good, hard, studious labor; not by intermittent labor, but by constant, consecutive effort. The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary; who have not been content with the knowledge sufficient for the present, but have sought additional knowledge, and have stored it away for emergencies. It is this additional knowledge that equips a man for everything that costs most in life. There would be fewer wasted opportunities if there were more real ability to grasp them when they present themselves.

Not long before his death he said:

I know human history, and I know that in the first century something happened which destroyed the old world and gave birth to the new. The resurrection of Jesus would account for that change, and I do not know of any other adequate solution that has ever been proposed.

Cushman K. Davis was the first citizen of forces in the statesmanship of this genera-



"MADE ME FEEL THAT I WOULD AMOUNT TO SOMETHING."

SOME AMERICANS ABROAD.

V. THE COSMOPOLITANISM OF MR. POWERS.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS, Author of "The Four-masted Cat-boat," etc.

WITH SKETCHES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

meet. I have talked with men and women who in five minutes, without saying a flattering word to me, have made me feel that I would amount to something if death kept away long enough, and I 've always cut off my interviews with such people at an untimely period, for fear I would grow too fond of myself. There are others who make me feel idiotic. They do not tell me that they doubt the existence of my brains, but after I have talked with them a few minutes I become doddering and imbecile, and I terminate these interviews also. Then there are persons who make me feel that I am a very poor and mongrel breed of worm, they are so infinitely superior.

I never felt more worm-like or more in need of turning—as worms do, for exercise—than when I was talking with V. S. Powers, who condescended to honor with his presence the steamship that carried me over the Atlantic from New York.

AM very much influenced by the people I he were the owner of the ocean and had kindly given the steamship company the right of way, some wag christened him "Very Superior Powers," and the nickname

> He was very superior to the ruck. All the rest of us were the ruck. There were several college professors and an artist or two and a hand-made millionaire, and there was one Harvard man whose ancestors to the number of four generations had been baptized in the same font of learning; but they were all ruck.

The first thing that suggested his superiority was his sampling of his food. Those of us who were not seasick had ravenous appetites, and we were really not in a position to judge of the worth of the meals set before us. The sea winds had bottled up dozens of the "best sauce." But Mr. Powers never allowed his hunger to get the better of his critical faculty, and he made us all feel that we were not used to anything much His full name was Vernon Stowe Powers; at home by dabbling at his oatmeal, pecking but, after watching him tread the deck as if at his meat, daintily sipping his coffee, his

nostrils distended like those of an Arabian charger; and when he had finished his meal,—which was always long before any one else had,—he would push his plate away, and leave the table with a sigh and a fervent ejaculation, "Thank Heaven, another meal is finished!" It was a new kind of grace, and one that he never, to my knowledge, omitted at any meal, and he did not miss one from port to port.

I once said to him: "Too bad you did n't take one of the ocean greyhounds, where they make more of a specialty of the table."

"My dear fellow," said he, and I felt myself assuming worm-like proportions at once, "I have probably tried every line that crosses this stream, and I merely took this for the novelty of it. The fact is, to be quite candid, I engaged passage on this steamer at twenty-four hours' notice because I could not stand America any longer."

This declaration and his somewhat English hat and the English cut of his clothes made me certain that he was a native of Albion, so I said:

"Oh, then you were disappointed in your visit. You must be glad to be slowly getting back to the delicious English cookery."

Even a worm can be sarcastic, and that's what I meant to be, but he did not see it.

"Oh, I don't like English cookery. Don't, don't think that of me. The French are the only cooks, of course, as years of residence in Paris has taught me. But I'm not English. I'm a cosmopolite, and I was born in New Haven."

"Indeed, I come from Hartford way myself," said I, glad to find a man from my own State, even if he were fleeing from its borders with gladness.

"Yes, I was born in New Haven, and I know that little crowd from A to Z," said he. "Petty, petty, petty," he continued, with one of the sourest expressions I ever saw. He was, for the moment, the personification of a lemon, and I fancied that his face assumed a yellowish tinge.

"What's petty?" I asked as we left the taffrail, on which we had been leaning, and began to promenade the decks together.

"New Haven," said he. "Petty and narrow and provincial. I 've just been back there on legal business, and they are leading the same lives they led when I was last there, ten years ago."

I suggested that New Haven people were not peculiarly gifted as to the number of their lives; that they had not a feline apportionment, and that once begun they would

be apt to lead the only life they had until the leading-string was parted by time.

"No; but every one is so content with his little finite self and his little finite way. They seem to forget that there is a great world outside New Haven—"

"Hartford, for instance," said I.

"Yes; Hartford is not nearly so narrow. But it is all touched by the same insular spirit. New England is an aggregation of hubs—"

"And where there are hubs there are always wheels, I suppose you mean, isms and the like."

He did not smile at my anemic jest.

"You see," said he, "to one who has traveled, as I have, to every quarter of the globe, this belief of America in her destiny is mortifying. When I am in Europe I forget America. I actually forget her for weeks at a time."

He looked at me as if he did not expect me to credit him, but I did.

"Now, when I 'm in America," he continued, "I don't forget England or the Continent—they make themselves felt; but with America, poor, new, crude America, out of sight is out of mind."

"Don't you believe in a great future for America in her art and her music and her literature and her architecture?"

He looked at me as a man looks at a baby who has upset its pap.

"Some years ago, Sydney Smith, I think it was, said: 'Who reads an American book?' If he were living now I could truthfully tell him that I don't. For me there is only one literature, and that is German. Just as France is the great cook, so Germany is the great litterateur."

I ventured to say, in as much voice as a worm could muster, that it seemed to me that we were holding our own in all the arts, and that probably the coming century would see America the foremost musical nation. I wanted to see how he 'd take such a bold statement. He took it hard. I thought he would have fainted.

"Not really! Is that your honest opinion?" said he, after weathering the shock.

I wished that worms had more backbone, because I felt myself writhing, but I managed to whisper something about the great composers of the future being Americans, and that perhaps some of them were out of their cradles already.

"Oh, my poor fellow, what a hopeless provincial you are! Americans have a certain mimetic ability; so has the ape: but America

will never lead except in the realm of me- that appertained to Vernon Stowe Powers chanics. Now, I have heard all the music of all the lands: the wild, barbaric strains of Japanese, the rude melodies of the Fuegians. as well as the harmonies of all the civilized

in any degree.

Just then the orchestra struck up. Now, the Dahomevans, the hideous discords of the it is true that the band was not much above the level of a Staten Island ferry-boat harpand-violin duo, but most of us discounted nations, and to me Russia is the high priest that fact, and steeled our ears against the



"'I SUPPOSE YOU 'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION?'"

rather like your standing up for American music. This is your first voyage, I believe. Oh, you have so much, so very much to learn, my dear fellow. American music does not carry across the waters. Europe never hears it. That's what counts, you know. It is n't what Americans think of themselves, but what Europeans think of Americans. I know what they think of us, and I think like them because I am more a cosmopolite than an American, in spite of the accident of my birth."

"Where were your parents accidentally born?" I asked-which was rather bold of

"Oh, my ancestors have been Americans since 1639," said he, and it amused me to see that he was proud of it, cosmopolite though sohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,'" said I, he was. In fact, he was proud of anything with a worm's glee.

of modern music. But, do you know, I cacophony, and tried to remember that the young men were working hard for their tips, and took this unmusical way of doing it.

But Mr. Powers distended his nostrils until they reminded me of the india-rubber man, so caoutchouckian were they.

"That is n't the Boston Symphony orchestra, is it?" said I, laughingly.

"It certainly is n't the Berlin orchestra. I can't speak of the American orchestras, except by hearsay. But is n't it an outrage to put upon us? As if it was n't enough to give us food that a mendicant would spurn, they must torture us with such discords as this. It turns my ears inside out. And such stuff as they play! I suppose that's some of your American music."

"No: that 's the nocturne from Mendels-

Most men would have been squelched by this. I would have worked down into the there is human nature and human nature, soil to stay there until the next wet morning brought me out as bait, but he never turned a hair.

I knew it was n't Russian," he said, and said it in such a way that I felt he had somehow turned the tables on me. "Very Superior" Powers he had.

respectful terms. asking him if he would n't select an extra fine life-preserver and jump overboard, which would be an easy way of avoiding the music and the meals and the passengers. They wanted me to hand it to him, but I lacked the presence. So he stayed on board until we port; but made there was not a moment that he did not show how superior he was to any one else. He hated to praise anything that had been praised by another. Once a passenger who was standing by his side, looking at the moonlight on the water, said: "It 's a beautiful ocean, is n't it?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said he, with a

turesque quality of the Pacific or even the Indian Ocean. I might almost say that I know every wave on those oceans, but they never lose their charm for me; but the Atlantic, this trip especially, is so infernally quiet, don't you know. I like to cross in a series of tempests. I'm generally the only one on board, except the captain, who is n't seasick. But of course this old tub would n't stand heavy seas. Five days more of it. Fancy!"

The other passenger said that he was getting a good deal of fun out of the process of studying human nature.

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"Human nature? In this crowd! Well. but I prefer to study it in the world's great capitals, Rome and London and Moscow. These poor yokels, who are so easily pleased. have n't any human nature worth talking about. A man who is easily pleased sets himself down as commonplace at once. Now, when I am pleased it's because something Long before the voyage was over the pas- very much worth while has happened, and sengers got up a round-robin, couched in this voyage was not worth while. I never

> would have taken it if I had n't been so anxious to get away from the irritations of complacent America."

Then the other passenger left, and two minutes later I found him kicking a coil of rope all by himself, and he never knew that I saw him. But I had overheard the conversation, and I sympathized with his feelings.

The last day of the trip a dear old lady said to Mr. Powers quite innocently: "I suppose you're looking forward to the Paris Exposition?"

I did n't hear his answer, but I dare say that he told her that there was nothing in the Paris Exposition to tempt him; that he had

sigh of ennui. "I've crossed it so often that seen one on the Congo in '85 that laid its beauty palls on me. And it has n't the pic- over anything that Paris could do. The old lady looked squelched, and he left her and walked away with his head in the air.

That day I came upon him at dinner, -he was always the first to come to table and the first to go away, - and before he could wither me with his glance, I said briskly: "By the way, are you going to the Exposition?

He shook his head pityingly for some seconds before he answered me.

"You don't know me, evidently. Do I look like a man who would visit a mere exposition? I'm not a Western ranchman or a



"'I DON'T SPEAK FRENCH.'"

who is crazy to see the world for the first time. I know the world, and it is very small. I was a mere youngster when the Centennial Exhibition occurred in Philadelphia, but I knew better than to go to it, even then. Instinct is a great thing, and I have it. It saves me a lot of bother. Why should I join a crowd of gaping wanderers from every country in the world in order to look at a lot of breadstuffs and fabrics and cheap pictures and hastily constructed buildings? Oh, no; life is too short for such childish pleasures. I hate crowds. Every self-respecting man hates crowds, because crowds are bound to be made up of the riffraff. There may be such a thing as a crowd of gentlemen, but it does not last long. The instinct of each member of it is to get away. and that dissolves the crowd."

"Yes: but you can go early in the morning and avoid the crowd," said a man op-

"I value my mornings too much," said he, dilating his nostrils. "Besides, an exposition is a rather childish enjoyment for one who has been everywhere and seen everything. Why should I look on a painted panorama of Egypt when I have sailed down the Nile, or gaze at locomotives from America when I have just gladly shaken her ironfilings off my feet? No; my pleasures are loftier ones." He pushed his plate away from him in a cosmopolite way. "Thank Heaven, the last meal is finished!" And so saying, he left the room.

It happened that I did not see him again in the bustle of departure. I thought of him many times, however, and always as being engaged in some very superior occupation: age, even as it was mine?

New England farmer or a French peasant chatting with the Czar, or going on picnics with Tolstoi, or pacing the Russian steppes alone; for somehow I judged that he had chosen Russia to be dignified by his footsteps. Therefore I was much surprised to find him one evening at the Exposition in the crowd outside one of the little theaters in the Rue de Paris. I could not understand it. I looked around at those who surrounded him to see if, perchance, they were also cosmopolitans. No. There was a Turk, a German couple, evidently peasants, a Japanese actor, a Russian Jew, several Frenchmen, and some American "Cook's," who only waited a moment and then pressed feverishly on, as is their wont-not a cosmopolite in the crowd except Vernon Stowe Powers.

I could not imagine why he had changed his mind and come to the Exposition after all, but, for various reasons, I did not discover myself to him. He had evidently risen far above the crowd and would be in no

mood to converse with a worm.

But while I stood somewhat back of him. enjoying the pleasantries of the actors on the little balcony, who, with true Gallic ease and grace, invited the populace to come inside and witness the play, a Frenchman, evidently a stranger to my quondam shipmate, turned to him with a smile, and made a remark that even I understood. I looked for a condescending flow of French to be poured on the Parisian's head, with possibly an implied correction of the native's accent. But the world-traveler, the ennuied one who had absorbed all civilizations, said, with an apologetic air:

"I don't speak French."

Could it have been Mr. Powers's first vov-





T.

WEEK after their arrival in Japan, the A Bartons were walking briskly along a sun-baked street. They were young and energetic, and had not yet learned to depend on the rickshaw for every jaunt. Five weeks before they had said good-by to New York. They had not broken every tie, however, for Constance Rives, pretty Mrs. Barton's prettier sister, had turned her face with them toward the land of the chrysanthemum and the kimono.

"For my education," Constance had said, "and because it's fashionable."

But there was a deeper, more sacredly sweet reason, of which she did not speak.

Calls had been showered upon the Bartons since their arrival in the queer treaty-port, with its brilliant blue houses and shadeless streets. They were now stepping out independently to return them, while Constance remained at home in their ridiculous Japanese house, with its ridiculously tiny garden, to see that the baby did not break his neck off the miniature mountain behind the bamboo fence, even with two amahs to watch over

"I wonder why Mr. Unigova does n't call." said Letty. "Constance wrote him the day we arrived, and I can see she 's a bit depressed at not hearing from him."

"Who is he, anyway?" queried Bob. "Are we counting on him for a garden-party, or

a pass to a temple, or what?" For answer, Letty gave a little groan. "Oh, Bob, I don't see why you always pretend to be so dense! I 've told you all about it. I told you at the time. He is Count Unigoya's son, and they have a lovely place in the country about ten miles from here. Connie met him in Boston when she was staying with the Morrisons, and he was at Harvard, and they became great friends. She says he's such an intellectual, high-minded fellow; took all sorts of things-honors, I mean-at college. He's quite nice-looking,

his country and its future. His mission for elevating his people appeals to her, and sometimes I think she would like to help him."

"Lord! you don't mean she'd marry him!"

Bob stopped short.

"I don't know whether Con would marry him. I know he asked her in America, but then, of course, Japan seemed so far away, so impossible. Still, I don't think she has ever forgotten him.

"Well, of course, he's good family. I suppose that counts for something; but still it would n't seem right," said Bob, with all the Anglo-Saxon's instinctive horror of a yellowskin where his womenkind are concerned.

"Here, this must be the house," he continued. "Sixty Kitana Gasadoz" was written on the small wooden sign.

"Have you ever met Count Unigoya?" asked Letty of her hostess as they were drinking tea in the pretty drawing-room.

"No; we very seldom meet any of the natives. Except for the merchants and servants, we never come in contact with any of them. And, indeed, we don't care to. Of course, in Tokio, in diplomatic circles, it is rather different."

Mrs. Brown's tone was so decisive that Letty had not the courage to tell her of Connie's acquaintance with Count Unigoya's son, and she rose to take leave.

A few days later they were bidden to dinner at Mrs. Plimpton's. The room, in spite of its Japanese objects, was essentially foreign in character. Japanese things were used, to be sure, but adapted to European needs in a manner which made it doubtful whether a Japanese would recognize them as his own.

Mrs. Plimpton had lived eighteen years in Japan, and had reached that point in her experience where hearty dislike had given way before the enervating influences of the country, fading into a mild content and easy toleration. She might have gone home at any time. Her husband was dead, and had left her enough to live comfortably in Engand they used to have such lovely talks about land and lavishly in Japan.

Although possessed of beautiful dark hair. Mrs. Plimpton wore a fuzzy front, three shades too light, pinned flatly down upon her forehead. Her hands-the long white hands that so many Englishwomen possess were covered with rings. As she waited, she wondered what the Bartons and their sister would be like. She wished they were English; one could never tell how Americans would turn out. She had met some charming ones, and she had met some who were quite impossible. Five men, at length, made their appearance successively; then the Dobbses and the Stickens arrived.

Mrs. Dobbs wore a tea-gown cut low in the neck, and Mrs. Sticken, being German, -Japanese German, be it understood, -wore seal-brown brocade cut high in the neck, where it was relieved by a bit of Honiton lace and a brooch. The two Englishwomen greeted each other without enthusiasm, in

low, sweet voices.

As the Bartons entered there was a single moment of hushed attention, and then Mrs. Plimpton, with perfect good breeding, which brought a sigh of relief to the lips of the two sisters, introduced her guests. Bob seemed to have met most of the men before, and they were soon deep in talk over some delayed steamer.

The women talked together, while six eyes devoured every detail of the low taffeta gowns and beautifully dressed hair of Mrs. Barton and her sister. Well gowned, well groomed, the sisters breathed an air of

freshness and fashion.

A last guest made his appearance-a big, blond Englishman, who flushed slightly on entering the room, and a little deeper as Mrs. Plimpton said, "Mr. Meredith, will you take in Miss Rives?" Tanned and ruddycheeked, he was one of those men that are so good to look at and often so hard to talk to. But Constance was equal to a dull and ugly man, and a handsome one, no matter how dull, had no terrors for her. Before dinner was half over, however, she was obliged to admit that he was not dull at all, but only a trifle shy.

bravely.

"Oh, I love it! I'm perfectly enchanted!" exclaimed Constance. "What I cannot understand is how you people can live in these ugly foreign-built houses when there are such lovely Japanese ones to be had. And why don't you adopt some of the native customs? I have begun already. Last night I

She sat awaiting her guests for dinner, slept on a Japanese mat; the amah lent it to me. I could n't quite manage the pillow, as it hurt my neck; but I found the mat nice. and it must be much airier than a bed.'

"Yes, much airier," assented Meredith. "I don't think you'd find the airiness an at-

traction in winter.'

"I know," said Mrs. Plimpton, later, "you newcomers wonder why we old residents cling so closely to our own habits and ways of life. But that is the home-making instinct in us, to begin with. It's our inadaptability and refusal to conform to the habits of a new country that make the Anglo-Saxon the best colonizing race in the world. The few men and fewer women who have given up their own kind to live the life of the Japanese have made great failures of it. For men it may be barely possible, but for our women-oh, no, it is quite impossible. No true European woman could marry a Japanese, and if she did, she'd be dragged to the depths."

"We'll leave the men out of the question," said one deep voice, "but I'd rather see my sister dead than married to one of

these monkeys."

Constance turned a pale but calm face to young Meredith.

"Do you believe that, too?" she asked. "Of course," he answered readily. "You can't mix oil and water. As Mrs. Plimpton says, it does n't matter so much for us; but to think of any European girl throwing herself away on one of these creatures makes any sane man half crazy."

"But," protested Constance, "take the case of a Japanese educated in America, or England, or Germany, imbued with our ideas and thoughts-don't you think a European woman could be happy with him?"

"Not if they lived in Japan," he answered decidedly. "You see, she would n't be living with him only, but with all his family-father, mother, grandmother, and aunts. She'd have to account to them all, especially to the grandmother, for, you know, it 's age that makes power in Japan, and the older the woman, the more authority she wields in the household. Oh, the female relatives would "How do you like Japan?" he began make things impossible for her."

> There had been some general conversation at the other end of the table, and finally

Letty broke in:

"Well, it may all be as you say. I can understand your desire to cling to all that reminds you of home; but still I cannot help thinking that you don't get as much out of the Japanese side of life as you might. I

think we women might see more of the na- of warning unmistakable in every language, tive women and try to help them to higher and as it grew nearer she leaned far out of thoughts and ambitions. The men, too, might get into friendlier and more social contact with the native men, elevate them, enlighten them-'

It was here that Mr. Sticken made his

single speech.

"What you think we 're out here for-

fun?" he grunted.

When at last they took their leave, Constance was quivering with excitement. Sleep was out of the question for her that night. Taking off her gown, she slipped into one of the gorgeous kimonos that had been her first

purchase in Yokohama.

The beautiful night called to her, and as she sat by the open window a host of memories crowded upon her. Her mind flew back to that month, two years ago, when on her way back from school in a Canadian convent she had stopped in Boston with the Morrisons. There she had met him who had so stirred her imagination, and had caught her fancy and held it, however lightly, ever since. She recalled his slight figure, taller than that of any Japanese she had since seen, the ivory tint of his delicate face, the slight mustache, the long, nervous, artistic hands. His English, without accent, had yet the elaborate care of the foreigner. From the first moment he had appealed to her and touched her as no man had done before. Their long talks had been all of his country-his beloved country, that he had not seen since he was a lad of fifteen. He spoke with deep reverence of his family-his ancestors. She contrasted his humble attitude toward his father with the easy familiarity of the other youths she knew toward "the governor." When, on the last day of her visit, young Unigoya had asked her to be his wife, she had answered unhesitatingly, "No." Japan had seemed so far away, so impossible, she could never, she felt, gain any one's consent or approval; but Japan had hardly been out of her thoughts since.

She looked across the quiet moonlit street, across the tiled roofs, their graceful lines shining white in the moonlight. The hills were black in the distance. Not a single light showed. All was still and serene. It was his country, and she felt a great love

for it welling up in her heart.

Suddenly a dog barked. Constance started, and another sound caught her ear. A voice rang out in the stillness, and though she could understand no word, a shiver of terror ran through her frame. It was a cry her window, her heart thumping against her

A man was running down the street in the direction of their house, a lantern swinging wildly in his hand. He banged on the wooden shutters of the Japanese houses as he passed. and gave his guttural cry. The sliding shutters rattled back, people called to one another across the street, dogs barked, a bell clanged, jang! jang! then another and another. No one who has heard a fire-bell in Japan can ever forget its voice. It seems to call deep, discordant, imperative—a cry against the common enemy. All was confusion, and as Constance gazed spellbound, suddenly, at the head of the street, a great flame burst into sight.

"Bob! Bob! wake up! There 's a fire!"

she cried.

Bob, hastily throwing on some clothes,

emerged, as eager to go as she.

"Letty prefers to stay and guard the baby with her life, so come along," he said; and they joined the ever-growing crowd outside. The fire, which had attacked only one small house, was at the end of the street. They hurried toward it, and soon found themselves in the midst of a grotesque rabble of people. Dark faces looked weird in the light of the flames; dark forms, like polished copper, darted to and fro. On every roof-top as far as the eye could reach stood shadowy figures. Those on the roofs nearest the fire wrenched off the metal tiles that covered them, and that offered the best protection against the flying sparks, and flung them into the fire. This is an unvarying custom, foolish in the extreme, and its motive is as unfathomable as the East.

Presently a great singsong cry was heard, a great shuffling of feet, and the crowd parted as a primitive engine, drawn by perhaps a hundred coolies, each one singing a queer note, half chant, half groan, came

swinging down the road.

In their fantastic costumes, the coolies seemed to Constance like gnomes from another world, and as she shrank closer to her brother she saw with relief a tall figure and familiar face.

"You 're enjoying one of the sights of Japan," said Meredith as he joined them.

He placed himself beside her, one arm protecting her from the oncoming crowd. The girl's fluffy head was at his shoulder; her bright gown seemed to dance in the flickering light. She looked so fair, so ethereal, so out of place, that he longed to lift her and carry her away from contact with all this dark-skinned race.

"I see you have n't brought a lantern. You know, it's against the law to come to a fire without one; and I am glad you did n't come on horseback, as that also is against the law. You can see it on your passport," he went on lightly.

"I want to see how they work that engine," broke in Bob. "You'd better not come any farther in the crowd, dear. Will you look after her a minute, Mr. Meredith?

Meredith looked willing enough, and they tions.

"Ah, there go the gods," he said.

Men carrying long poles bearing lanterns and banners, written over with queer characters, mounted the adjoining roofs.

"The lanterns bear the number of their particular fire-brigade. The banners are gods, supposed to exert a repressing influence on the fire; and if you watch carefully, you 'll see that the flames never go where those banners are held."

"You don't actually mean that they have any power-"

"Well, I don't know about that; but what I say is true, nevertheless. However, I rather imagine that it 's because the god takes precious good care to get out of the way in time."

As he spoke, the foremost man, whose position was getting rather warm, plucked his pole from the roof, and god and man slid safely to the ground.

The fire was burning itself out. They lingered only a minute longer until Barton joined them, and Meredith walked with them to their door.

II.

THE following morning, while at breakfast, Constance received a letter that brought a flush to her cheek as she tore it open. She looked mechanically at the signature— "Matsugata Unigoya." The letter was long, well written, and well expressed. He explained his long silence by the fact that he had been for three weeks in the country on business for his father, and her letter had reached him only the previous day. He spoke of his surprise and great happiness at her presence in his country, and he regretted only that business would for another fortnight prevent him from calling upon her. His father, he said, would wish to show some slight hospitality in return for the many much amusement; one child timidly fingered

kindnesses his son had received in America. and he trusted that Miss Rives and her sister and brother would honor his poor house with their presence. He signed himself "devotedly" hers, which gave Constance a pleasant thrill. She showed the letter to her sister, who felt glad because the dear child's face wore a brighter look, though her feelings in the matter were mixed. Since last night's dinner, Count Unigova's son appeared a different person from the possible high-born suitor for her sister's hand of whom she had thought in America. Living, as Constance did, in a world of ideals, an unhappy marstood together, he answering her many ques- riage would leave her a crushed and silent woman.

> Longing to be alone, Constance took a little red "vocabulary," which was her inseparable companion, and folding her letter in it, left the house and strolled toward the hills. Her thoughts were busy with the country she was in; she could not deny that in some ways she was disappointed. What she called civilization seemed to have made but a feeble beginning in Japan. The street up which she walked streamed with little naked figures. Most of the women sitting in their open houses had dispensed with the upper part of their clothing, which hung limply about their waists. Many of the men wore clothes; many did not. A trail of carts bearing loads of stone came slowly up the steep street, pulled by men wearing bits of cloth wound around their temples to keep the perspiration from their eyes. Their dark skins shone with the effort; their muscles worked in and out; great veins stood out on their thighs and calves. They pulled and strained at the heavy loads, making a zigzag track across the road. Behind each cart a woman pushed, her dusty dress tucked up to her knees, straw sandals strapped to her feet, a cloth covering and protecting her hair from the dust. Some of the women carried children on their backs, bound tightly on by bands and wrappings. The children's heads rolled and rolled with the uneven motion; the sun streamed down on their upturned dirty faces. They were all asleep. The women trudged along; bent almost double, they pushed and shoved, using a sleeve now and again to wipe their hot faces.

Reaching the beautiful high temple grounds, Constance was so entranced that a little knot of urchins gathered unseen behind her, chattering in low tones and grinning. They inspected this curious foreign creature from head to foot. Her hat and veil excited

her white serge dress. A swaggering coolie, crossing the temple grounds, joined the little group. He pushed the children roughly out of the way. His black eyes scanned the girl impertinently, his bare shoulder brushed her sleeve; and, unable any longer to ignore the affront, Constance rose with quiet dignity and turned homeward. The man followed her to the steps, calling out words which meant nothing to her; with a laugh he turned away. The girl arrived home pale and tired, and Letty scolded her for walking too far.

"Oh, it is n't that," answered Constance; "but I feel just a bit faint at some of the things I've seen. I do wish the people were a little cleaner and would wear more clothes. They really make me feel quite ill."

"Yes," said Letty, smiling at a remembrance. "I think when a man is progressive enough to ride a bicycle, he might wear more than a shirt, blue glasses, and Oxford ties."

That afternoon, as they were hanging pictures in the drawing-room, Philip Meredith's card was brought in. He blushed as Letty greeted him, hoping he had not intruded, and asked permission to take off his coat, and insisted on hanging the pictures himself. As he exchanged pleasantries with Constance from the top of the step-ladder, Letty thought she had never seen a handsomer and brawnier specimen of young manhood.

An earlier caller had given her a little bit of his history and had explained his presence in Japan. His father's brother was partner in a long-established Eastern company. Being childless, the uncle had lavished his care and thought on this second son of his brother. His elder nephew would inherit a baronetcy and estate, and Mr. Meredith, wishing to spare Philip the feeling of injustice from which he himself had suffered as a youth on account of his meager secondson's allowance, had made his younger nephew his heir, on condition that the young man should come out to the East and learn business in the school that had made of the uncle a successful man.

During the two weeks that followed, the young fellow's bright face was seen many times in the Bartons' house. He organized many an excursion, and even Constance felt that excursions without him lacked something. Without analyzing her feelings, the girl felt a certain safety in his presence.

For what Letty had deemed a good reason she had told him something of her sister's

girl's passionate desire to see Japan, and her exaggerated idea of its beauties and merits.

He knew old Count Unigoya from letters which he had received from the Japanese legation in London, and he had no very great respect for him. The son he did not know, but he had met other young Japanese bloods, and his feeling toward them was one of mild contempt. That Constance should think of marrying young Unigoya scarcely entered his mind, though Letty had hinted at a proposal, and the very thought of it made him grit his teeth.

The Bartons had by this time met nearly all the foreigners in the place, and from many of them Letty tried to extract some ideas on the question that troubled her. She managed to do this without awakening suspicion, for who could imagine that these newcomers had ever seen a Japanese gentleman? From Miss Geraldine Mozeley, a vivacious English girl, she got a characteristic reply.

"Would I marry a Japanese?" repeated this young woman, in horror. "Not if I had to continue in my present state of single unblessedness to the end of my days. Why, if he did n't beat me, and of course he might not do that, he 'd neglect me, which would be worse. And whatever my troubles, I should like to have them to myself. would n't do me a bit of good to feel that there were rival martyrs in the field, as of course there would be; so there is no good mincing matters."

This young lady had lived six years in the East, and Letty considered her opinion worth something.

At the end of the third week after their arrival, a curiously worded invitation arrived from Count Unigoya for a meal at his house, which was to take place on a certain day at five o'clock.

"It is n't afternoon tea," Meredith explained, "and we 'll be lucky if we get away before one." He also had received an invitation. "He's probably doing up all his foreign friends at one go," he continued, and he blessed Count Unigoya for remembering him. The count had called upon Bob at his office, and in answer to Constance's eager inquiries Bob had pronounced him "like any other old Jap."

III.

THE day arrived, and the Bartons, Constance, and Meredith were ready to start on acquaintance with young Unigoya, of the their ten-mile ride to Count Unigoya's din-

ner. Meredith and Barton helped the women into the rickshaws, and they were off. They started at a good pace, each rickshaw having two men, and Letty led the procession. As they reached the downward slope, Constance dropped her handkerchief. This stopped the progress of the last three rickshaws, and Letty's dashed on alone. Faster and faster ran the kurumaya; the kuruma bumped and jumped over the deep ruts, and at every jolt Letty thought she would be shot out over the runner's head; and not a word did she know in which to beg him to moderate his speed.

"This certainly is the pace that kills," she gasped. "Talk of tobogganing and coasting! The thing is running away with him, I know it is. He can't stop!" Indeed, the brown legs seemed to fly one after the other without will or power of their owner.

Letty felt her hair slipping down, and her hat bobbed; but she was powerless. Both hands were needed to cling to her seat. They ran over several dogs, and missed children by a hairbreadth: chickens fluttered heavily out of the way, cackling angrily. On, on they rushed, the pushman's "Hoe! hoe!" warning the populace, until they reached the level, where they waited for the others to join them.

"Poor Mrs. Barton!" said Meredith, with real concern in his voice. "Could n't vou make them stop? I tried hard to catch you,

but you had such a start."

Letty laughed at her plight as she borrowed hair-pins from Constance. "I could n't think of the word for 'stop' or 'slower,' and I could not have used it if I had: I had n't a breath to spare. Oh, please don't desert me again!"

Once on the level, the men broke into an easy jog-trot, which they kept up during the

entire journey.

The road lay first through the outskirts of the town, then through the open country. They passed many villages, clusters of tiny houses, the matted floors of which looked clean and inviting, no matter how dirty and evil-smelling the surroundings. Between the villages the ripening rice grew on each side of the road in bright-green levels and terraces. One could see the glint of the dark and slimy water between the waving blades. Men and women stood waist-deep

In one of the villages, dirtier than the others, and swarming with children, Meredith gave an order that quickened the pace. Men and boys and even some of the women called

out insultingly to them as they passed, and the inevitable "foreign devil" followed them until they were out of hearing. This was an Eta village, inhabited by the pariahs of Japan, an isolated and ostracized class.

The men made good time, and covered the ten miles under two hours. They stopped before a big covered gate with a massive wrought-iron lantern swinging from its roof. The gate was flung open, and the four : rickshaws rattled over a paved courtyard, and deposited their occupants at the low wooden steps of the house. Lights shone from some remote corner within, and dark silhouetted forms bowed with great ceremony, while the voice of the interpreter said pompously: "Count Unigoya wish me to inform you your welcome to his house. He felt much honored by your distinguish presence."

"Take off your boots," muttered Meredith; and as they sat down on the steps a dozen little maid-servants knelt to undo the

lacings.

"I know I've got a hole in my sock,"

whispered Bob.

"Well, if you have, it's worse for me than for you," retorted his wife, in any aggrieved tone. "Such a reflection on my care! Can't you shuffle in under my skirts?"

Bob's toes were found to be intact, however; so apparently were Meredith's, for he led the way boldly into the dimly lighted corridor. Down this corridor they walked, the polished boards feeling like satin under their stockinged feet, and into a large room at the end. Here Count Unigoya bowed many times, and as the foreign men evinced a desire to shake hands, he did so somewhat awkwardly, trying to bow at the same time. He paid scant attention to the women, and Constance's vague expectation of being an object of interest to the old count received a blow. As she gazed at him she wasobliged to give up her venerable and whitehaired patriarch. His hair was black, and his face bore no trace of that benign look which had been inseparable from her imaginings of him.

The count was expressing to the two men, through the offices of the interpreter, his delight at their great condescension in visiting his poor house. The phrases were in the best of polite Japanese, but translated literally into English they sounded obsequious and insincere. The two women, left out of the conversation, looked about them. They were in a large room lighted by hanging lanterns, the floor covered with

some white flower. The sliding doors on two sides of the room were of gold paper, which reflected the swinging light from the lanterns. Square, flat cushions were arranged in rows on each side of the room. Not a picture, not another ornament or piece of furniture, disturbed the gray harmony. The interpreter asked them all to sit down, and they settled themselves on four cushions on one side of the room. Count Unigoya and the interpreter seated themselves opposite, and a somewhat awkward pause ensued.

Letty felt inclined to titter, and Constance whispered nervously to Meredith, "Can't you say something to them?

"Why, you see," he whispered back, "I really don't know how to speak to these high personages. My Japanese is pure coolie dialect, and if I speak to him, I shall probably insult the man.

Presently the count relieved the tension by a clap of the hands, and a rosy-cheeked servant entered on her knees, and received an order. In a moment other servants carrying boxes dropped on their knees at the door, rose, and carried the boxes to their master, where they again dropped to their knees and bumped their foreheads

against the floor.

These boxes contained the Unigoya treasures, and the wonderful curios were shown with much pride. The foreigners had knelt down upon their cushions, and were sitting on their feet in the way that Japanese etiquette demands; but this position was becoming unbearable, and Bob's long legs were the first to slip from under him and poke themselves out at the side. At this moment three Japanese women-ladies, as could be seen by their dress-appeared at the door, and, falling on their knees, bowed their heads to the ground. They were quietly dressed in blues and grays, and they sat down without a word behind the count, on cushions that had evidently been prepared for the purpose. Two of the women were old-how old it was impossible to tell; one was young, and a glance at her long, delicate face decided Constance that she was young Unigoya's sister. With equal rapidity she decided that his mother sat on the right and his grandmother on the left.

to the entrance of these quiet little ladies. a little circle about their host, lifting their

spotless mats, the low ceiling of highly pol- She had smiled and nodded in return to ished wood. Gray-tinted walls were on every their salutations, but their shy eyes had side, and in one corner, in a shallow alcove, scarcely noticed this, and they had taken stood a low, highly polished table, on which their places humbly behind the master of was a gray jar holding a single bunch of the house. The dinner now began to arrive, and in another half-hour the affair was in full swing. Count Unigoya was served by his wife and daughter, always on their knees, and the little nesans waited upon the guests. Fish soup in lacquer bowls, sugared plums, raw fish, slices of bamboo and sake, comprised the first tray of eatables. After this the foreigners lost count. A confusion of little dishes, some sugared, some salty, followed one another. Try as she would, Constance could not manage more than one taste of each dish, and Meredith's earnest entreaties, carried on sotto voce, could not induce her to try the raw fish.

> The interpreter kept up a running fire of questions and answers between Bob and his host, but the evening was going slowly, and occasionally deathly silences threatened to engulf them all. Voices and childish giggles sounded from the corridor, and presently the golden doors were pushed back, and the geisha, in brilliant costumes and marvelously

done hair, slipped into the room.

"When are they going to stop tuning and begin to play?" asked Constance.

"Why, they are playing," laughed Mere-

Constance could distinguish no melody, no connection between one note and another. "They might play it backward and it could n't sound worse," she said.

Shrill voices, as thin as the wailing of a cat, and shaking with a forced quaver, broke on the air. Constance and Letty longed to give way to shrieks of hysterical laughter. "Wee, wee, way, way!" quavered the voices. Two of the little figures stood at the end of the room, posturing and posing; they pointed stubby toes, and stuck out stiffly pointed hands. The golden doors formed a background for their fantastic

"When are they going to dance?" whispered Constance.

"They 're dancing now," answered Mere-

As time went on the interpreter's English became more and more involved. The answers he gave bore no relation to the questions Bob had asked. The situation was becoming strained.

Between the dances the geisha distributed No one but Letty had paid any attention themselves among the guests. They formed

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whitened faces coquettishly to his. They took hold of his hands to admire his rings; one of them nudged him gently; all giggled, and covered their mouths with their little hands as they did so. The ladies of the household rose and quietly left the room. In another ten minutes all communication between the host and his guests was cut off, for the interpreter lay prone upon the mats.

The geisha had neglected Meredith; possibly the very evident admiration in his eyes for the girl beside him made them feel that their attentions would not be welcomed; but they surrounded Bob, much to his wife's amusement, and tried hard to win from him a smile in return for their coy advances. They imprisoned both his hands, fingered his watch-chain, and one of them leaned against his shoulder and glanced coquettishly into his face.

"Heavens! Letty, can't you keep the

creatures off me?" he muttered.

"Now, Bob, don't pretend to me. You know you 're flattered to death by their attentions, and would like nothing better than to flirt with them."

"Oh, they're pretty enough and amusing to watch, but I can't stand the smell of their

hair."

"Can't we leave now?" asked Letty, bending across to Meredith. They no longer spoke in whispers; there was no one awake who could understand them.

"Well, it's only half over; there are fireworks to come still, and more dancing; but I think we could leave without giving offense."

He glanced at the count; the count looked drowsy, and any attention he had to give was claimed by the little knot of maidens before him, who were playing an exciting game of "bean porridge hot," or its Japanese equivalent, amid little screams of laughter.

Meredith rose; they all rose. Bob's feet were asleep, and he clung to his wife's

shoulder for support.

"I never felt more demoralized in my life," he groaned. "How any one can keep his self-respect in stocking-feet I don't understand."

The count, made aware of their going by an increased chatter on the part of the geisha, rose, apparently protesting.

"Oh, thank you; we must go. We've had such a lovely time," said Letty. "Many, many thanks. Remember us kindly to Mrs. Unigoya. Good-by, good-by!" And daring once more to be herself, she passed first through the door.

"Sayonara, sayonara," followed them in every pitch of voice. As they drew away from the house, Constance looked back. The count was on the lower step, bowing somewhat unevenly; the geisha clung to him on every side. As they reached the road and turned in the direction of the town, a quavering voice smote their ears: "Wee, wee-ee, way, way-ee!"

"They 'll keep it up all night," said Mere-

dith

Constance drew in the fresh night air in long breaths. Never had she been so glad to escape from anything. The ride seemed endless, and before they reached the town, with its glow-worm lanterns, tears of fatigue and disappointment were trickling down her cheeks. The traces of these tears were still to be seen as Meredith helped her from her rickshaw at the door.

"Have you been to many of these feasts before?" asked Letty of Meredith as they

bade him good night.

"More than I care to remember," he answered frankly; "but I hope I 've been to the last."

"Well, if that 's a Japanese spree," said Bob, "I prefer their funerals. My knees are

both out of joint."

Constance looked about her little room with a feeling she could scarcely understand. She touched the familiar things on her dressing-table, she looked at her photographs and books. "Would I have to give up all this?" she thought. Her butterfly kimono lay on the bed, but she did not put it on. She threw a shawl about her shoulders, and sat down a minute by the open window. It was the same scene she had looked at a month ago, but some transforming hand had swept over it.

IV.

A MONTH later, as Letty and her sister sat sewing up-stairs, a rickshaw stopped before the house. It was Letty's unvarying custom to jump to the window whenever any kind of vehicle passed. This rickshaw contained a young man in Japanese clothes, and without a moment's hesitation, Letty cried: "Oh, Connie, it's Mr. Unigoya!"

Before Constance could reach the window he was already under the doorway, and she was forced to wait in uncertainty until the boy brought up Mr. Unigoya's cards. Constance prinked nervously before a glass, retied her tie, and gave a twist here and there. That a suitor is unwelcome is no reason why a girl should not look her best. her sister.

"Oh, no; I'd better go down alone and

get it over," she answered.

She hurried down-stairs, and Letty sat down, a prey to anxiety. What if, in spite of Constance's very evident change of feeling, he should fascinate the child again as he had before? Letty hardly dared think what long." the consequence might be.

She waited fifteen minutes, heard the front door close, saw Unigoya trundle away in his rickshaw, and heard Constance's door shut. Flying to her room, she found the girl with a strange expression on her face, watching the departing rickshaw.

"Well, dear, what happened?"

For answer Constance gave a little laugh that was half sob, and as Letty put her arms around her there came a rush of words: "Oh, nothing happened. Oh, Letty, in those clothes he looked just like the boy [the native butler]. He asked me about every one in Boston, and I told him all I knew; and he seemed so glad to see me-and oh, I don't know. Then he asked me how I liked Japan, and, Letty, I'm afraid I told an awful fib. I said the climate did n't suit me at all, and I was strongly advised to go home. It was very wrong, but I had to say something-anything-to make him understand the impossibility of his ever, ever thinking— Oh, Letty, how could I have been so foolish! I'm so sorry for him!"

"There, dear, don't think any more about it. It was only an episode, and it 's over. I don't believe he will feel it very much. I don't think they feel things as we do. Now don't cry, deary; you know, Philip Meredith said he was coming in to tea. So get rid of that woebegone face, and then we'll all go for a walk. It's a most heavenly day."

A small fire was burning in the drawingroom. It was the first fire of the season. A little tea-kettle sung on the hearth; the tea-things glittered and shone. Meredith dropped into a chair with a homy feeling he had not had since he left England.

"What is it women bring with them into a house?" he wondered as he waited for his hostesses. "I've got tea-things and a kettle and a fire, but they don't feel like this.'

Letty came down first. Between her and Meredith there existed a feeling of bon-camaraderie that is, perhaps, possible only between a man and a woman where the woman is married and the man younger than she. They were really of the same age, but Letty always looked on him as a boy. about such things."

"Shall I go down with you, dear?" asked She wanted to let him know of the visit of the afternoon without appearing too eager with her information.

> "Mr. Unigoya called to-day," she said carelessly, as she poured hot water into the tea-pot.

Meredith bit his lip.

"I did n't see him; he did n't stay very

Letty poured out the water slowly, and measured four teaspoons of tea. "Connie says he looked exactly like the boy." She lifted her eyes to Meredith's face. It broke into a smile, and Letty's merry smile answered it.

When Constance came in she greeted him gaily. A weight of some kind seemed to have been lifted from all three. They laughed and chatted, and Meredith proposed a walk. His words included both sisters, but Letty said she must wait for Bob, and sent Constance to put on her hat.

"Where shall we go?" he asked, with a note of suppressed meaning in his voice.

"Let's go to my favorite place," the girl answered; and they climbed toward the temple. On their way they passed through a chrysanthemum-garden in full bloom. "I've seen bigger and handsomer ones at home," she said, "but of course not so numerous or so cheap." The girl talked on. "What I miss in this country are meadows and brooks and great leafy trees, and cows and horses. I do so love a farm and animals. Every inch of ground here is covered with these dreadful paddy-fields. One can't strike off across country and walk for miles as we do at home. Oh, how I should love to be on a horse this minute, or behind a good pair just flying along a smooth road!"

"If I were driving you, I can't imagine

anything I should like better."

They were passing under the red gates, and both were silent until they reached the top of the flight of steps. The temple was deserted. The sun was setting over the sea, and it flooded the open temple yard. They chose a bench behind a big stone lantern, facing the flaming sky, their backs to the darkening hills.

"I don't know why," she murmured, "but everything seems so different in this country from what I expected. I must confess, in

some ways I am disappointed."

"I know," he said. "I have felt so sorry that you should be, and I 've tried to help you a little; but I'm afraid I never did much good. I 've always been beastly stupid

could have done without you. I should like to thank you for all your kindness to me. You have seemed always to understand and to be there at the right moment. How did you learn just what women need?

"I don't know what other women need, but I've always felt differently about you. I've always seemed to know your thoughts and wants. I suppose it's because—I love you." The sky reddened in the west. A mock sunset, so often seen in Japan, flamed in the east. The shadows lengthened. "Ever since the minute I first saw you I have loved you. I have felt every disappointment and pang that you have felt. I don't know that I can ever make you understand all that you are to me-all that you mean to me. I was almost contented before you came, but now I know that I cannot live this kind of life or in this country any longer. And I know, too, that I cannot live anywhere without you. When you first came and liked this country so much, I hated it because you murmured.

"Oh, but you have helped me. I never liked it. Your love for it seemed to separate you from me in some way. I wanted you-I wanted you to love my country. If you will let me, I 'll give you meadows and brooks and trees and horses, and everything that I have."

His voice grew lower with every word, and he waited for her to speak. Constance rose, and leaning on the stone lantern, fixed her eyes on the rosy clouds; but she did not speak. Meredith rose and stood beside her, his eyes on her upturned face.

"Say you will come with me."

Constance's eyes dropped, then met his bravely, and the look in them made the man catch his breath. Then their hands met.

The last rays of the sun left the top of the stone lantern, crawled to the roof of the temple, and bathed the cold blue tiles in purple light. The pines stood out black against the sky.

"Japan is beautiful, after all," she



SONG.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

ERE I von star whose silver rav Turns dusk to day, Lo, I would hide me till you came, Then burst in flame Athwart the darkness on your sight, And die in light.

Were I you rose whose fragrance rare Scents all the air, I would not blossom till the day You passed this way, Then pour my heart out in perfume And die in bloom.

Were I you lark whose sunny song Sounds all day long, Lo, I would hush me till you passed, Then wake at last, Spread my glad wings out toward the sky, Sing once, and die.

AN UNNECESSARY STORY.

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

was an old charge of mine, the French Canadian widow of an Iroquois Indian, whom, years before, I had unearthed in a New York West-Side tenement. I was just then making ready for a voyage across the ocean to the old home to see my own mother, and the thought of the aged woman who laid away her children long ago by the cold camp-fires of her tribe in Canadian forests was a call not to be resisted. I went at once.

The signs of illness were there in a notice tacked up on the wall, warning everybody to keep away when her attic should be still, until her friends could come from the charity office. It was a notion she had. Mrs. McCutcheon, the district visitor, explained, that would not let her rest till her "paper" was made out. For her, born in the wilderness, death had no such terror as prying

"Them police fellows," she said, with the least touch of resentment in her gentle voice, "they might take my things and sell them to buy cigars to smoke." I suspect it was the cigar that grated harshly. It was ever to her a vulgar slur on her beloved pipe. In truth, the mere idea of Mrs. Ben Wah smoking a cigar rouses in me impatient resentment. Without her pipe she was not herself. I see her yet, stuffing it with approving forefinger, on the Christmas day when I had found her with tobacco-pouch empty, and pocket to boot, and nodding the quaint comment from her corner: "It's no disgrace to be poor, but it 's sometimes very inconvenient."

There was something in the little attic room that spoke of the coming change louder than the warning paper. A half-finished mat, with its bundle of rags put carefully aside; the thirsty potato-vine on the firesoap-box toward the window, as if in wondering search for the hands that had tended Mrs. Ben Wah's work-day was over at last. may ever know. "The winter of the big went out together it was settled between us

RS. BEN WAH was dying. Word snow," or "the year when deer was scarce" came up from the district office of on the Magenetawan, is not as good a guide the Charity Organization Society to time-reckoning in the towns as in the to tell me of it. Would I come and woods, and Mrs. Ben Wah knew no other. see her before I went away? Mrs. Ben Wah Her thoughts dwelt among the memories of the past as she sat slowly nodding her turbaned head, idle for once. The very headdress, arranged and smoothed with unusual care, was "notice," proceeding from a primitive human impulse. Before the great mystery she "was ashamed and covered her head."

The charity visitor told me what I had half guessed. Beyond the fact that she was tired and had made up her mind to die, nothing ailed Mrs. Ben Wah. But at her age, the doctor had said, it was enough; she would have her way. In faith, she was failing day by day. All that could be done was to make her last days as easy as might be. I talked to her of my travels, of the great salt water upon which I should journey many days; but her thoughts were in the lonely woods, and she did not understand. I told her of beautiful France, the language of which she spoke with a singularly sweet accent, and asked her if there was not something I might bring back to her to make her happy. As I talked on, a reminiscent smile came into her eyes and lingered there. It was evidently something that pleased her. By slow degrees we dragged the bashful confession out of her that there was yet one wish she had in this life.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, when, as a young woman, she had gone about peddling beads, she had seen a bird, such a splendid bird, big and green and beautiful, with a red turban, and that could talk. Talk! As she recalled the glorious apparition, she became quite her old self again, and reached for her neglected pipe with trembling hands. If she could ever see that bird again-but she guessed it was long since gone. She was a young woman then, and now she was old, so old. She settled escape, which reached appealingly from its back in her chair, and let the half-lighted pipe go out.

"Poor old soul!" said Mrs. McCutcheon, it so faithfully, bore silent testimony that patting the wrinkled hand in her lap. Her lips framed the word "Parrot" across the It had been a long day-how long no one room to me, and I nodded back. When we that Mrs. Ben Wah was to be doctored according to her own prescription, if it broke the rules of every school of medicine.

I went straight back to the office and wrote in my newspaper that Mrs. Ben Wah was sick and needed a parrot, a green one with a red tuft, and that she must have it right away. I told of her lonely life, and of how, on a Christmas eve, years ago, I had first met her at the door of the Charity Organization Society, laboring up the stairs with a big bundle done up in blue cheese-cloth, which she left in the office with the message that it was for those who were poorer than she. They were opening it when I came in. It contained a lot of little garments of blanket stuff, as they used to make them for the papooses among her people in the far North. It was the very next day that I found her in her attic, penniless and without even the comfort of her pipe. Like the widow of old, she had cast her mite into the treasury, even all she had.

All this I told in my paper, and how she whose whole life had been kindness to others was now in need-in need of a companion to share her lonely life, of something with a voice, which would not come in and go away again, and leave her. And I begged that any one who had a green parrot with a red

tuft would send it in at once.

New York is a good town to live in. It has a heart. It no sooner knew that Mrs. "Where you get that bird?" she de-Ben Wah wanted a parrot than it hustled manded of Mrs. McCutcheon, faintly. about to supply one at once. The morning mail brought stacks of letters, with offers of money to buy a parrot. They came from lawyers, business men, and bank presidents, men who pore over dry ledgers and drive sharp bargains on 'Change, and are never supposed to give a thought to lonely widows pining away in poor attics. While they were being sorted, a poor little tramp song-bird flew in through the open window of the Charities Building in great haste, apparently in search of Mrs. McCutcheon's room. Its feathers were ruffled and its bangs awry, as if it had not had time to make its morning toilet, it had come in such haste to see if it would do. Though it could not talk, it might at least sing to the sick old woman sing of the silent forests with the silver lakes deep in their bosom, where the young bucks trailed the moose and the panther, and where she listened at the lodge door for their coming; and the song might bring back the smile to her wan lips. But though it was nearly green and had a tousled top, it was not a parrot, and it would not do. a compact of friendship then and there made.

The young women who write in the big books in the office caught it and put it in a cage to sing to them instead. In the midst of the commotion came the parrot itself, big and green, in a "stunning" cage. It was an amiable bird, despite its splendid getup, and cocked its crimson head to one side to have it scratched through the bars, and held up one claw, as if to shake hands.

How to get it to Mrs. Ben Wah's without the shock killing her was the problem that next presented itself. Mrs. McCutcheon solved it by doing the cage up carefully in newspapers and taking it along herself. All the way down the bird passed muffled comments on the Metropolitan Railway service and on its captivity, to the considerable embarrassment of its keeper; but they reached the Beach-street tenement and Mrs. Ben Wah's attic at last. There Mrs. McCutcheon stowed it carefully away in a corner, while she busied herself about her aged friend.

She was working slowly down through an address which she had designed to break the thing gently and by degrees, when the parrot, extending a feeler on its own hook, said "K-r-r-a-a!" behind its paper screen.

Mrs. Ben Wah sat up straight and looked fixedly at the corner. Seeing the big bundle there, she went over and peered into it. She caught a quick breath and stared, wide-eyed.

"Oh, that is Mr. Riis's bird," said that lady, sparring for time; "a friend gave it to

"Where you take him?" Mrs. Ben Wah gasped, her hand pressed against her feeble old heart.

Her friend saw, and gave right up.

"I am not going to take it anywhere," she said. "I brought it for you. This is to be its home, and you are to be its mother, grandma, and its friend. You are to be always together from now on-always, and have a good time." With that she tore the paper from the cage.

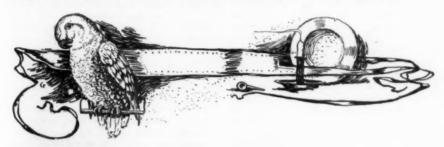
The parrot, after all, made the speech of the occasion. He considered the garret; the potato-field on the fire-escape, through which the sunlight came in, making a cheerful streak on the floor; Mrs. Ben Wah and her turban; and his late carrier: then he climbed upon his stick, turned a somersault, and said, "Here we are," or words to that effect. Thereupon he held his head over to be scratched by Mrs. Ben Wah in token of of gratitude. Then she wiped them away, and went about her household cares as of old. The prescription had worked. The next day room, where there were now two voices for one. always, comrades true,

I came back from Europe to find my old heart than in many a day. The parrot had woman. "Oh, write it!" she said. "You learned to speak Canadian French to the must!" And when I asked why, she replied, extent of demanding his crackers and water with feminine logic: "Because it is so unin the lingo of the habitant. Whether he necessary. The barrel of flour does n't stick will yet stretch his linguistic acquirements out all over it." to the learning of Iroquois I shall not say. separable. door-jamb. I raised the curtain that serves of Mrs. Ben Wah and her parrot.

Joy, after all, does not kill. Mrs. Ben for a door, and looked in. Mrs. Ben Wah Wah wept long and silently big, happy tears was asleep upon the bed. Perched upon her shoulder was the parrot, no longer constrained by the bars of a cage, with his head tucked snugly in her neck, asleep too. So the "notice" vanished from the wall of the I left them, and so I like to remember them

It happened that when I was in Chicago friend with a lighter step and a lighter last spring I told their story to a friend, a

Now I have done as she bade me. Perhaps It is at least possible. The two are in- she was right. Women know these things The last time I went to see best. Like my own city, they have hearts, them, no one answered my knock on the and will understand the unnecessary story



A YANKEE TEACHER IN THE SOUTH.

AN EXPERIENCE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BY ELIZABETH G. RICE.

General Beauregard evacuated Charleston, a party of New England entered the city as volunteer teachers for the colored schools that had been organized under the superintendence of Mr. James Redpath. We had been sent out by a society in Boston, who 'paid us a small sum above our necessary expenses, the government providing, as far as possible, transportation, rations, and military protection.

Everywhere were to be seen ruins, new

IX weeks from the day that everything of much value. Our party of twelve looked about to find a vacant house that pleased us, and soon selected a large men and women, including myself, brownstone mansion. Only a few large the city as volunteer teachers for articles remained, such as sideboard and dining-table, and a few bedsteads and wardrobes. The fine library, which must have numbered several thousand volumes, had been taken away by our troops only the day before, -so the colored people on the place told us, - and busts of Roman emperors still stood surmounting the empty shelves. In the courtyard were two small brick houses and old; and the sense of disaster was for the servants, and a well-yard where half greatly increased by the fires that took place a dozen bloodhounds lived in kennels, conthe night that the city was evacuated, tributing much to our sense of safety. A When the Union troops entered, their first former steward, nearly white, was in charge effort was to extinguish these fires. Then of the place. He felt kindly toward us, as the officers took possession of the vacant we were on a mission to his race, and was houses, which had already been emptied of very glad to remain for wages. To coma dray and foraged from house to house; if one seemed deserted, we roamed over it, and if we found a stray chair or table, we had it put on our dray. None of these articles were treasures, except in the sense that any table or chair was better than none. One day we mentioned to an officer that we had no mirror, and within a few hours he surprised us by sending an elegant glass in a massive frame, that required four men to carry it up the broad stairs. Dishes were particularly scarce, and some white-andgold china sent us by an officer was a great

luxury. After we had lived in the house two months we received a call from a member of the family that owned it, who told us of his satisfaction in knowing that his house was occupied by teachers and ladies rather than by officers. He assured us that he should do nothing to molest us. He ended his call by asking permission to visit his garden and gather some flowers. Later we saw our steward go off with him, and not long after the steward came back in a state of intoxication. The next day, while we were at school, two comfortable stuffed chairs, of which we were proud, disappeared from the parlor, and our steward said that this caller of the day before had sent for them. They had never belonged to him, but I suppose he shared our admiration for them. We never saw him or them again, but we left him an assortment of furniture when, several months later, we all returned North for the summer.

All the available school buildings were put in use as fast as teachers, either Northern or native, could be found. Pupils who did not know a letter of the alphabet or a figure in arithmetic were separated from those who did, and those who could read from those who could not. Our places as teachers were assigned by lot, and the task that fell to me was a hard one. My school met in the third floor of the fine old State Normal School building. The room had formerly been used as a hall for lectures, and was fitted with settees for four hundred. There I never had a pupil who knew the alphabet or could count correctly to ten.

Charleston was a great gathering-place for the suddenly freed people from plantations for miles and miles around. To them freedom meant liberty to rove about as they liked, and they wandered aimlessly into the city by hundreds and thousands, destitute of nearly everything. Pigs seemed to be a favorite possession, and many a freedman

plete the furnishing, we did as others-got made his first tour of the city streets with a squealing pig under his arm. Government and the Freedmen's Bureau sent these homeless crowds to camps on James Island. and fed and cared for them as best they could. To them being free meant being educated like white men. One of their first impulses, therefore, was to go to school.

Many among those who had been brought \square up in towns could read, but the great throng of plantation and rice-swamp workers were in the densest ignorance, and often spoke such bad English that it was impossible to get at their meaning. As they passed in crowds through the city, many would stop at the school doors and ask admittance. Any applicant, man, woman, or child, not knowing the alphabet, was sent to my school; and when the four hundred seats were full. as they always were, subsequent comers had to be sent away. Consequently my room was filled each day with a constantly changing set of people. Many, probably, never came the second time. They had no idea of school life, and found sitting still and mental application the most laborious task they had ever been set to do. They wanted to talk, or to get up and walk round the room; and they fell asleep in their seats, even falling upon the floor, as easily as babes. My room was searched weekly for deserters from the army, so many men were there among the women and children.

My own rearing had been in a quiet New England town, and I hardly think I had ever seen a hundred colored people when I went South on this mission. My sense of helplessness was complete when I first stood on the platform and faced the dark crowd in motley apparel. I hardly knew whether to cry or laugh. There seemed to be no other individuality than sex. All the men looked just alike, and so did all the women and girls, except when some peculiar arrangement of the kinks of curls on their heads was distinctive. A shell fired during the bombardment had torn an opening in the wall and shattered every pane of glass, but a less perfect system of ventilation would not have sufficed. The school session lasted only three hours each day, and that included a generous recess, for the confinement was as tedious to those grown-up children as to an ordinary three-year-old.

A soldier was detailed daily to stand at the outer entrance of the building to keep out unruly persons, and another was stationed by my door on the upper floor, and sometimes I had to call upon him for aid in

ejecting disturbers. There was a foolish and to learn; but they reasoned that, if they whenever he could. Usually he behaved very well. One day, however, George Washington (for that was his name) suddenly appeared in front of the school with a sword which he brandished at me. He had on epaulets and wore the red sash of an officer. The figure we cut as he dashed about waving his sword and I dodged round my desk evading it and screaming to the sentinel to come in, must have been very ludi-Finally George Washington was taken captive and removed, and I gave strict orders that he was never to pass the outer door again.

I was given the assistance of eight colored girls who had had some schooling. One of them had been a teacher and was really helpful. To each of these eight assistants I assigned the care of fifty pupils. I printed the alphabet and a few numerals with chalk on blackboards in each of the four corners of the room, and four assistants alternated their sections in classes of twenty-five each, standing before these boards and trying to make them see the different shapes of the letters and learn their names. Two of the teachers heard their classes in two small anterooms, and two more on the broad landing of the staircase entry, while I tried to keep order among the two hundred who were resting in their seats, and conducted general exercises between the changing of the classes.

Singing and marching were the general exercises they liked best; all others were usually failures. For instance, I would say to the school, "To-day is Wednesday. What day will to-morrow be?" and when some one had guessed the right answer, I would have them repeat it several times in concert; yet the chances were that in a few minutes the same question would call forth the same series of guesses. Still, because they had an instinctive ear for rhythm, they would repeat in order the days of the week in concert, or would count to ten together, or partly get through the letters of the alphabet. Yet if I should ask suddenly, "What number comes after seven?" or any such question, the whole list would be guessed over again. If a pupil came regularly enough to learn the alphabet, he was at once promoted to a room where reading head to feet. was taught.

body was serious. It is fair to say that, in a general way, all were anxious to please me 13, while we were all at the theater, the

colored boy of large size who used to slip in were free, they could talk when they wanted to, or they could go out and come in as they liked. The very first morning of my taking charge I was horror-stricken to see two big boys rush at each other, and before the sentinel at the door could interfere, one had received a fearful cut in the face with a knife. I found it impossible to enforce authority without using punishments such as sitting on the floor in front of my desk with legs kept straight and feet turned up, or standing and toeing a line. They seemed to dislike having attention drawn to their feet, which were always bare. Occasionally I found use for a small ratan which some one had left in the teacher's desk. There were two brothers, Josiah and Tony, who came regularly to school, though I do not think they learned a thing. But no boys were ever more mischievous than these. They were evidently familiar with the uses of the rod, and would scream and writhe as if in agony, and beg for mercy, even before the first application was made. I found the effect of their piteous cries very salutary on the general discipline, and that the measure of the awe inspired was more the result of their loud outcries than of my own control. So it came to be a joke in our building that when visitors of apparent consequence were seen coming, the outer sentinel would send the brief message, "Whip Josiah," as he, being the older and more practised in his howling, made consequently a larger impression on the school. If the message was simply, "Whip Tony," I knew that in the sentinel's estimation the visitors were of minor distinction. Of course the suggestion was not often adopted, though I doubt if there were, at any time, five consecutive minutes in which they both did not richly deserve a thrashing.

One thing my pupils did admirably: they sang their plantation melodies with the strange words and plaintive choruses, swaying their bodies as they sang, in wonderful time and tune. There was a little peculiarity common to them all. They would come to me and ask to go home, saying they had the stomachache. This complaint seemed to be so remarkably prevalent that finally I began to investigate, and found that it was a generic term for every kind of ailment from

We had many pleasant diversions from The problem of keeping order in such a our school work while the Federal troops occupied the city. On the evening of April

of Lee. The wild enthusiasm of the audi- swers of "No," and "Bress de Lord!" and ence can hardly be imagined. We had al- screams and cries arose on all sides. People ready been in a state of deep excitement, swayed to and fro and stood up, and it was for hundreds of people had come that day a long time before the tumult was calmed. from the North to be present on the follow- Mr. Garrison probably had no idea of such ing day at Fort Sumter, where General a response to his appeal. For my own part, Anderson, with appropriate ceremonies, raised again the identical flag that he had lowered four years before. Henry Ward Beecher, then in his prime, was the orator of the day, and ended his matchless speech with the resounding words:

"We invoke Peace upon the North. Peace be to the West! Peace be upon the South! In the name of God we lift up our banner and dedicate it to Peace, Reunion, and Liberty, now and forevermore. Amen."

The day closed with a great display of colored lights and fireworks from the fleet, which moved up near to the city, and was answered by fireworks and music from the Battery. That very night, although we did not know it, Abraham Lincoln lay in ever-

lasting peace in Washington.

The next Sunday a number of the distinguished visitors went in the afternoon to Zion Church, an immense colored church, and one after another addressed the audience, which was almost wholly of colored people, with a scanty sprinkling of officers and teachers. The circumstances were unusual, and the speakers were deeply moved, while the congregation was excited and restless. Mr. Beecher asked them to sing one of their favorite hymns, "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and they sang it with wild fervor. Whenever there was a pause some one would burst in with the first "Roll" of the chorus, which all would again take up, and the repetition would go on. It was hard to bring the congregation to quiet.

William Lloyd Garrison read from a book which had come into his possession. It was the record of sales made in the slave-mart, and the people sobbed and ejaculated on all sides. Then he read an advertisement from a recent Charleston newspaper, which ran

like this:

Wanted: An active boy about fourteen years old,

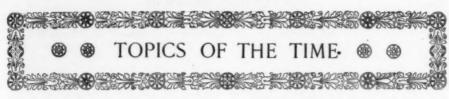
with some further details. Then he paused, and looking at the people, said, with great feeling: "Have any of you got such a boy to

announcement was made of the surrender sell?" The effect was alarming. Wild an-I felt a downright fear, and would have escaped out of a near window if a friend had not restrained me.

When the news of Lincoln's assassination reached us, consternation prevailed everywhere, and even the most ignorant of the colored people felt that some sort of calamity had befallen them. The people about town went around wailing, "Uncle Sam is dead! Uncle Sam is dead!" They had all been somehow filled with an expectation that Uncle Sam would give each of them forty acres of land and a mule, and possibly in their absolute poverty their sense of personal loss was even more keen than our own

On May-day there was a memorial service conducted by Mr. Redpath and the schools and the troops in the city, in the old Race Course grounds, where prisoners from the Union Army had been detained before the evacuation. Those who died had been buried just outside the course, and our troops, under General Hartwell, marched around this sad place, followed by processions of colored people, who walked in time to their own singing. Each person in passing threw flowers, which had been brought for the purpose of decorating the burial-ground, till it was entirely covered. I have often wondered whether this was the first Decoration Day.

The days grew steadily hotter, and the sleepy crowd grew sleepier as they sat wearily on their settees in school. It was no use to give them books, for they could not read a word, and we had few picture-books or illustrated papers. We taught on with flagging courage till early in July, when we were very glad to avail ourselves of a government permit for transportation at halfrates to New York. Some teachers returned in the fall to continue the work, which went on, under more usual and orderly conditions, until the military rule was over and the former civil authority was resumed in the city, and with it the care of its own school



Doing Good that Good may Come.

THERE are minds so constituted that they find little that interests them and small occasion for praise in the conduct of public affairs except in the accomplishment of distinguished ends by cunning and address. In our historical studies we find statesmen who appear to be more concerned in doing evil that good may come, than in doing good that good may come; the latter procedure is too obvious to dazzle or attract. There is always a certain amount of cynic praise of pure adroitness in matters of government-an adroitness disassociated from scrupulousness. Yet the heart of mankind must be true, after all, for while conscienceless ability obtains great rewards in historical monuments, humanity does not hesitate to place above the fames of mere mental force the fames of absolute goodness.

There have been many statesmen since Machiavelli who would never dare publicly to avow themselves disciples of the brilliant and inconsistent Florentine-statesmen, indeed, who may owe nothing directly to the arguments of "The Prince," and who are acquainted with its author's doctrines only through the vogue of a sounding adjective. yet some of whose actions nevertheless would meet with the appreciative approval of the great expounder of opportunism. Other statesmen, who despise his principles, still by some misfortune of temperament, mixed with misfortune of circumstance, have, notwithstanding the best of intentions, been put in the position of apparently falling in with the Machiavellian doctrine. A sagacious prince, said Machiavelli, "cannot and should not fulfil his pledges when their observance is contrary to his interest, and when the causes that induced him to pledge his faith no longer exist. If men were all good, then indeed this precept would be bad; but as men are naturally bad, and will not observe their faith toward you, you must in the same way not observe yours toward them: and no prince ever yet lacked legitimate reasons with which to color his want of good faith. . prince should seem to be merciful, faithful, humane, religious, and upright, and should even be so in reality; but he should have his mind so trained that, when occasion requires it, he may know how to change to the opposite. And it must be understood that a prince, and especially one who has but recently acquired his state, cannot perform all those things which cause men to be esteemed as good; he being often obliged, for the sake of maintaining his state, to act contrary to humanity, charity, and religion. And therefore it is necessary that he should have a versatile mind, capable of changing readily, according as the winds and changes bid him; and, as has been said

above, not to swerve from the good if possible, but to know how to resort to evil if necessity demands it."

There are always plenty of people-Machiavellians unaware-to uphold the doctrine that states must be unscrupulously selfish; that they are not to be bound by the code of private morals. There is always a temptation, even with the most honest and fair-minded men upon whom executive responsibility has temporarily devolved, to seize and hold every advantage in the supposed interests of the community. They do not wish it said, after their stewardship has expired, that through them the community suffered loss, that they were guilty of letting go an opportunity of benefit for the people whom they represented. Enough influences, moreover, are always at work to make a deviation from principle seem not what it is, but simply a manly stroke of statesmanship.

Now, we hold that it is wrong for statesmen, wrong for governments, and wrong for nations, to put themselves in the position of even seeming to act on Machiavellian lines. And for this reason: The action of a government, being necessarily influenced by many interests and many reasons and many motives, cannot easily be defended from a charge of selfishness, and so may stand forever suspected not only by the world at large, but by its own people, should it apparently depart from the straight path. In such a case its influence for good is destroyed abroad, while demoralization spreads over the body politic at home.

So far as America is concerned, it is not, as Emerson said, a question whether we shall be a multitude of people; that has been "conspicuously decided already; but whether we shall be the guide and lawgiver of all nations, as having clearly chosen and firmly held the simplest and best rule of political society." "America," said Emerson,and every word is golden, - "America should affirm and establish that in no instance shall the guns go in advance of the present right. We shall not make coups d'état and afterward explain and pay, but shall proceed like William Penn, or whatever other Christian or humane person who treats with the Indian or the foreigner, on principles of honest trade and mutual advantage. We can see that the Constitution and the law in America must be written on ethical principles, so that the entire power of the spiritual world shall hold the citizen loyal, and repel the enemy as by force of nature. It should be mankind's bill of rights, or Royal Proclamation of the Intellect ascending the throne, announcing its good pleasure that now, once for all, the world shall be governed by common sense and law of morals."

But the cynic mind does not find in the poet, even in the poet-prophet, a guide to "practical

statesmanship." Well, if ever there was a "practical" statesman it was that American who outtops, in the nobility of his fame, all other heroes of the world. It is Washington who said: "Observe good faith and justice toward all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue?" It was Washington, also, who declared, - and in so declaring he touched the very root of the question, -"I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy.'

American statesmen, therefore, should be sustained by public opinion in doing the absolutely right thing. They should be upheld even in taking risks in right-doing; they should be encouraged not to do evil in hope that good may come, but to do right, and right only, that good may come. They should be made to understand that a nation not only should do right, but should not allow any public misconception as to the justice and the righteousness of its action. And they should tell their public servants that the stewardship of principle is vastly more important than the stewardship of property.

Now for Buffalo!

THE series of World's Fairs-the first of which was wisely projected in the middle of the last century by Prince Albert of England-many think came to an end with the Paris Exposition of 1900. That is to say, there is a growing conviction that the universal, "all nations" exhibition, the exhibition of everything by everybody, has reached a point of labor, expense, and unwieldiness which makes it doubtful if another "great show" of the same scope will ever take place. It is more likely that the "great shows" of the future will either include only exhibits of certain products from all the countries of the world, or else will include all products of a certain portion of the globe.

The Pan-American Exposition, which begins this month at Buffalo, is of the latter character. It is the first great exhibition the New World has ever made without including Europe. It is, indeed, a unique and a most timely exposition. Its main object is to make the New World known to itself. The republics of South America hitherto have faced Europeward rather than toward the great republic of the North; and the lack of knowledge on the part of our own people of the conditions and needs of the peoples of Central America and the southern continent has been remarkable. Of late years American statesmen have endeavored to establish between the United States and the other countries of the Western World a better understanding and an increased commerce; and the Pan-American Exposition is a most important incident in the work of actually bringing together the peoples that geographically are

neighbors and ostensibly are friends.

Buffalo was fortunate in being able to secure for the position of Director-General of the Exposition a gentleman who, as minister to the Argentine Republic and as an arbitrator between the Argentine Republic and Chile, possessed special acquaintance with conditions in the republics south of the United States. The Hon. William I. Buchanan, in a statement recently issued in pamphlet form (after its first publication in "Collier's Weekly"), states that the ideal had in view by those who planned the Exposition was that in all that appertains to the industrial and intellectual development of the countries of the Western Hemisphere the Pan-American Exposition should occupy the position of a great international "Information Clearing-House," "While interesting millions as a beautiful spectacle," he said, "it will afford an opportunity to the peoples of the three Americas to become better acquainted with each other, and it will prove a very prominent factor, too, in developing a proper and just appreciation in each country of the industrial wants and trade possibilities of the neighboring countries of the Western Hemisphere.

As a mere spectacle the Exposition promises to be extraordinary. We may say, by the way, to the thousands of Americans who are going abroad this year, that, if they do not arrange to see the "great show" before sailing, they will make a mistake which they may never cease to regret if they do not return in time to see it in its closing days. The people of Buffalo have taken up this scheme in the same public spirit, and with the same intelligence and determination toward the best, which marked the conduct of the notable group of Chicagoans who carried the Columbian Exposition to a triumphant issue. Like the Chicago Exposition, the one at Buffalo, though different in style of architecture, will be profuse and magnificent in its combination of architectural and landscape art, while in sculpture and in color decoration it promises to be extremely brilliant. The architects of the Buffalo Exposition, with evident propriety, have selected the ornate style most familiar to the inhabitants of the Southern republics, one that lends itself easily to gaiety and picturesqueness of effect. Says Mr. Buchanan: on its architectural side "the Exposition pays the republics of South and Central America the highest compliment possible, since in the character and design of its buildings there will be placed before the visitor the most perfect, the most beautiful, and the most enchanting picture of Spanish architectural memories that has ever been presented in any country or place, while in its natural attractions and in the loveliness of its lake and forest and flower setting the Exposition as a picture will be a source of gladness and delight, and a pride as well, to every one who visits it.

It is probable, furthermore, that in one particular alone the great fair at Buffalo will be of truly historical importance. If the liberal plans of the managers are fully carried out, the exhibition of American art there made will be the most thorough and most valuable that has ever been gathered together. In many ways the Pan-American Exposition seems destined to memorable results.

Another Step Forward.

THERE has been lately, both in England and in the United States, a revival of effort for the curing of the ever-present evil of overcrowding in large cities. In England the local governments are much more radical in their remedies than in America: they not only destroy unsanitary houses by the wholesale, but build at public cost new model tenements. And yet, if one is to judge by the statements made in parliamentary debates, the remedies are very far from healing the ill.

A former New York Tenement-House Commission declared that it was unable to draw a law which would "abolish poverty." Perhaps until some one proves his ability to draw such a law it is hopeless to look for the entire abrogation of the so-called tenement-house evil. Meantime the New York Tenement-House Commission of 1900 has made its report to the legislature, and again the subject is brought with great force into public attention on this side of the Atlantic.

The new commission, of which Mr. Robert W. de Forest (president of the Charity Organization Society) was chairman, was a large and particularly representative one. Both in the general contents and in the recommendations formulated, its report is of the highest importance. When the sub-reports are all brought together in official volumes, they, with the general report, will be found to contain a generous storehouse of scien-

tific information on the subject of the housing of the masses of the people—information which will be of practical value to legislators, philanthropists, and sociological students for many years to come.

It is hoped that the recommendations of the commission to the legislature, which at the outset met the approval of the Governor, will be followed by the desired enactments before this number of the magazine is issued. Tenement laws must be progressive, because tenement-house evils are progressive. It is a notorious fact that New York has the most crowded city quarters on the globe. The making of small parks, the destruction of some of the worst tenements, the new laws, neglected though many of them are, and the building of model tenements-none of these things has been without good effects. But for the legislature to refuse to take the further steps now required-especially in the establishment of a new department-would be a betrayal of the people.

The epoch-making decision of the New York Court of Appeals, in 1895, in the famous "Water Case" has placed the sanitary legislation demanded by well-informed public opinion on a high constitutional plane. Judge Peckham, now a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, deserves well of his fellow-citizens for the opinion then written by him. Broadly speaking, he took the old and unshakable ground that "the public safety is the supreme law." All legislatures have a warrant in that decision (Court of Appeals, Albany, February 26, 1895) for the enactment of such laws as will effectively guard the safety, health, and morals of the occupants of tenement-houses, guarding thereby as well the general community from danger of fire, and from still greater danger of physical and moral con-



A Dream of the Future World's Fair.

THE great exhibitions of the future will have, in the main, a spiritual significance. They will express, through the medium of art, the highest ideas of twentieth-century humanity. They will give voice and form to the feeling of human solidarity and those still vague emotions which are the basis of modern religion. This change is already apparent in the Exposition which will open its gates this month at Buffalo. The Pan-American sentiment conveyed to our Latin-American neighbors by the adoption of their traditional architecture.

Nowhere is this sentiment of American unity more clearly implied than in the little interior

court of the Manufactures Building, in which, by the way, the first important attempt has been made to treat as an artistic whole the interior of an exhibition building. At all former exhibitions there has been a marked contrast between the artistic care lavished upon the exteriors of the buildings and the neglect of the interiors. The beauty of the great naves of iron, glass, and "staff" has been invariably spoiled by shabby boardings and partitions, and the isolated attempts at orderly arrangement of the exhibits have never been properly carried out through an entire building. The court of the Manufactures Building at Buffalo is virtually a separate structure. It has gained immensely by the ordering of the exhibit booths and the designing of the decora-

tions by one man, though that is the result of the inability or unwillingness of others who had been asked to contribute. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany has made of this small interior court an idealized Spanish-American garden, adorned with trees and flowers, flanked by low pavilions surmounted by turquoise domes, and filled with the most beautiful products of the applied arts. In the center an electric fountain attracts the eye by the shimmer of falling water and the gleaming of two hundred electric lights through its walls of colored glass. Simulating a geyser of the Yellowstone, this unique fountain throws out jets of steam as well as of water, forming clouds that, at times, soften and diffuse the light, and again, dissolving, allow the fairy spectacle to shine out in all its brilliancy. This touch of Yankee genius transforms the little South American court, giving it a new life, doing for it what this country is destined to do for all the nations to the south of us.

But the Pan-American movement, brought into prominence by the Exposition at Buffalo, though continental in its scope, is only a single current in the universal movement toward unity, which, begun along the line of commerce and conquest. is now entering upon a new phase. We are becoming cosmopolitan in our ideas. Every great city has, to-day, its pretensions to be considered not a national so much as a world center. New York, perhaps, can show the clearest reasons for claiming the title of cosmopolis. The great expositions of the last century exhibited our progress toward industrial and commercial union: those of the new century, beginning with those at Buffalo, Charleston, and St. Louis, will have a significance not merely material: they will be indices of the world's progress toward the ideal civilization shown in art, in literature, in music, and not merely in manufactures, inventions, and commerce.

A new vehicle is needed for the expression of the new ideas, and it will be found in that art of scenic effect which is being developed before our eyes by the architects of the great expositions. In these we already have architecture and landscapegardening combined on a magnificent scale and aided by the marvels of electric lighting.

But we are only at the beginning. Instead of choosing, for the sake of harmony, a flat and uninteresting site, which it is afterward found necessary to vary with artificial elevations and

depressions at immense cost, the Exposition of the Future will be built on a site of itself noble and inspiring. Moving stairways will climb the hills; forests will furnish a dark background of natural foliage for the brilliant color notes-the red and blue and gold of the palaces devoted to art, to music, to the dance, to religious and scientific uses; rivers will flow by, telling of historic towns along their banks. And not only will the picture comprise such details as terraced hills crowned with marvels of architecture, and indigenous forest growth inclosing gardens of exotic plants, and water reflecting them or hidden under the enormous leaves and flowers of the Japanese lotus and the Victoria regia, but the architecture of the sky will be brought into the scheme. The hint conveyed by Mr. Tiffany's geyser fountain will be developed. The clouds themselves will be created and controlled by man. The waste steam from the machinery will be utilized for the purpose, and artificial rainbows will span the valleys and artificial thunder-storms sweep the plain. By night search-lights will throw gigantic shadows upon these clouds, electric suns will light them from within, and the glorious visions of the old mythologies will, for some hours, live again in the view of countless spectators.

The new century will find an art language of its own. Inventors like Tesla and Marconi will be given the means to conduct experiments on a large scale; artists will seize upon and perfect their discoveries; and the universal forces, given a voice by man, will set forth the praises of the Lord.

The great Exposition of the Future will look like a picture of Turner or of Claude. The eye will be led on from one point of interest to another until the sense of infinity is borne in upon the beholder; the hours spent there will belong to eternity; every nation will be asked to show, not what it has to sell, but what it has to give that is worthy the world's acceptance—France her drama and her art, Germany her music and her science, Italy the heirlooms of the past, our own country the inventions that lead on the future. The next really great exposition will be something of which the world has not yet seen the like—an ideal city of the arts, in itself a great work of art, attractive even more from the heart and brain put into it than from the interest attaching to it as an enormous display of human ingenuity, wealth, and power.



Policeman Flynn's Adventures. VI. HE STOPS AN AUTOMOBILE.

"Whoa!" cried Patrolman Flynn. "Whoa, I tell ye! Shtop!"

The man with the automobile slowed up, and finally came to a full stop.

"What 's the matter?" he asked.

"Matther!" ejaculated Patrolman Flynn. "D' ye think this is a speedin'-tra-ack? Ha-ave ye th' idee that th' people on th' cross-walks is hur-rdles, an' that 't is f'r you to show th' kind iv a jockey ye are? Are ye iv th' opinion that ye 're doin'

th' cha-arge iv th' Light Brigade all be ye-ersilf? I 'll ha-ave no autymobils goin' out afther th' record where I 'm wearin' a po-lis ba-adge.

"This is n't an automobile," asserted the man who had been stopped. "I can't afford anything so aristocratic as that. This is only a horseless

carriage.

"May-be 't is so," returned Patrolman Flynn; "but't is wr-rong ye are if ye think this is a copless boolvar; an' if ye persist in vi'latin' th' la-aw, I'll r-run ye in, I will that."

"I'm violating no law," replied the man, in a

quiet tone.

"Oho! ye think ye 're sma-art, don't ye?" exclaimed Patrolman Flynn. "Ye'd go to shplittin' hairs with a po-lisman an' thryin' to come over him with th' ol' joke. Iv coorse ye 're vi'latin' no la-aw now. F'r why? F'r because I shtopped ve. 'T is not th' likes iv you that can throw down Barney Flynn on that gag."

"But I have n't been violating any law," in-

sisted the man.

"Ye ha-ave n't!" cried Patrolman Flynn, his breath fairly taken away by the calm assertion. "Ye ha-ave n't! Oh, no, iv coorse ye ha-ave n't. Ye 've only been cr-reepin' along like ye was pushin' a ba-aby's go-cart. Why, ye gasyleen injineer, ye 've been makin' twinty miles an hour."

"What of it?" asked the man. "There's

no law against it."

"Sa-ay," cautioned Patrolman Flynn, with a solemn shake of his head, "a joke 's a joke, an' I can ta-ake wan with th' next ma-an, but don't be afther pushin' me too fa-ar, or I 'll ha-ave ye before th' po-lis coort, I will so."

"On what charge?" demanded the man. "Fa-ast dhrivin'," answered Patrolman Flynn.

"I have n't been driving fast," asserted the man. "I have n't been driving at all. The law says 'riding or driving any horse or horses or other animals,' and that does n't affect me."

Patrolman Flynn scratched his head. was n't sure that the ordinance was correctly quoted, but neither was he prepared to deny it.

It certainly sounded right.

"Luk at that, now!" he said at last. "'T is like thim gazabos that makes th' la-aw f'r to l'ave a cha-ance f'r th' ma-an that vi'lates it to shkin out iv it. Here am I thryin' to do me juty, an' no cha-ance f'r annything but th' wur-rst iv it, whativer I do. Th' la-aw is made f'r th' good people, but 't is r-read be th' coorts f'r th' other wans. If they 's a hole in it, th' lawyer shticks a crowba-ar in, an' th' judge gives a bit iv help, an' bechune th' two they ma-ake th' op'nin' big enough f'r to put a locomotive injine through. If iver I had th' ma-akin' iv th' la-aw I 'd ha-ave first iv all in th' big book a sintence r-readin' like this: 'Th' la-aws herein mane what they mane, an' not what they sa-ay.' 'T is th' only wa-ay, f'r now whin a ma-an dhraws up a la-aw he knows what he 's afther, an' iverybody ilse knows what he 's afther, but th' coort takes two fa-alls out iv it, an' he gets what he does n't want, or ilse th' la-aw is br-roke into sma-all bits."

"Well," remarked the man with the automobile, "if you're through talking to yourself I'll move

"Not so fa-ast," interposed Patrolman Flynn. "Ye may be r-right an' ye may be wr-rong, but they 's wan p'int I want settled. D' ye intind to kape down to th' la-awful shpeed?"

There is no lawful speed for me," answered the man, defiantly. "I can go as fast as I

"M-m-m, now," said Patrolman Flynn to himself, as he drew his hand thoughtfully across his chin, "I wisht I ha-ad th' good woman here f'r to tell me what to do. "T is a mighty puzzlin' thing; but," he added, addressing the man with



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE FLYNN AND THE AUTOMOBILE.

"Come on," returned the man, making room for the officer on the seat beside him.

Patrolman Flynn hesitated for a moment, and

then climbed up.
"Go shlow," he cautioned, "or 't will be th' wor-rse f'r ye."

You don't suppose I 'm going to take myself to the station, do you?" retorted the man. "You 'll have to take me."

"Iv coorse I'll take ye," said Patrolman Flynn.
"T is f'r that I'm here. G'wan, now."

"Go on yourself," answered the man. "I'm in the hands of the law, and so is the automobile.

Let the law run it."

"I've heard iv th' machin'ry iv th' la-aw," commented Patrolman Flynn, "but 't is th' fir-rst time I was iver up ferninst it. D' ye think I 'm goin' to r-run th' autymobil?"

"Certainly."

"If I laid me ha-ands on thim handles we'd be climbin' th' tiligraft-poles an' jumpin' over houses an' lots.'

"That 's your lookout."

"I'll not touch thim. I ha-ave a wife to support, an' 't w'u'd be a sha-ame f'r me to ta-ake me own life. An' it luks to me," went on the patrolman, beginning to show signs of anger, "like ye was thryin' to ma-ake a monkey iv me."

"Oh, well, I 'll do it," replied the man, conciliatorily, "but I want to caution you about one thing. You must n't touch me or interfere with me in any way when I get my hands on the levers. If you do we're likely to go sailing through the side of a house.'

"I must l'ave ye alone?"
"Absolutely."

"Thin don't ye put ye-er ha-ands on thim things, or I'll bat ye over th' head!" exclaimed Patrolman Flynn. "How do I know where ye 'll la-and me?

"You don't."

"Ye might r-run me miles awa-ay."

"I might."

"Kape ye-er ha-ands off. I 'll not l'ave ye do it.'

"If you won't run it and you won't let me, what are we going to do?"

It was a hard problem, and Patrolman Flynn

looked puzzled.

"I wisht th' good woman was here," he sighed. "'T is a fine thing I 've been doin' to mesilf, an' me an ol' man on th' foorce.-M-m-m, well, I 'll take ye without th' autymobil."

"Somebody may run away with it," protested

the man, in alarm.

"I 'll ta-ake th' cha-ance," said Patrolman

Flynn. "G'wan, now! Out ye go!"

"Say," returned the man, weakening, "just call it all off, and I'll promise to keep within the lawful rate of speed for horses."

"Ye will?"

"Sure."

"Give me ye-er ca-ard, so's I'll know where to find ye if ye're lyin' to me." The man handed over a card, and Patrolman Flynn jumped to the "G'wan, now," he said, and when the man had turned a corner he drew a long breath and muttered to himself: "He had me worried, he did that. Oho! 't is a fine picture I'd make maarchin' him off an' l'avin' th' autymobil f'r th' la-ads to pla-ay with! 'T was a gr-reat bluff I put up, but, thank Hivin! it la-anded him."

Elliott Flower.

A Song of Spring.

WE read of making merry! For us the first of May Is fraught with other meaning: It brings our moving-day!

We hear of crowning May-queens! The kitchen-queen, with brow Inwreathed with frowns, is mistress Of ceremonies now.

We do but little jesting. In this prosaic age, And not a bit of dancing Unless it be with rage,

When, watching while our china Is smashed by ruthless men, We gather up the pieces We ne'er can match again;

Or cast a glance, prospective, Around the table, where There may not be a vacant, But-worse-a legless chair!

The gay and festive morning, Alas! no longer "looks" To quote from Mr. Lowell-The way "it does in books"!

Catharine Young Glen.

Her Way.

EYES? Well, no, her eyes ain't much; Guess you seen a lot o' such-Sort o' small an' bluey-gray.
'T ain't her eyes—it 's jest her way.

Hair ain't black, ner even brown: Got no gold upon her crown; Sort o' ashy, I should say. 'T ain't her hair-it 's jest her way.

'T ain't her mouth-her mouth is wide, Sort o' runs from side to side: See 'em better ev'ry day. 'T ain't her mouth-it 's jest her way.

Nose I reckon 's nothin' great, Could n't even swear it 's straight: 'Fact, I feel I 'm free to say 'T ain't her nose-it 's jest her way.

Figger's plain; complexion's red; Got no style, I 've heard it said; Never learned to sing er play Er parley French-it's jest her way.

Love her? Well, I guess I do! Love her mighty fond and true; Love her better ev'ry day; Dunno why-it's jest her way.

Elisabeth Sylvester.

